SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 4 OCTOBER, 1932

As We Go to Press

The November SCRIBNER'S is taking shape but there are two features about which we have our fingers crossed. They will be something in the nature of publishing sensations. Since they are not yet signed, sealed, and delivered, we dare not make a preliminary announcement of them.

There are others we *are* sure of — and they are noteworthy —

Flowering Wilderness
by John Galsworthy

The denouement of the love story of Dinny Cherrell and Wilfrid Desert and the conclusion of this swiftly moving novel, of which the second part appears this month.

The Next President
by Frank R. Kent

Modern American Men of Art
by Thomas Craven
with illustrations

New Poverties of Education
by Margaret Emerson Bailey

Are Divorced Women Different?
by Helen Christine Bennett and Herbert G. Edwards

and many other features

• • •

Note. When changing addresses, subscribers must give four weeks' advance notice and both their old and their new addresses.

Also. To insure the return of manuscripts submitted and not found feasible for publication, authors must send with their manuscripts sufficient postage for return.

CONTENTS

Speculation: What to Do About It — *William Z. Ripley* 193

Answering Letter — A Poem — *William Rose Benét* 198

Flowering Wilderness — Part II — A Novel — *John Galsworthy* 199

America's Lost Opportunity — *James Truslow Adams* 205

Poolroom — A Story — *Morley Callaghan* 209

The Massie Trial — *Clarence Darrow* 213

The Young Men Answer — *McCready Huston* 219

Straws in the Wind:

European Morals and Our Own — *Albert Jay Nock* 223

Chaos in the East — *Lothrop Stoddard* 226

Circumference — A Poem — *Norma Keating* 225

Life in the United States:

Lady Bootlegger — *Anonymous* 229

As I Like It — *William Lyon Phelps* 232

Literary Sign-Posts — *Book Reviews* 5

Behind the Scenes — *Biographical Notes* 18

Nationalism Gets a Trial — *S. Palmer Harman* 20

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Scribner's Magazine: Published Monthly. 35 cents (Canada, 40 cents); $4.00 a year; Canada, $4.60 a year; Foreign, $5.00 a year. Copyrighted in 1932 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

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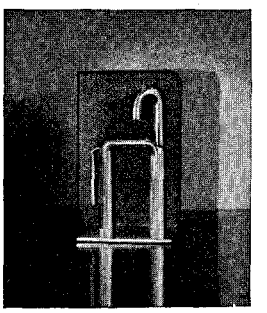
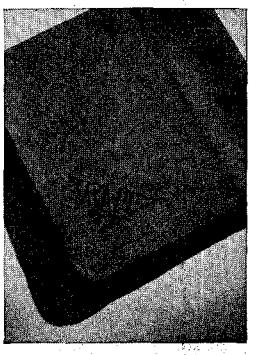
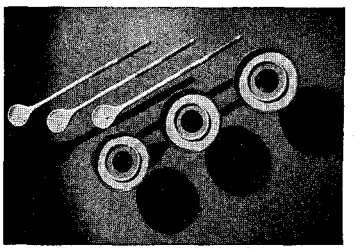
The appeal of an open fire can be so easily lessened by the lack of proper equipment. This is the only really adequate log-turning fork I have ever seen. It is about 4½ feet long, but not heavy, and the clumsiest log can be moved easily. Copied from an old original in hand-wrought iron, it costs $7. The hearthbroom is about the same size, which means that cleaning the fireplace need not be a back-breaking task. It is decorated in gay colors and is $3. Add 50 cents postage for both, east of the Mississippi. May be ordered separately.



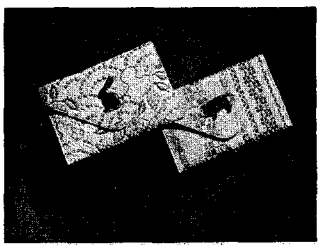
These bookends are so new and delightful that I consider them practically the "fall find" so far. They are of metal, heavy enough, but not at all heavy in appearance. They were designed by Von Nessen, which is a recommendation in itself, and while modern in feeling, they do not demand a modern setting. The horse shown is my favorite, but there are also a cat and an elephant. In three types of finish—satin brass, as shown, brass and copper, and satin nickel with black nickel. (A new product.) The price is $4 a pair, plus 25 cents postage.



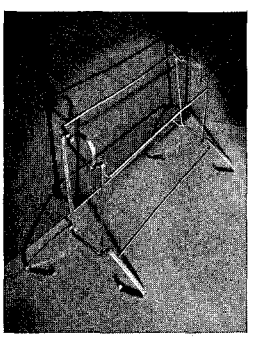
I am quite pleased at discovering this bridge table cover, because it has every advantage most of them lack. It is of suede cloth, bound on the edges, and with a carefully embroidered monogram in the corner. A perfect playing surface and much the smartest cover I have seen. The most popular colors are brown or green, but red or blue can be had. Be sure to underline centre letter of monogram. And remember, Christmas is coming. $2.15, postpaid.



To protect your tables, to amuse your friends, or just to brighten up your parties, these new wooden spoons and coasters are what you need. They are both decorated in some sort of trustworthy enamel in bright colors, which promises not to chip or wash off. The coasters have two raised rings, which prevent a glass from sticking about, be it cocktail or highball. The spoons are $1.50 a dozen and the coasters $3 a dozen. A set of eight of each would take care of that obligation to your last week's hostess quite painlessly.



And now I have something personal for any girl from ten to ninety. It is a small change purse (or card case) of lovely Oriental brocade, with a real carnelian clasp. The brocades come with reds, greens, blues and tans dominating, and the clasps are small animals of almost any type you can imagine, pigs, dogs, rabbits, cats, and many more, but all most attractive. $3, postpaid.



This new shoe-rack is a most complete space-saving device. It has two rows, one above the other, which give it double the usual capacity; in fact, it will hold seven pairs of shoes. It is collapsible, and very simple to set up. We suggest fastening it to the lower closet door, where it is out of the way, but within easy reach. Reversed, it can be used standing on the floor or shelf. Nickel-plated finish. 95 cents, postpaid.

These tray cloths come from the snows of Labrador where they are handwoven by the natives. Even the designs are woven, not embroidered, and the colors are delightful. Come in pastel shades of green, peach, white, pink, blue, and yellow, and measure about 20 x 12 inches. All the designs, several of which are shown here, are typical of the North. A single design in centre at $1, or design at each end $1.25, postpaid.

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LITERARY SIGN-POSTS

DAWN IN RUSSIA, BY WALDO FRANK. *Scribners.* $2.25.

At Tsarkoë Selo the private home of the late Czar of All the Russias is preserved intact. The small rooms cluttered with junk, antimacassars, sentimental pictorial atrocities, family albums, and a library of illustrated books of adventure and travel, reflect the taste and mentality of a Middle West Rotarian grocer. Over the brass bed are six hundred holy ikons and a signed photograph of Rasputin. "What I have seen," says Waldo Frank, "fills me with shame at myself. I thought I was going to glimpse the intimacy of a tyrant deposed in good battle by his raging subjects: and I have been prying into the privacy of an idiot." After reading Frank's book I had a similar feeling in regard to the dismal world we dwell in. My anger, revolt, indignation fell: I felt ashamed, ashamed and humiliated.

Reviewing the book for the New York *Times,* Mr. R. L. Duffus voiced the following sentiment: "Will the privileged proletarian be happy when every one is a privileged proletarian? Is not the present heaven (*sic*) in part dependent upon the ancient human gratification in the knowledge that some one else is worse off than one's self?" I am not angry with Mr. Duffus for feeling happy in the knowledge that twelve million of his fellow countrymen are starving. I feel ashamed that I live in the proximity of Mr. Duffus.

Waldo Frank travelled back to Paris in the company of Duffuses. They had been to Russia—and they did not understand. "I felt hate welling within me," says Frank. "Yes: it would be sweet to take these four in the stride of Revolution, give them a chance to squeal for an instant, and destroy them. Could one argue with them?" One could not. To destroy them would not be murder; in their minds, in their hearts, in their humanity, they have already been murdered.

Those who go to Mr. Frank's book for "facts about Russia" will be disappointed. He gives no statistics. But he gives the biggest, the most real of all facts about Russia: the impression made upon a sincere and sensitive mind by the dawn of a new world—a world that does not make one ashamed of humanity. His book, though written—and written with exquisite skill—by an artist, is unaffected, simple, human. The picture is not posed, idealized. It is not propaganda. Yet because it is not meant as propaganda, it is in fact moving.

Waldo Frank himself has suffered partial murder. He has been hit in the head. No: I don't mean at Harlan; he has been deeply injured by the stupendous fallacy of liberalism. When it comes to matters of the head, of logic, he too does not quite understand. But his heart remains sound, his humanity whole. And, as he somewhere hints, beneath the dismal monstrosity of American Business, beneath even all the pedantries and the sophistries, there is another, a real America, human and sincere. To understand Russia better is to understand America better—the real America whose pulse beats under the deformities of mutilated American humanity.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE, BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *D. Appleton.* $2.50.

When she was a child Denise Herpain became aware of her mother's infidelity, and it changed the entire course of her life. She built up a resistance to her mother's authority that only became explicit at her father's death, when she and her sisters forbade Mme. Herpain to visit the death-bed. She left for Paris to lead her own life, where she became a student and an intellectual rebel and eventually the mistress of one of her boyhood chums. Mme. Herpain married her lover, Doctor Guérin.

When Denise's lover sought marriage and expressed his intention to take over his father's law practice back in their home town, Denise rebelled once more. She refused to return to the town she hated, face the people who had known her as a child; she became aware that her lover desired security more than he desired her. So when Edmond Holmann, son of the great financier and another of her boyhood chums, offered marriage, she accepted it, dreaming of making of Edmond a figure in the world, imagining herself as the power behind him. Love was ruled out, and as Edmond did not demand it Denise thought she hadn't made a bad bargain.

She had. After three years of a dull existence with her husband she fell an easy prey to the first philanderer who crossed her path, and her early religious training, plus memories of her mother and her betrayed father, brought her to the brink of insanity. But she recovered and finding neither happiness nor satisfaction in marriage, continued to have minor affairs, allowing herself to remain the "inspiration" of a number of men, helping them out of difficulties, standing behind them, encouraging them. When Edmond's bank failed, she too was responsible for its partial recovery. But it was not until she returned to the family circle of her mother, Doctor Guérin, and the home town that she realized how far she had come, and it was a distinct revelation to her that her mother really loved Guérin, and was not the light woman she had believed.

This bare synopsis must become a criticism of M. Maurois' novel; it displays the virtues of his work as well as its defects, and it does him no disservice. For his book, while offering good reading, a pleasant tale, offers little more. He has sketched in the outlines of what might have been a deeply revealing portrait.

ALVAH C. BESSIE.

THE SHELTERED LIFE, BY ELLEN GLASGOW. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50.

One has the feeling, all through this book, that a mind of unmistakable delicacy and power is present, causing characters to show themselves and scenes to appear. The people of "The Sheltered Life," where they are and what they do, are under the quiet and effectual control of a relentlessly sensitive and orderly intelligence. For, though the world of Miss Glasgow is not grand or unlimited, it has found in her an esthetically agreeable and impressive mistress.

In her latest book, Miss Glasgow combines varying mentalities. The sunny outwardness of Jane Austen or Thackeray is present, together with something of the caverns of the smoky Russians; and that life of mind under mind the description of which is psychoanalytically and vexedly sought for in Vienna. Miss Glasgow will quite rapturously and in detail describe a garden—with a good deal of a Victorian novelist's loving abandon; and the next while she will be burrowing gracefully in those quite hideous places of mind that the

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groomed intellects of 1850 and 1880 had no use for. In the title of her book itself, Miss Glasgow is making tragic fun of something in a way that would have been difficult to understand some years ago.

"The Sheltered Life" shows the messes and uncomely sorrows that come into the lives of people living carefully, sedately, and rather tastefully in an old Virginia city. There is stately General Archbald, who simply never did what he wanted to do; he is seventy-six when the book begins. He lives in a handsome, dignified house with his two daughters, the wife of his dead son and her daughter, Jennie Blair Archbald. What goes on in the mind of selfish, bright and pretty Jennie is the big thing in the book. She is forced to please herself and, by pleasing herself, she is forced to cause gruesome mischief. For by getting, subtly and unknown to herself, the love of George Birdsong, married to the proud and marvellously beautiful Eva Howard, she leads the already much-tried and sorrowing wife to kill her careless, yet intricate husband. And through the book go the forlorn passionate meditations over past fears, agonies and delights of old General Archbald; who also meditates on the meaning of the proceeding seasons and the never-to-be-equalled beauty and feminine eminence of Eva Birdsong. There is Etta, whose ugliness from the start makes for pretense and many-sided known and unknown wretchedness. There is Cora Archbald, Jennie's managing mother, who has made for herself a complete universe of glib and cheerful make-believe, with which to cope with indelicate and unwelcome life.

Under Miss Glasgow's artistic guidance these people and doings make a praiseworthy and pleasing unity. It is not a unity that reaches terrifying heights, or breathless poetic depths. "The Sheltered Life" is not a book that is at home among the stranger jaggednesses of reality and the more massive and flaming activities of feeling; but it is a work, none the less, of radiance, keenness, honesty. ELI SIEGEL.

A PLANNED SOCIETY, BY GEORGE SOULE. *Macmillan.* $2.50.

One of the most characteristic examples of man's recovery of a belief in his power to control and direct his environment in accordance with his idealistically defined objectives is the present outburst of discussion about "plans." This preoccupation implies a large confidence in man's capacity to control those social forces which in more pessimistic ages are taken as "wild" factors at large in the world. The present confidence in the power of human intelligence would seem to represent a resurgence of the characteristic faith of the eighteenth century when "reason" was in the ascendancy as a guide both for individual and social conduct. The eighteenth-century confidence was slain by the French Revolution which demonstrated that "irrational" outbursts of social passion were still possible and it was buried by romanticism. Fitfully since then confidence has revived, particularly among the Marxian socialists and, for the general reading public, among the English Fabians—Shaw, Wells, and the Webbs. These last groups received a body blow when the World War broke out, but unlike the French Revolution, the war and the disillusioning Versailles treaty did not succeed in killing the belief in the possibility of a rationally controlled society.

To be sure the immediate reaction was for the intellectuals to abandon economics and politics as hopelessly irrational and retire to

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ivory towers from which they are just now emerging. They are emerging full of confidence in the power of reason to create a desirable society. All are convinced of the feasibility and desirability of planning and of its absolute necessity. Mr. Soule wants planning to come under the ægis of social science; as a form of social control which is to emerge from contemporary society by evolution; and not as a concomitant of revolution. His position is *scientific,* not *liberal.* He finds flaws in liberalism in an acute chapter. His scientific approach also makes him write an excitingly honest description of the contemporary economic world. Further, he builds up a background, historical and psychological, for the impulse to planning which, while it does not include the possibility of cultural genesis referred to earlier, does set the stage quite adequately. Unfortunately one feels that he has not been too realistic in assessing the obstacles to the emergence of a planned society from the present chaotic bourgeois capitalism. He fails, that is, sufficiently to emphasize the possibility of the "wild" factors at large in society which may defeat him. More specifically, he does not show how he is going to put an end to those destructive traditions of action characteristic of American government and business. Though he is critical of revolutionary theory (as who may not be?), he does not bring out that revolution may still override all of his carefully articulated structures just because he leaves the power in the hands of the groups at present holding it. He simply asks that they become more sophisticated and develop a social conscience plus a deference to scientific planners. The revolutionary intellectuals, of course, want completely to dispossess the present groups from power. They too will plan, as we all know. That is why Mr. Soule's book is such an admirable presentation of the need and potentialities of planning, but highly debatable when it comes to proposals for the establishment and execution of a plan.

C. Hartley Grattan.

The Quick and the Dead, by Claire Spencer. *Harrison Smith.* $2.50.

There is an exceptional quality of intensity in Claire Spencer's writing; an intensity which has its source less in the situation called up than in the emotional concentration of the characters involved in it. The story of "The Quick and the Dead" is one that is familiar to all readers of contemporary fiction, the story of the artist who is unable to adjust himself to modern civilization and unwilling to make a very determined attempt to do so. Peter La Croix has many of the spiritual adventures we now expect an artist in a modern novel to have: a series of unhappy love affairs, moments of ecstasy and despair, an unhappy, desperate, and unbelievable marriage. In the end, completely baffled in his attempt to find a meaning for his existence, he kills himself.

What Claire Spencer brings to this time-worn material is a vehemence of expression which is unique in contemporary American fiction, and which is, in many places, powerful. The modern world, symbolized by city streets, by crowds and automobiles and a thousand familiar items of contemporary life, is made to seem grotesque and horrible. The people are filled with a deep revulsion with themselves and with each other and with the lives they lead, occasionally touching a depth of disgust that is almost a spiritual nausea. They are completely at the mercy of their fleeting impulses, and their impulses are always rude and savage, never tender or affectionate. Peter in particular is actively engaged in slamming doors on people, sending his friends away, or refusing to respond to them. It is unfortunate that Claire Spencer has chosen the conventional and sentimentalized figure of the frustrated artist as a means of conveying her social criticisms, for Peter's emotion always seems out of proportion to the given causes of it. He is presented as hating life, when one

(*Continued on page 9*)

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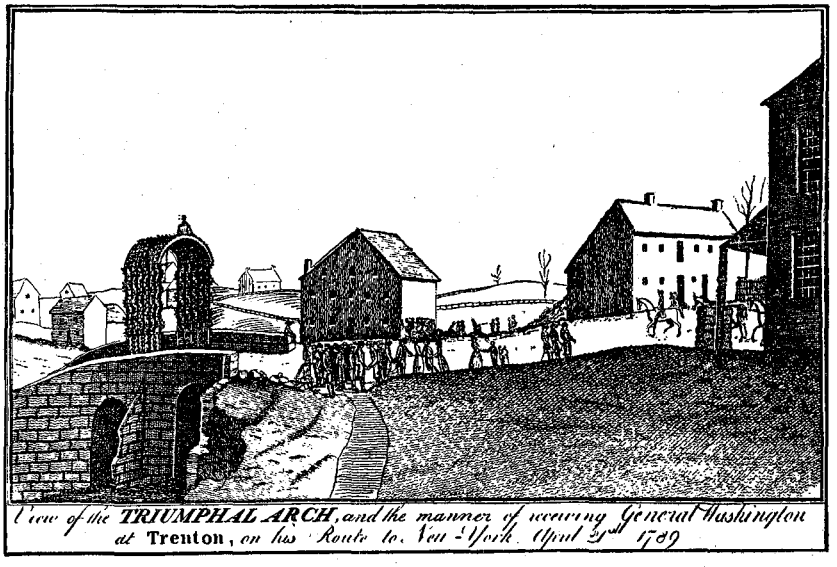
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cannot avoid a conviction that what he actually hates is the present social order. When the author comes to explain his hatred she falls back on what seems the flimsiest of possible reasons—his mother did not like him. But even with these defects the author's potentialities as a social critic are evident in this novel. She succeeds in making our contemporary society seem vicious and brutalizing, and her failure lies in the fact that she does not show convincingly why it is so.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

WHAT WE LIVE BY, BY ERNEST DIMNET. *Simon & Schuster.* $2.50.

Readers of that rightly popular little book, "The Art of Thinking," should know what to expect of Abbé Dimnet on the art of living. And they will not be disappointed. The idea that we do not live by bread alone receives a new illumination, a rather seasonable one too when the growing scarcity of material things for the average man is taken into consideration. We cannot be too often reminded that while these may fail us, the world of the spirit is illimitable and inexhaustible and its stores are ever open to all who hunger for its treasure. It is scarcely necessary to state that the Abbé Dimnet is a deeply religious man, but this need not frighten anybody; the writer is simple and unaffected, and there is nothing dogmatic in his utterances; he spreads before you humble gems of thought, to be utilized in everyday life, and invites you to help yourself; no effort is shown to force them down your throat. You may be at moments inclined to disagree with him, but quarrel—never! He has a genial, chatty way, which is disarming. And he has a way of dressing up his thoughts in homely images, as when he likens the individual life to a two-storied house, the lower story of which is ordinary and the upper given up to a different outlook and better company; a fairly accurate picture this of the relative position and values of the stomach and the mind. Abbé Dimnet attaches great importance to the appreciation of art, since it is "the natural introduction to beauty in life." A man of contemplation, he praises action, but his definition of action does not exclude contemplation which, in the best sense, is only another form of it. Happiness, love, wisdom, art, and religion all claim his attention; above all, nobility. The humblest may have a share in these, if they will.

JOHN COURNOS.

THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1865, BY LOUIS M. HACKER AND BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK. *Crofts.* $5.

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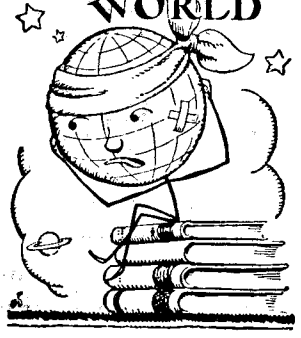

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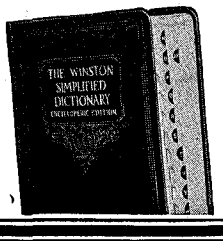

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the tradition of the "new history," inaugurated by Turner, Beard, Farrand, and Schlesinger and championed with such ardor by Barnes, to a new point of advance. It has utilized the technique to include the whole of culture as well as the social and economic aspects of civilization.

"The United States Since 1865" is divided into ten sections, beginning with the aftermath of the Civil War and extending down to the current depression which marks the beginning of a new stage in our history. The theme of the book, condensed into a phrase, is the making of modern America. The authors have traced in illuminating detail the rise of industry after the Civil War and the decline of agriculture which followed; they have shown how this transformation of America from an agricultural into an industrial nation has affected American ideas and ideals and altered our whole cultural outlook. Throughout all of their analysis, however, the authors never lose sight of the fact that culture is dependent upon a sound economy which benefits society as a whole instead of an upper class in particular, and while they have failed to stress with sufficient emphasis the need for a new economy to replace the old one, they have seldom neglected to point out the deficiencies in the present one. It is in such words as these that the spirit of the book is best revealed:

"To cultivate and appreciate art, a civilization requires not only wealth and leisure but a sense of security, a feeling of the permanence of most essential things. The masses of the country, who toiled in factories, behind store counters, at desks, and as share croppers —most of the inhabitants of the land—had none of these things: the bare fact of living was too cruel to allow for pondering on the timelessness of a Chinese vase. Until beautiful things were part of the daily life of every person in its population, no matter how humble his gifts or station, no civilization could rightly lay claim to a true success."

V. F. CALVERTON.

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES, BY JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET. *Norton.* $2.75.

"The Revolt of the Masses" is a sensational and inexact title for a very provocative and perplexing book. It is clear that Ortega, being a good republican and philosopher, is revolted by the masses, but it is not at all clear why he should use the term "revolt" for what he shows to be chiefly a mechanical shift of emphasis from minorities to majorities. What he is really talking about is the general levelling of culture that took place in the nineteenth century and the consequences of this levelling for European history of the twentieth century.

Ortega cuts deeper into the problem: whither Europe? than do most commentators; nevertheless, he is unable to avoid the contradictions of his civilization, and like so many theoreticians of his class is too prone to confuse the death of his particular society with the death of Society. Europe, he says, has created "a system of standards whose efficacy and productiveness the centuries have proved," yet on the next page he admits that "the European commandments have lost their force"! He sees that "institutions surviving from the past are dwarfed and have become an obstacle to expansion," yet he takes great pains to show that Russia has nothing whatsoever to teach Europe. He feels that Europe's continued political division into separate and antagonistic nationalities is at variance with her real economic and intellectual possibilities as one collective body, yet refuses to accept the implications of a genuine internationalism.

Ortega is at once more optimistic than Spengler and less so. He states that the emergence —or what he calls the "revolt"— of the masses may be the transition to some new, unexampled organization of humanity, but may also be a catastrophe of human destiny. "Only the determination," he says, "to construct a great

(Continued on page 13)

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nation from the group of peoples of the Continent would give new life to the pulses of Europe." The alternative, according to Ortega, is communism, to whose "slavonic code," for reasons never clearly stated, he deems it "more worthy and more fruitful" to oppose a new European, albeit extremely vague, programme of life.

EDWIN SEAVER.

THE LABYRINTH, BY INA SEIDEL. *Farrar & Rhinehart.* $2.50.

This sombre historical novel, concerning itself with the life of Georg Forster during the last half of the eighteenth century, by reason of its symbolism and the creative power of the author, achieves a reality unusual in such work. As a picture of the world into which a child-prodigy was dragged at the heels of his overbearing, encyclopædic father (King Minos) it is authentic and careful work. Polish Prussia, St. Petersburg in the days of Catherine, London, and the 1772 South Sea expedition of Captain James Cook are backgrounds for Reinhold Forster, master of seventeen languages, and son. When Georg, becoming famous in his own right, wins a degree of freedom and marries, his Ariadne differs from her of the legend. His escape from the painful labyrinth which has been his life is won without help and in tragedy. Though this novel may be somewhat heavily Teutonic and not brilliantly translated, its vitality and psychological truth carry an emotional power which nothing obscures.

ARCHER WINSTEN.

KEEPER OF THE KEYS, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs Merrill*) $2.50. A "Charlie Chan" mystery story, as good as any Mr. Biggers has written. The four ex-husbands of an opera singer and the fifth-to-be are invited to the California mountain "cabin" of one of the husbands and then the much married lady is murdered. You may pick your husband but he'll probably be the wrong one.

THE TENNESSEE POPPY, by Frances Crane (*Farrar and Rinehart*) $2. Lovely spoofing of the British in an era when the average writer plays up to the Limeys instead of socking them. Poppy (Southern, rich, beautiful, and incredibly dumb) is exposed to languid peers, dowdy duchesses, flower shows, monosyllabic sportsmen, country-house plumbing, and all the rest. For much of the way it's good stuff but the laughter grows hollow before it's done.

HINDOO HOLIDAY, by T. R. Ackerley (*Viking*) $2.50. The semi-fictional narrative of an English teacher at the court of one of the smaller Indian states, where the Rajah deports himself in the free, easy and generally delightful manner of O. Soglow's "Little King." When East tries to become West such books as this happen.

A PREFACE TO DEATH, by Fred P. Rothermel (*Little Brown*) $2.50. Astronomer with tuberculosis cuts loose from the traces of conventionality and lives the last few days of his life to the full in a sanitarium with a girl who is in like plight. Elemental stuff, done with a lot of real power.

PRAIRIE CHRONICLE, by Juana Foust (*Putnam's*) $2. There is enough "background" in this novel to supply a dozen historical tales by authors less prodigal than Miss Foust. Her lavish treatment is both an asset and a liability. The vivid depiction of the multitudinous adventures that befell a group of emigrant families is unflagging in its interest, but the multiplicity of incidents makes the novel read like a string of brilliant beads with a very thin strand of story connecting them. In any case, it's worth while reading.

CRESSIDA'S FIRST LOVE, by Jack Lindsay (*Long and Smith*) $2. A neat little mixture of "They Went" and "Helen of Troy." Slightly scandalous, slightly boisterous, and slightly slight. Amusing reading for moments of cranial vacuity.

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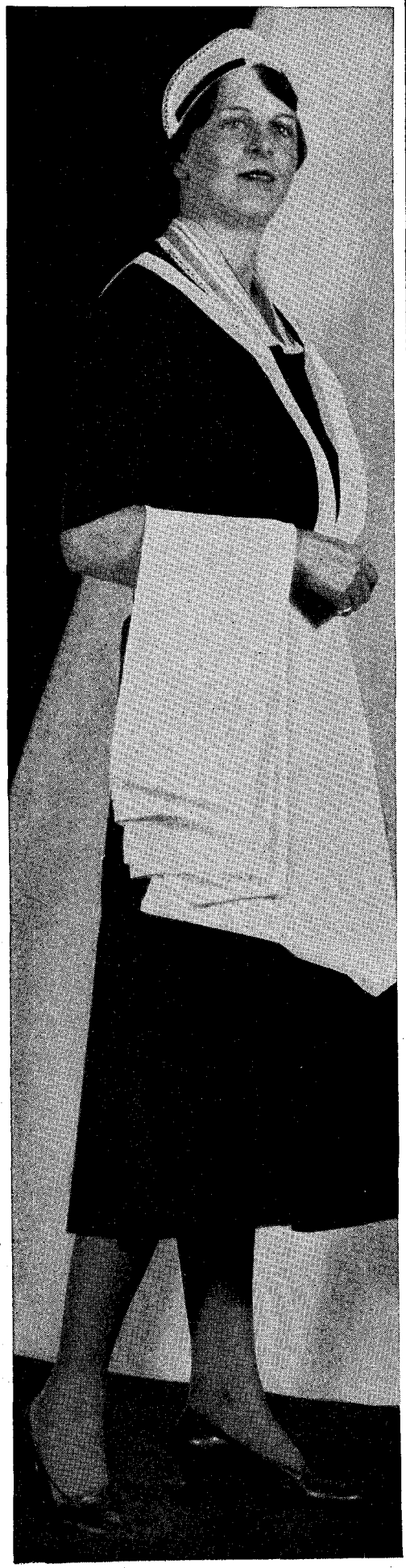

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCII, NO. 4 OCTOBER, 1932

Speculation: What to Do About It

By William Z. Ripley

"Insiders," the officers and directors of companies who take advantage of their privileged position to play the market—these constitute the real scandal of Wall Street, declares William Z. Ripley, whom many consider the nation's most influential economist. Mr. Ripley, after inquiring into the power of the New York Stock Exchange to control adequately the handling of its listed issues, advances a proposal to minimize the evil of which he speaks.

Several recent events have attracted attention to the nature and significance of stock-exchange operations in their relation to general prosperity. The Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, as an outcome of the catastrophic drop in security prices, particularly since the fall of 1931, has been engaged in an investigation of Wall Street reminiscent of the spirited probe by the so-called Pujo Committee some years ago. This later investigation of short-selling has in fact brought to light in its record of daily transactions a most disgraceful business morale. The president of the First National Bank of Chicago has aptly described some of this trading as possessing "most of the characteristics of plain crap shooting; and few, if any, more redeeming features than that delightful Ethiopian pastime."

Another aspect of this business has to do with the unprecedented losses which have fallen upon the investing class in general by reason of corporate fraud or mismanagement. Governor Roosevelt, in his speech of acceptance at Chicago, put foremost among "Some Vital Problems," "to protect the savings of the country from a dishonesty of crooks and from the lack of honor of some men in high financial places." This indicates, apparently, the recognition of this particular issue, more or less tied in with speculation and Wall Street, so-called, as being political ammunition. A third event, also significant, is the appearance of a treatise which is bound to be of great importance in connection with matters of this sort. I refer to Berle and Means' "The Modern Corporation and Private Property." This volume develops both the economics and the law involved in the striking phenomenon of widespread popular ownership of paper evidences of wealth. And a section having to do with buying and selling upon the great public exchanges is directly in line with the current investigations at Washington. From all of this it is apparent that public attention is likely to be focussed upon legislation with reference to these matters as soon as normal conditions are reattained.

Unbridled speculation by professional gamblers in Wall Street has been an old bogy to the American public, especially that part lying west of Pittsburgh, since time immemorial. Before the World War this was often an expression of the long-standing antagonism between East and West, between the farmer and the banker, or of agriculture as over against manufactures and commerce. Since 1914 the alignment has shifted to a certain degree. This is particularly true of the depression of 1929–32 (let's stop it there, on paper, anyhow!). For the phenomenon of widespread investment in stocks and bonds—an outgrowth of the Liberty

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Loan campaigns of the World War—operates to direct the attention of several million little security holders all over the land to the ups and downs of the great national market for securities. The spiritual resentment of the farmer may even be appeased somewhat by realization that the present straits of the owners of stocks and bonds is as desperate as his own. In other words, the depression is universal, not merely agricultural. Moreover, in and through the agricultural population there is now to be found a goodly number of people who have been persuaded to invest a little money either in some great national corporation—steel, telephone, motors, or what not—or else in one of the great electric light and power aggregations. One thing leads to another. A bond salesman on a commission, when quotations are rising, may cajole the simple-minded into taking profit on a conservative investment in a great national business, swapping it for a flyer in a really speculative or unsound affair.

Not otherwise than by acknowledgment of this wide popular commitment to ownership of paper evidences of wealth can one account for the phenomenal increase in the number of stock and bond holdings in the last few years. This is still going on. The United States Steel Corporation has recently published its first official classification by size of its stockholders. Those possessing less than ten shares have increased by more than one-fourth in number during the last two years. Not less than 80,309 out of a total of 187,409 fall in this group. But the same thing is true of holders of twenty-five and fifty shares, in the very face of unprecedented industrial prostration. An imposing array of similar data is to be found in the volume of Berle and Means above mentioned. What has not yet been done, however, is to follow this development clear through. Both national saving and spending habits have taken on a crowd psychology. The protraction of the depression may perhaps be partly traceable to this fact. It may moreover have a certain political bearing. But the immediate point is that speculation and popular stock holdings tend to travel hand in hand. For gambling finds a foothold and a soil for rank underbrush wherever ownership of readily marketable securities is lodged in the hands of the uninitiated, the credulous, or the greedy. Deception, spoliation, and extortion burst forth into full flower. This is what happened in the speculative orgy which culminated in 1929. Nor is the smart and sting of it confined either provincially or by industrial classes. It is simply ubiquitous. Under such circumstances Wall Street in the public view becomes "front page stuff."

Speculation, upon analysis, should be sharply differentiated according as the venture in buying and selling is taken by the uninformed general public or by persons who for one reason or another know, or think they know, what they are about. The uninitiated drive hither and yon as the wind listeth. They fall prey to rumor, propaganda, or paid informers. The second group, in turn, is subdivisible into two parts. One consists of intelligent specialists who seek profit from scientific prevision as to the future course of markets. The other is made up of those, who, because of a privileged position as officers or directors, stand in effect several "jumps" as respects time, ahead of the circumambient world. They are popularly known as "insiders." These three groups should stand upon entirely different moral and economic footings at the bar of public opinion or of legislation.

Of the first group, the uninitiated general public—commonly known as "lambs"—public education as to the inevitable loading of dice against it offers the only way out. The final issue is as certain as that the "house" wins whether at Canfield's or at Monte Carlo—just as did the Louisiana Lottery, of sainted memory; the Irish Free State Hospitals' Sweepstakes of 1932, or any other straight-out gambling enterprise. It is said that upwards of $100,000,000 has been abstracted from the American people during the last year; while post-office fraud orders have stopped off as much more.

The interest of the general public in so-called short-selling is indirect but at the same time important. It has been contended that such trading is merely the affair of professional gamblers or forecasters as the case may be. But, as over against this view, the fact must be reckoned with that fictitious sales of securities, to be covered later by their purchase at a lower price, are accumulative in their results. The so-called short trader must, of course, somewhere resort to purchases in order to meet his commitments. But, once started, is there any bottom to such business? Flynn has worked this out diagramatically upon the data reported to the Senate Committee on Short-Selling above mentioned. This shows that securities under attack may continue to drop in price even after such covering sets in. The fact is that the so-called cushioning power of short sales is less in evidence than its persistent depressive effect. And when such operations within a short period of time, a week let us say, exceed in number many times over, the total of shares extant, the public may stand to lose to a grievous extent. That well-known fact might warrant preventative legislation, if it be found upon further examination that the technical brakes which might be imposed under stock exchange rules were inadequate or non-operative.

Upon the service rendered by the second group, the intelligent professional forecasters, rests whatever defense of speculative dealings, as distinct from actual

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transactions in real things, is to be found. Whether it be the cotton manufacturer (who must of necessity "hedge" against his purchases of raw material, lest subsequent price changes wipe out his margin of profit from mere manufacture), or the close student of statistical data (who by scientific analysis aims at counsel for large-scale or other investment), the fact remains that the modicum of such dealings does taper off the suddenness of a necessary shift from a high-price plane to an inevitably lower one, or the reverse. Nothing stands still in this world of chance and change. Within this sphere of intelligent forecasting, attempting to smooth out the irregular curve of economic transition, there is much to be said in favor of untrammelled dealing upon an open market.

Public attention should most properly be directed to the third of the three groups above mentioned. This is the one constituted of persons who take advantage of their privileged position, either as officers or directors of a corporation, in order to play the market. The Senate inquiry of 1932 has thus far barely lifted the curtain upon performances which merit the utmost condemnation. Be they shorts, seeking to smash quotations, or operators for the rise, who would skyrocket prices, the ignominy is the same. A peculiarly aggravated and disgraceful instance was the speculative pool in Gillette Safety Razor stock, in which John E. Aldred, chairman of the board of directors, and an inside knot of associates took part. It is not quite clear who was the chief engineer, but the crew has been positively identified. Suits for the recovery of large sums on behalf of the corporation were filed in the Massachusetts courts, and recently settled by substantial payments on the part of the 1930 directors.

Participants in such pieces of business are essentially false to their fiduciary responsibility, whether officers employed at high salaries, with or without undisclosed bonuses—Bethlehem Steel Company or Electric Bond and Share, for example—or directors. Their immediate interest is the procurement and use of advance information for gambling purposes. The obloquy is indisputable. The brazen appearance before the Senate Committee of the president of the American International Corporation or of the notorious plungers in the motion-picture stocks, are disgraces to American manhood and business. Openly acknowledging directorships sometimes in from fifty to almost one hundred different corporations, they confessed apparently without shame to speculative dealings which depended for their profit upon the ups and downs of the market. And little distinction may be drawn in this regard as to whether this market was in effect either a free and open one or manipulated. It is against all such disgraceful breaches of trust that every possible engine of legislation and of public condemnation should be directed.

There is another class of operations having to do with dividend policy which offers a peculiar temptation to insiders for speculative profits. Properties may be unostentatiously fattened through a term of years by means of a conservative policy, which permits ample reinvestment of undistributed earnings in improvement or expansion of facilities. Such a process of fattening—American Can and National Biscuit are striking examples—may or may not be effected openly and straightforwardly. If it be undisclosed, it is bound, just as in the case of live stock, to head up in a "killing." This used to be a favorite indoor sport in the days of unregulated railroad management. Probably the most notorious instance of this sort was the sudden increase to ten per cent—although announcement was deferred for two days, that the directors might act accordingly—of the Union Pacific dividend in 1906. Coming on top of a boiling speculative campaign, an unprecedented orgy of gambling ensued. Among industrial corporations such opportunities undoubtedly also occur. It is really the stockholders' own concern after all, and not that of the directors who seldom possess large amounts of stock. Yet too often foreknowledge of the event, as in the notorious Harriman episode above mentioned, is treated as if it were a natural perquisite of the board of directors. Such a view is obviously a holdover from the days of the private corporation, when ownership and management were in the same hands. It is utterly outworn under existing conditions; and any remedy against speculative abuses must contemplate its prime applicability to such events.

No use to portray these evils unless one has measures to offer by way of remedy! Assuredly no single cure-all is fit for these diverse sorts of operations. Loose and unbridled popular gambling is regrettable, although an inherent attribute of human nature. Paper transactions—hedging—of the second sort are essential to the orderly conduct of some kinds of manufacturing business. It is the third type, speculation by insiders, which is so contemptible as a breach of trust that it should be made criminal at law. But failure to discriminate thus, as, for example, by imposition of a prohibitive tax upon all paper transactions, is highly inapposite. It is, upon enactment, bound to fall of its own weight. Neither the dictionary, the Bible, nor human mental ingenuity could so draft such a statute that it should properly distinguish between the serviceable, the wasteful, and the immoral transaction.

The only effective legislation, to my thinking, would follow from the imposition by the Federal Government of such standardized and properly devised systems of corporate accounts, that speculation which feeds upon secrecy and mystery shall be shrivelled up in face of it.

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Moreover, such accounts should be currently filed at such frequent intervals as shall lessen the advantage which unscrupulous insiders now derive from the possession of advance knowledge. It will be objected that the general public is too inexpert to benefit by such information. The answer to this contention is that a cloud of professional statistical locusts hover over Wall Street, ever ready to devour and to digest such information immediately it sprouts above ground. That is what happens month by month with our great railways under accounting supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. Columns in the newspapers are currently filled with these returns, strictly comparable because of necessity compiled upon a uniform basis. How can short-selling, pools, or manipulation occur in face of such publicity?

Railroad experience is highly significant as affording proof of the worth-whileness of corporate publicity in checking discreditable speculative manipulation. Nothing like those events, which were notorious for two decades, has now occurred for almost a quarter of a century. Not even the recent adventures in holding companies by the Van Sweringens and the Pennroad Company have been accompanied by such scandals, speculatively, as dotted the railroad map twenty-five years ago. Remember, also, in this connection, that gambling thrives upon change every which way, up or down, it makes no difference. Along with political corruption, speculation in railroad securities, whatever other adversities these carriers have been called upon to face, has melted away under the white light of publicity.

For the most reprehensible group of speculators, officers and directors of great corporations engaged in interstate commerce and widely owned, yet further publicity, thus far untried, should be imposed by act of Congress. A scandal, never more in evidence than since 1929, has been the operations in stocks of those who were responsible for the management of these companies. I have in mind the president of a great concern who to my personal knowledge owned several hundred thousand shares of common stock in his company three years ago. The fact was recently disclosed that his present holdings amount to a paltry few thousand. The company is doing business as usual. The market value of these selfsame shares is now less than one-fiftieth of what it was in 1929. When did this chief executive desert the ship and take to the lifeboat? Did he resign as chief officer; or did he continue to steer the ship by radio? Did he notify his "employers," as he customarily called the shareholders, that he was selling out; or did he permit the impression of a continued personal interest to linger on the air, just as if nothing was happening? The basic remedy for such performances—all too prevalent unfortunately—is of course a higher standard of business ethics. What manly feats of courage and endurance have not been witnessed by the adoption of an opposite code of honor at sea! But on land—bad cess to it—something far more drastic seems requisite. I would demand the same publicity as to stock holdings by officers and directors at frequent intervals as should obtain by law in respect of corporate financial statements. Senator Couzens of Michigan has recently introduced a bill to this effect. What matter if dummy and fictitious names might be employed. A criminal penalty might do something to discourage such evasion. But best of all would be the moral effect of thus indelibly stamping public condemnation upon all such pieces of business.

Why resort to legislation when a great private agency like the New York Stock Exchange stands committed to the elimination of evil practices? All those who decry a curb upon private initiative will register this objection. In the Senate inquiry, above mentioned, and elsewhere, the ready answer is that this task of ousting unfair business tactics lies well beyond the power of any private agency. I quite share this opinion for several reasons. The first is that discipline through this instrumentality can be imposed only upon those who voluntarily subject themselves thereto. Elsewhere attention has been called to the fact that relatively few of the great public utility combinations, now so widely owned, have elected to be listed upon the New York Stock Exchange. And few other organizations, the curb exchanges particularly, have ever even attempted to raise the plane of transactions upon their floors above the basement.

But there is another limitation upon the New York Stock Exchange as respects discipline, which is also in evidence. This arises from the very nature of its control. Its disciplinary power, although vast, must be exercised with moderation. For it is based upon voluntary submission. It governs by virtue of public opinion on the part of its members. This sets definite limits to the exercise of power. For through exuberance of zeal, through the slightest attempt at super-discipline, its grip upon its membership might vanish into thin air.

The foregoing conditions account for an attitude of the New York Stock Exchange which at times, to outsiders, seems unduly calculating, not to say timid. I have in mind certain corporations, one particularly in retail distribution, which are virtually one-man propositions. For years this particular one has violated all sense of corporate decency in dealing with its thousands of shareholders. Why does the Exchange not strike it from the list? I have personally pressed for an explanation. The answer is that this particular listing dates

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farther back than the present stringent rules as to publicity of accounts, the issuance of securities and up-to-date relations with shareholders; and moreover, were its shares to be struck off the list it would thereby deprive the owners of their only open market for dealings. What of it? One has to begin somewhere. One such ukase and a stiffening of morale all along the line would result. This privilege of membership gives prestige. It has a definite money value and great moral weight. No corporation now listed could stand up against the suspicion which would be aroused by such dismissal. For that very reason, as I contend, a firm stand would render it unnecessary to impose the extreme penalty. Nor is it fair that some companies, merely by reason of long-standing membership, should be free from the requirements which now are imposed upon newcomers. Does that happen in social organizations? Men's clubs, for instance! Could such discrimination consist at law as between different shareholders, according as they came in early or late. Great benefit might result from such an access of discipline. It was my good fortune some years ago to co-operate somewhat intimately in an attempt by the Stock Exchange to restrain the issuance of non-voting common stock. Other abuses having to do with voting proxies upon "Street" stock, stock dividends as incidental to so-called "split-ups," and now once again the decapitalization requisite under deflation to the undoing thereof, have more recently been abated. A firm and vigorous stand in yet other of the most pernicious developments might go a long way to clear the air of popular suspicion of this great market place as accessory to knavery, to say the least.

Certain limitations may be placed technically upon some phases of this speculation, particularly so-called floor trading. This, however, does not concern the people at large. It has to do only with professionals. Among other things to be considered are abolishment of the so-called "daily settlement," adopting a type of periodic settlement as in England, which would disturb the daily call rates for money and the current flow of credit less severely. Floor trading, which is responsible for a goodly proportion of the speculative operations, might also go by the board. And it has been suggested, as a technical remedy, that stock exchange members should be prohibited from the acceptance of trades other than for cash, up to a certain limit, say $50,000. Such technical brakes upon high-pressure security salesmanship would unquestionably lessen those general disturbances of bank credit which in turn do bear upon the people at large.

Do not forget, however, the extreme delicacy of the status of the New York Stock Exchange in the matter of disciplining its membership. Instances adduced in criticism before the Senate Committee may make this clear. A dispute arose in 1930 concerning the audit of Fox Film affairs. Over against the company's published report stood another made by Price Waterhouse for the Chase National Bank. The assets in the second case were found to be a trifle of $2,000,000 less than the official statement showed. This difference was largely due to the figure for depreciation upon movie films in the inventory. Such possessions are of little value after fifty-two weeks. They are worthless in a year and a half. How shall the depreciation rate be calculated? Both curves bulged upwards at the start. Both shaped up like a wet moon later on. Just a shade of variation in this ogee curve made a difference of $2,000,000 in value of assets at a given time. The company chose the most favorable lay, in order to warrant more ample bank credit. But the bank, on the other hand, for its own protection chose a more conservative design. It all looks rather like a line case. Query: What policy should the New York Stock Exchange adopt in such a matter? Would it be sportsmanship to side with Chase or with Fox? How best be "first man up to get the brush"? Violent accusation at the Senate hearings of spoliation of innocent stockholders has been voiced. Suits for $10,000,000 damages have just been instituted. But on this specific allegation, can one wonder that the Exchange was reticent?

Take another instance. Radio Corporation of America in 1931 owned 44 per cent of the stock of Radio-Keith-Orpheum, a holding company, one step nearer operation. The latter was up against it, desperately in need of cash to meet bank loans. R. C. A., on the other hand, had ample resources and credit. Public shareholders were timid and reluctant. At the same time R. K. O. had grievously over-capitalized itself in the heyday of prosperity in the years before. A plan was devised to meet the situation as follows: The excessive capitalization was to be reduced by cancelling three shares in four. But those stockholders who would lend five dollars per share were to be exempt from this sacrifice, retaining their four holdings, unimpaired. Obviously this was an ingeniously devised forced loan—neither a gift nor a peremptory assessment. The latter would have been unlawful under the New York non-assessable charter provisions.

By lending five dollars per share, under this plan, the stockholder stood scathless. Did he not loan five dollars, R. C. A., the top holding company, would advance the money and thereby acquire the three shares in his stead. Had all shareholders come forward, R. C. A. would have obtained no advantage and the old shareholders would have been undisturbed. But the possible sacrifice of three shares in four, as a penalty for

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not advancing moneys to rescue R. K. O. in a tight place, aroused violent public protest and litigation. The result was that R. C. A., saving the situation, got enough voting assents, together with its forty-four per cent interest, to put the plan into effect. Once more, what could the Stock Exchange do about it? The alternatives were a forced loan or receivership. Bankruptcy might sacrifice the shareholders' equitable interest. By avoiding receivership, might not the shareholders hope to receive back their loan and to retain all their stock holdings unabated? Again a question of business judgment! Call it what you will, an arrangement on the border-line between ingenuity and chicane! Shall a voluntary association be blamed for leaving it to the Kilkenny cats to fight it out among themselves? It reminds me somehow of the almost exasperated exclamation of the Good Lord to the Angel Gabriel in "Green Pastures": "Gabe, dis bein' God ain't no bed of roses!"

All told, then, can the conclusion be avoided, that the resurrection of corporate morale is a task far beyond the range of any private agency; and that it must of necessity, if at all, be dealt with by the Congress of these United States? The constitutionality of legislation prescribing standardized and completely public systems of corporate accounting, as appurtenant to the exercise of the taxing power, is indubitable. There is good ground for the belief also that current disclosure of stock holdings in their own company by officers and directors would be upheld by the Supreme Court. The need for it cries out to high heaven, in face of these recent divulgations. How could a truly socially and economically minded tribunal fail upon judicial appeal to recognize it as a sovereign remedy for a grave disorder.

ANSWERING LETTER

By William Rose Benét

Nothing so dearly sought
Comes without fear to the thought,
Fear to the sense,
Discounting evidence.
Nothing that is as this
Comes without fear in the kiss,
Fear in the all unplanned
Fervor of hand in hand;

Or—can you understand?

I, who have seen
Time's dark guillotine
Sudden on high
Sundering golden sky;
I, who have known
The immovable stone
Set at the crypt sealed,—
Night on the stricken field;
I, who deep in me
Know my own treachery,
Yet, almost as soon,
Cry for the moon;
I, whose body and blood
Put on false hardihood,—
Who, at a moment's remove,
Am pierced with love;
I, who have gazed on and sing
Of a beautiful thing—
O, be it set apart
From my shameful heart!—
Deepest in me, my dear,
Know fear, know fear,—
Blinded, seeing too bright
A creature of light.

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Flowering Wilderness

By John Galsworthy

The second of three parts of Mr. Galsworthy's new novel, a romance of modern England. For the benefit of readers who may have missed the beginning of the novel in the September SCRIBNER'S, *we attach a synopsis of the first twelve chapters.*

Dinny Cherrell and Wilfrid Desert meet by chance before Foch's statue in London. Dinny recalls Wilfrid as best man at the wedding of Michael Mont and Fleur Forsyte ten years before. Wilfrid, with a hero's record in the war, had come out of it disillusioned. His brilliant poetry had made its mark before he had disappeared into the East. Dinny remembers some rumors about his infatuation for Fleur and mentions him to Fleur who describes him as "the queerest sort of person, and rather a dear. But he's impossible to be in love with—disharmony personified. . . . He's elusive, passionate, and a bundle of nerves; soft-hearted and bitter."

Nevertheless, Dinny falls completely in love with him. Wilfrid asks her to read his new poems. One of them, "The Leopard," is the story of a young monk, secretly without faith, sent on a proselytizing expedition. Seized by infidels, and confronted with the choice between death and recantation, he recants and accepts the religion of his captors. The poem is the best of the lot but Wilfrid seems doubtful about publishing it. Just as they become engaged, Dinny's brother Hubert brings rumors about Wilfrid from the East. Wilfrid confesses to her that he himself is the subject of the poem and that he at the point of a pistol held by a fanatic had renounced Christianity and become a Moslem. Dinny takes her stand with him, but begins at once to feel the pressure of society.

Jack Muskham, "the last of the dandies," comes to Sir Lawrence Mont, Michael's father, with the story of Wilfrid's desertion as brought back from the East by Telfourd Yule, a writer. They agree to keep quiet until it can be affirmed or denied. But Muskham expresses the attitude of army and civil service circles that such an act as Desert's is little short of treason. Michael goes to Wilfrid. Wilfrid will not contradict the story or withhold the poem which might be the cause for the facts becoming generally known. Wilfrid tries to make Dinny give him up but she refuses. Then she begins to see from the attitude of her uncle Adrian, a kindly and intelligent anthropologist, and her father, a retired general, how serious her plight is. It is her love of Wilfrid against her love of family and the world she has known.

XIII

'THE BRIERY,' Jack Muskham's residence at Royston, was old-fashioned and low, unpretentious without, comfortable within. It was lined with the effigies of race-horses and sporting prints. Only in one room, seldom used, was any sign of a previous existence. 'Here,' as an American newspaper man put it, when he came to interview the 'last of the dandies' on the subject of bloodstock, 'here were evidences of this aristocrat's early life in our glorious South land. Here we sensed his adventurous existence in the wide open spaces of New Mexico, Arizona and Sonora, when as a very young man this dude of dudes rounded cattle, and rode the bucking bronco with our boys out there. Here were specimens of Navaho rugs and silver work; the plaited horsehair from El Paso; the great cowboy hats; and a set of Mexican harness dripping with silver. I questioned my host about this phase of his career. "Oh! that," he said, in his Britisher's drawl, "I guess"—yes, he said guess—"I had five years cow-punchin' when I was a youngster. You see, I had only one thought—horses, and my father thought that might be better for me than ridin' steeplechases here, don't you know."

'"Can I put a date to that?" I asked this long lean patrician with the watchful eyes, and the languid manner.

'"Why, yes," he answered, "I left Eton College in '96, and went straight out to Tommy Delahay's ranch in Texas. I came back in 1901, and except for the war I've been breedin' bloodstock ever since, don't you know."

'"And in the war?" I queried.

'"Oh!" he answered; and I seemed to sense that I was intruding on him: "The usual thing. Yeomanry, cavalry, trenches, and that. The last two years I was in charge of remounts for my division. You see," he added, and a smile played about his well-regulated features, "horses come natural to me."

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'"Tell me, Mr. Muskham," I asked: "Did you enjoy your life over with us out there?"

'"Enjoy?" he said: "Rather, don't you know."'

The interview, when reproduced in a Western paper, was baptised with the heading:

"British Dandy Enjoyed
Life In Southland Says"

The stud farm was fully a mile from Royston village, and at precisely a quarter to ten every day, when not away at races, bloodstock sales, or what not, Jack Muskham mounted his "potter pony" and ambled off to what the journalist had termed his 'equine nursery.' He was accustomed to point to this "potter pony" as an example of what horses become if never spoken to in any but a gentle voice. She was an intelligent little three-year-old, three-quarter-bred, with a fine mouse-coloured coat over which someone seemed to have thrown a bottle of ink and then imperfectly removed the splashes. Beyond a slightly ragged crescent on her forehead, she had no white at all; her mane was hogged, and her long tail banged just below her hocks. Her eyes were quiet and bright, and—for a horse—her teeth were pearly. She moved with a daisy-clipping action, quickly recovering from any stumble. Ridden with a single loose rein applied to her neck, her mouth was never touched. She was but fourteen-two, and Jack Muskham's legs, he using long stirrup leathers, came down very far. Riding her, as he said, was like sitting in a very easy chair. Besides himself, only one boy, chosen for the quietness of his voice, hands, nerves and temper, was allowed to handle her.

Dismounting from this animal at the gate of the quadrangular yard which formed the stables, Jack Muskham would enter, smoking one of his special cigarettes in a short amber holder, and be joined on the central grass by his stud groom. They would then go round the boxes together—where the foals would be with their mothers, and the yearlings boxed two by two—and have this and that one out to be led round the tan track which adjoined the boxes round the yard. After this inspection, they would pass under the archway opposite the entrance, and go to the paddocks to see the mares, foals and yearlings at grass. Discipline in his 'equine nursery' was perfect; to all seeming his employees were as quiet, as clean, as well-behaved as the horses they had charge of. From the moment of his entrance to the moment when he emerged and remounted his "potter pony," his talk would be of horses—sparing and to the point. And, daily, there were so many little things to see and say, that he was rarely back at the house till one o'clock. He never discussed breeding on its scientific side with his stud groom, in spite of that functionary's considerable knowledge, because, to Jack Muskham, the subject was as much a matter of high politics as the foreign relations of his country are to a secretary for foreign affairs. His mating decisions were made in privacy, following the conclusions of close study welded to what he would have termed his 'flair,' and others might have called his prejudices. Stars might come loose, Prime Ministers be knighted, Archdukes restored, towns swallowed up by earthquakes, together with all other forms of catastrophe, so long as Jack Muskham could blend St. Simon on Speculum with the right dashes of Hampton and Bend Or; or, in accordance with a more original theory of his own, could get old Herod through Le Sancy at the extreme top and extreme bottom of a pedigree which had Carbine and Barcaldine blood in between. He was, in fact, an idealist. To breed the perfect horse was his ideal, as little realisable, perhaps, as the ideals of other men, and far more absorbing—in his view. Not that he ever mentioned it—one did not use such a word! Nor did he bet, so that he was never deflected in his judgments by earthly desires. Tall, in his cigar-brown overcoat specially lined with camel's hair, and his fawn-coloured buckskin shoes and fawn-coloured face, he was probably the most familiar figure at Newmarket; nor was there any member of the Jockey Club, with the exception of three, whose dicta were more respected. He was in fact an outstanding example of the eminence in his walk of life that can be attained by a man who serves a single end with complete and silent fidelity. In truth, behind this ideal of the "perfect horse" lay the shape of his own soul. Jack Muskham was a formalist, one of the few survivors in a form-shattering age; and that his formalism had pitched on the horse for its conspicuous expression was due in part to the completeness with which the race-horse was tied to the stud book, in part to the essential symmetry of that animal, and in part to the refuge the cult of it afforded from the whirr, untidiness, glare, blare, unending scepticism and intrusive blatancy of what he termed "this mongrel age."

In 'the Briery' two men did all the work, except scrubbing, for which a woman came in daily. But for that, there was no sign in all the house that women existed in this world. It was monastic as a club which has not succumbed to female service, and as much more comfortable, as it was smaller. The rooms were low, and two wide staircases reached the only upper floor, where the rooms were lower still. The books, apart from endless volumes relating to the race-horse, were either works of travel or of history, or detective novels; other fiction, with its scepticism, slangy diction, descriptions, sentiment, and sensation was absent, if an exception be made of complete sets of Surtees, Whyte Melville and Thackeray.

As, in the pursuit by men of their ideals, there is

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almost always some saving element of irony, so in the case of Jack Muskham. He, whose aim in life was the production of the perfect thoroughbred, was actually engaged in an attempt to cast the thoroughbred, as hitherto conceived, from muzzle to crupper, on the scrap-heap, and substitute for it an animal with a cross of blood not as yet in the Stud Book!

Unconscious of this discrepancy, he was seated at lunch with Telfourd Yule, still discussing the transportation of Arab mares, when Sir Lawrence Mont was announced.

"Lunch, Lawrence?"

"I have lunched, Jack. But coffee would be the very thing; also some brandy."

"Then let's go into the other room."

"You have here," said Sir Lawrence, "what I never thought to see again, the bachelor's box of my youth. Jack is very remarkable, Mr. Yule. A man who can afford to date in these days is a genius. Do I see 'Surtees' and 'Whyte Melville' entire? Mr. Yule, what did Mr. Waffles say in 'Soapy Sponge's Sporting Tour,' when they were holding Caingey up by the heels to let the water run out of his boots?"

Yule's humorous mug spread, but he spoke not.

"Exactly!" said Sir Lawrence: "No one knows now-a-days. He said: 'Why, Caingey, old boy, you look like a boiled porpoise with parsley sauce.' Ah! and what did Mr. Sawyer answer in 'Market Harboro,' when the Honourable Crasher drove at the turnpike gate, saying: 'It's open, I think'?"

Yule's face expanded further, and he was still more silent.

"Dear, dear! Jack?"

"He said: 'I think not.'"

"Good! And was it? No!" Sir Lawrence sank into a chair. "Well! Have you arranged to steal that mare? Fine! And when you get her over?"

"I shall put her to the most suitable sire standing. I shall mate the result again with the most suitable sire or mare I can find. Then I shall match the result privately against the best of our own of the same age. If I'm proved right I ought to be able to get her entered in the Stud Book. I'm trying to get three mares, by the way."

"How old are you, Jack?"

"Rising fifty-three."

"I'm sorry. This is good coffee."

After that the three sat silent, awaiting the real purpose of this visit.

"I've come, Mr. Yule," said Sir Lawrence, suddenly, "about that affair of young Desert's."

"Not true, I hope?"

"Unfortunately, yes. He makes no bones about it." And turning his monocle on Jack Muskham's face, he saw there exactly what he had expected.

"A man," said Muskham, slowly, "ought to keep his form better than that, even if he *is* a poet."

"We won't go into the rights and wrongs, Jack. Let it go at what you say. All the same," and Sir Lawrence's manner acquired strange gravity, "I want you two to keep mum. If it comes out, it can't be helped, but I beg that you'll neither of you say anything."

"I don't like the look of the fellow," said Muskham, shortly.

"That applies to at least nine-tenths of the people we see about; the reason is not adequate."

"He's one of those bitter sceptical young moderns, with no real knowledge of the world, and no reverence for anything."

"I know you hold a brief for the past, Jack, but don't bring it into this."

"Why not?"

"Well, I didn't want to mention it, but he's engaged to my favourite niece, Dinny Cherrell."

"That nice girl?"

"Yes. We none of us like it, except my boy Michael, who still swears by Desert. But Dinny has got her teeth into it, and I don't think anything will budge her."

"She can't be allowed to marry a man who's bound for Coventry the moment this comes out."

"The more he's taboo, the closer she'll stick to him."

"I like *that,*" said Muskham. "What do you say, Yule?"

"It's no affair of mine. If Sir Lawrence wants me to say nothing, I shall say nothing."

"Of course it's no affair of ours; all the same, if making it known would stop your niece, I'd do it. I call it a damned shame!"

"It would have just the opposite effect, Jack. Mr. Yule, you know a lot about the Press. Suppose this story leaks into the Press as it well may; what then?"

Yule's eyes snapped.

"First they'll tell it vaguely of a certain English traveller; then they'll find out whether it's denied by Desert; then they'll tell it of him, with a good many details wrong, but not so wrong as all that. If he admits it, he can't object. The Press is pretty fair, and damned inaccurate."

Sir Lawrence nodded. "If I knew anyone going in for journalism, I should say: 'Be strictly accurate, and you will be unique.' I have not read any absolutely accurate personal paragraphs in the papers since the war."

"That's their point," said Yule, "they get a double shot—first the inaccurate report and then the correction."

"I loathe the Press," said Muskham. "I had an American Pressman here. There he sat, and short of kicking him out—I don't know what on earth he made of me."

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"Yes, you date, Jack. To you Marconi and Edison are the world's two greatest malefactors. Is it agreed, then, about young Desert?"

"Yes," said Yule; and Muskham nodded.

Sir Lawrence passed swiftly from the subject.

"Nice country about here. Are you staying long, Mr. Yule?"

"I go back to Town this afternoon."

"Let me take you."

"Willingly."

Half an hour later they had started.

"My cousin Jack," said Sir Lawrence, "ought to be left to the nation. In Washington there's a museum with groups of the early Americans under glass smoking the communal pipe, holding tomahawks over each other, and that sort of thing. One might have Jack—" Sir Lawrence paused: "That's the trouble! How could one have Jack preserved? It's so difficult to perpetuate the unemphatic. You can catch anything that jumps around; but when there's no attitude except a watchful languor—And yet a man with a God of his own."

"'Form,' and Muskham is its prophet."

"He might, of course," murmured Sir Lawrence, "be preserved in the act of fighting a duel. That's perhaps the only human activity formal enough."

"'Form's' doomed," said Yule.

"H'm! Nothing so hard to kill as the sense of shape. For what *is* life but the sense of shape, Mr. Yule? Reduce everything to dead similarity, and still shape will 'out.'"

"Yes," said Yule, "but form is shape brought to perfection point and standardized; and perfection bores our bright young things."

"That nice expression. But do they exist outside books, Mr. Yule?"

"Don't they! And yawn-making—as they'd call it! I'd sooner attend City dinners for the rest of my life than spend a week-end in the company of those bright young things."

"I doubt," said Sir Lawrence, "whether I've come across them."

"You should thank God. They never stop talking day or night, not even in their couplings."

"You don't seem to like them."

"Well," said Yule, looking like a gargoyle, "they can't stand me any more than I can stand them. A boring little crowd, but, luckily, of no importance."

"I hope," said Sir Lawrence, "that Jack is not making the mistake of thinking young Desert is one."

"Muskham's never met a bright young thing. No; what gets his goat about Desert is the look of his face. It's a deuced strange face."

"Lost angel," said Sir Lawrence: "'Spiritual pride, my buck!' Something fine about it."

Yule nodded. "I don't mind it myself; and his verse is good. But all revolt's anathema to Muskham. He likes mentality clipped, with its mane plaited, stepping delicately to the snaffle."

"I don't know," murmured Sir Lawrence, "I think those two might like each other, if they could shoot each other first. Queer people we English!"

XIV

When about the same time that afternoon Adrian entered his brother's parish and traversed the mean street leading to the Vicarage of St. Augustine's-in-the-Meads, English people were being almost too well illustrated six doors round the corner.

An ambulance stood in front of a house without a future, and all who had something better to do were watching it. Adrian made one of the party. From the miserable edifice two men and a nurse were bearing the stretched-out body of a child, followed by a wailing, middle-aged, red-faced woman, and a growling, white-faced man with a drooping moustache.

"What's up?" said Adrian to a policeman.

"The child's got to have an operation. You'd think she was goin' to be murdered, instead of havin' the best that care can give her. There's the Vicar. If he can't quiet 'em, no one can."

Adrian saw his brother come out of the house and join the white-faced man. The growling ceased, but the woman's wails increased. The child was ensconced by now in the ambulance, and the mother made an unwieldy rush at its door.

"Where's their sense?" said the policeman stepping forward.

Adrian saw Hilary put his hand on the woman's shoulder. She turned as if to deliver a wide-mouthed imprecation, but a mere whimper issued. Hilary put his arm through hers, and drew her quietly back into the house. The ambulance drove away. Adrian moved up to the white-faced man and offered him a cigarette. He took it with a "Thanks, Mister," and followed his wife.

All was over. The little crowd had gone. The policeman stood there alone.

"The Vicar's a wonder," he said.

"My brother," said Adrian.

The policeman looked at him more respectfully.

"A rare card, Sir, the Vicar."

"I quite agree. Was that child very bad?"

"Won't live the day out, unless they operate. Seems as if they'd saved it up to make a close run. Just an accident the Vicar happening on it. Some people'd rather die than go into 'ospitals, let alone their children."

"Independence," said Adrian. "I understand the feeling."

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"Well, if you put it that way, Sir, so do I. Still they've got a wretched home in there, and everything of the best in the 'ospital."

" 'Be it never so humble—' " quoted Adrian.

"That's right. And in my opinion it's responsible for these slums. Very slummy round these parts, but try and move the people, and don't they let you know! The Vicar does good work, reconditionin' the 'ouses, as they call it. If you want him, I'll go and tell him."

"Oh! I'll wait."

"You'd be surprised," said the policeman, "the things people'll put up with sooner than be messed about. And you can call it what you like: Socialism: Communism: Government by the people for the people: all comes to that in the end, messin' you about. Here! You move on! No hawkin' in this street!"

A man with a barrow who had looked as if he had been going to cry 'Winkles!' altered the shape of his mouth.

Adrian, stirred by the confusion of the policeman's philosophy, waited in hopes of more, but at this moment Hilary emerged and came towards them.

"It won't be their fault if she lives," he said, and answering the policeman's salute, added: "Are those petunias coming up, Bell?"

"They are, Sir; my wife thinks no end of 'em."

"Splendid! Look here! You'll pass the hospital on your way home, you might ask about that child for me; and ring me if the news is bad."

"I will, Vicar; pleased to do it."

"Thanks, Bell. Now, old man, let's go in and have some tea."

Mrs. Hilary being at a meeting, the brothers had tea by themselves.

"I've come about Dinny," said Adrian, and unfolded her story.

Hilary lighted a pipe. "That saying," he said at last: " 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' is extraordinarily comforting until you've got to do something about it. After that it appears to amount to less than nothing; all action is based on judgments, tacit or not. Is Dinny very much in love?"

Adrian nodded. Hilary drew deeply at his pipe.

"I don't like it a little bit, then. I've always wanted a clear sky for Dinny; and this looks to me like a sirocco. I suppose no amount of putting it to her from other people's points of view is any good?"

"I should say none."

"Is there anything you want me to do?"

Adrian shook his head. "I only wanted your reaction."

"Just sorrow that Dinny's going to have a bad time. As to that recantation, my cloth rises on me, but whether it rises because I'm a parson, or a public-school Englishman, I don't know. I suspect the older Adam."

"If Dinny means to stick to this," said Adrian, "one must stick to her. I always feel that if a thing one hates has to happen to a person one loves, one can only help by swallowing the idea of it whole. I shall try to like him, and see his point of view."

"He probably hasn't one," said Hilary. "*Au fond,* you know, like 'Lord Jim,' he just jumped; and he almost certainly knows it at heart."

"The more tragic for them both; and the more necessary to stand by."

Hilary nodded.

"Poor old Con will be badly hit. It gives such a chance to people to play the Pharisee. I can see the skirts being drawn aside."

"Perhaps," said Adrian, "modern scepticism will just shrug its shoulders and say: 'Another little superstition gone west!' "

Hilary shook his head.

"Human nature, in the large, will take the view that he kow-towed to save his life. However sceptical people are now-a-days about religion, patriotism, the Empire, the word gentleman and all that, they still don't like cowardice—to put it crudely. I don't mean to say that a lot of them aren't cowards, but they still don't like it in other people; and if they can safely show their dislike, they will."

"Perhaps the thing won't come out."

"Bound to one way or another; and, for young Desert, the sooner the better. Give him a chance to captain his soul again. Poor little Dinny! This'll test her sense of humour. Oh! dear me! I feel older. What does Michael say?"

"Haven't seen him since."

"Do Lawrence and Em know?"

"Probably."

"Otherwise it's to be kept dark, eh?"

"Yes. Well, I must be getting on."

"I," said Hilary, "shall carve my feelings into my Roman galley; I shall get half an hour at it, unless that child has collapsed."

Adrian strode on to Bloomsbury. And while he went he tried to put himself in the place of one threatened with sudden extinction. No future life, no chance of seeing again those he loved; no promise, assured or even vague, of future conscious experience analogous to that of this life!

'It's the sudden personal emergency coming out of the blue,' he thought, 'with no eyes on you, that's the acid test. Who among us knows how he'll come through it?'

His brothers, the soldier and the priest, would accept extinction as a matter of simple duty; even his brother the judge, though he would want to argue the point, and might convert his executioner. 'But I?' he thought. 'How rotten to die like that for a belief I haven't got,

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in a remote corner of the earth, without even the satisfaction of knowing that my death was going to benefit anybody, or would ever even be known!' Without professional or official prestige to preserve, faced by such an issue, requiring immediate decision, one would have no time to weigh and balance; would be thrown back on instinct. One's temperament would decide. And if it were like young Desert's, judging from his verse; if he were accustomed to being in opposition to his fellows, or at least out of touch with them; scornful of convention and matter-of-fact English bull-doggedness; secretly, perhaps, more in sympathy with Arabs than with his own countrymen, would he not almost infallibly decide as Desert had? 'God knows how I should have acted,' thought Adrian, 'but I understand, and in a way I sympathise. Anyway, I'm with Dinny in this, and I'll see her through; as she saw me through that Ferse business.' And having reached a conclusion, he felt better. . . .

But Hilary carved away at his Roman galley. Those classical studies he had so neglected had led up to his becoming a parson, and he could no longer understand why. What sort of young man could he have been to think he was fit for it? Why had he not taken to forestry, become a cowboy, or done almost anything that kept him out of doors instead of in the slummy heart of a dim City? Was he or was he not based on revelation? And, if not, on what was he based? Planing away at an after deck such as that whence those early plumbers, the Romans, had caused so many foreigners to perspire freely, he thought 'I serve an idea, with a superstructure which doesn't bear examination.' Still, the good of mankind was worth working for! A doctor did it in the midst of humbug and ceremony. A statesman, though he knew that democracy, which made him a statesman, was ignorance personified. One used forms in which one didn't believe, and even exhorted others to believe in them. Life was a practical matter of compromise. 'We're all Jesuits,' he thought, 'using doubtful means to good ends. I should have had to die for my cloth, as a soldier dies for his. But that's neither here nor there!'

The telephone bell rang, and a voice said:

"The Vicar! . . . Yes, Sir! . . . That girl. Too far gone to operate. So if you'd come, Sir."

Hilary put down the receiver, snatched his hat and ran out of the house. Of all his many duties the deathbed was least to his taste, and, when he alighted from the taxi before the hospital, the lined mask of his face concealed real dread. Such a child! And nothing to be done except patter a few prayers and hold her hand. Criminal the way her parents had let it run on till it was too late. But to imprison them for it would be to imprison the whole British race, which never took steps to interfere with its independence, till the last minute, and that too late!

"This way, Sir," said a nurse.

In the whiteness and order of a small preliminary room Hilary saw the little figure, white covered, collapsed and with a deathly face. He sat down beside it, groping for words with which to warm the child's last minutes.

'Shan't pray,' he thought, 'she's too young.'

The child's eyes, struggling out of their morphined immobility, flitted with terror round the room, and fixed themselves, horror-stricken, first on the white figure of the nurse, then on the doctor in his overalls. Hilary raised his hand.

"D'you mind," he said, "leaving her with me a moment?"

They passed into an adjoining room.

"Loo!" said Hilary, softly.

Recalled by his voice from their terrified wandering, the child's eyes rested on his smile.

"Isn't this a nice clean place? Loo! What d'you like best in all the world?"

The answer came almost inaudibly from the white puckered lips: "Pictures."

"That's exactly what you're going to have, every day —twice a day. Think of that. Shut your eyes and have a nice sleep, and when you wake the pictures will begin. Shut your eyes! And I'll tell you a story. Nothing's going to happen to you. See! I'm here."

He thought she had closed her eyes, but pain gripped her suddenly again; she began whimpering and then screamed.

"God!" murmured Hilary: "Another touch, doctor, quick!"

The doctor injected morphia.

"Leave us alone again."

The doctor slipped away, and the child's eyes came slowly back to Hilary's smile. He laid his fingers on her small emaciated hand.

"Now, Loo, listen!

'The Walrus and the Carpenter were walking hand in hand,
They wept like anything to see such quantities of sand.
"If seven maids with seven brooms could sweep for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said, "that they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter, and shed a bitter tear!'

On and on went Hilary, reciting "The Mad Hatter's Tea-party." And, while he murmured, the child's eyes closed, the small hand lost warmth.

He felt the cold penetrating his own hand and thought: 'Now, God, if you are—give her pictures!'

Continued on page 236

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America's Lost Opportunity

A MESSAGE TO AMERICANS

By James Truslow Adams

THERE are two pictures of an American President indelibly impressed on my mind. In January, 1919, I saw Woodrow Wilson in Paris. From his landing at Brest on December 13 until the opening of the Peace Conference on January 18 he had received in Italy, France, and England such tumultuous acclaim from the peoples as had never fallen to the lot of any man before. During the war his messages, breathing faith in the possibilities of a juster world, a nobler democracy, and a humaner future, had touched the hearts of common men, and he was hailed in all nations as the awaited political savior of mankind. The next time I saw him was by chance on the 4th of March, 1921. Standing by the gate of the White House I was asked to step aside to let a motor car pass out. In it sat Senator Knox and old Joe Cannon, and behind them I saw Harding, President-elect, and a broken figure huddled in the corner beside him. It was the physical wreck of President Wilson.

The contrast between the Wilson of Paris, erect, vigorous, virile, at the very summit of earthly power and prestige, and that stricken, defeated man in the car proceeding to the Capitol to yield up office to his successor, was unforgettable in its stark tragedy. Even more tragic is the fact that it is symbolic of our nation since the war.

When the world went mad with joy over the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918, the United States occupied a position among the nations which was typified by the unparalleled enthusiasm with which its Chief Executive was in a few weeks to be welcomed in Europe. We were at the highest point of potential international influence to which we have ever attained.

Alone, except for remote Japan, of all the great Powers involved in the struggle, our armies were fresh and our reservoir of man power scarcely touched. We had under arms only 4,000,000 men, of whom 2,000,000 were in Europe, out of the 24,000,000 subject to draft between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Our losses in deaths had been nominal compared with those of the other nations. Economically we had profited enormously in the years before we entered the war. Our wealth appeared fabulous. We had poured out billions in loans to the Allies and alone possessed the hoard of free capital which could be utilized to put in motion again the damaged machinery of international trade. For us that trade had been enormously increased in our period of neutrality. We held the dominant position and talked of New York as inevitably the money centre of the world. Our vast industrial plant, built up by American ingenuity and efficiency under the forced draught of war demands, seemed destined to crush all rivals. From a debtor nation we had become the creditor of almost all the earth.

Politically, also, our international position was unique. We were outside of the complexities and hatreds of the European system. We justly claimed that we had had no concern with the original causes of the war. We had gone in only when Germany forced us to do so for wholly different causes. But we had stipulated that, the fight won and our contentions upheld, we would demand no indemnities from the enemy, either in cash or territory. Although we had united our forces with those of the other nations fighting the Central Powers we had not become an Ally but merely an Associated Power. We had not "won the war," but it had been our strength which at the critical time had turned the scales for victory. Our influence at the peace conference could obviously be enormous due to our undiminished resources, the service we had rendered, our aloofness from most European problems, our refusal of indemnities, and our desire for a just and lasting peace.

With the possibilities of economic and political leadership in the world's crisis, which would obviously last for some years, went what has somewhat loosely been called our moral leadership. Such a possibility did not then appear vain or empty. Out of the jealous and squabbling States of our post-Revolutionary period we had built up a great and enduring free union of peoples. Our democracy was filled with many evils, but it had never ceased to be leavened by what I have called "the American dream," the hope of a richer and better

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life for every man and woman of every rank. It was this dream which had brought to our shores the never-ending stream of immigrants. Our faults were glaring, but the fact remained that America was the Land of Promise for millions of Europeans, not only for its dollars but for its practical social philosophy and its hope of a fuller life. Moreover, in the years just before the war, from the beginning of Roosevelt's first term as President, we had been making genuine efforts to correct our faults, eradicate the evils, and make the dream come true. In the years before the war, Roosevelt was not only the best-known American in Europe but he had battled hard at home for two things—to make America take a leading position in world affairs and to stir her people up to cleanse their own moral life. Of the uprising under his leadership among a very large part of our people in favor of the "square deal" and of greater honesty in public and private life there can be no doubt. If there had been some reaction under Taft, Wilson, both as Governor and President, had again brought idealism and liberalism into the American consciousness, and in the mind of the world it was Wilson as leader who was to bring that idealism into play to heal a civilization rent by passion and by war.

Such was our position at the end of 1918. Suddenly it all crashed. It was as though our nation, like its chief, had suffered from a stroke. We need not trace the progress of the disease which has brought us from our high state of 1918 to our ignominious one of 1932. Frederick Allen has shamed us with the whole story in his *Only Yesterday,* which every American should read. We shall not here repeat the details of the intervening years, but contrast our present position with our former one and ask what hope there is for the future.

Our pride in what we had considered our impregnable economic power has been shattered, as has our self-confidence, by the debacle of 1929. It has not been simply that we have suffered our share in the inevitable economic prostration which could have been expected, as always, five to eight years after the end of hostilities. By our own acts we greatly accentuated the seriousness of the general world condition and made our own much worse than it need have been. Our mad speculation, sucking in the resources of Europe, combined with our failure to play the rôle of international bankers, did much or most to bring about the second phase of the crisis. That failure was evident in our first pouring out money in unwise foreign loans—indeed fairly forcing them down the throats of South American and other countries—and then suddenly stopping further credit. The hope of becoming the world's bankers has passed from New York, and London has recaptured the position even under the handicap of divorce from gold. Economically we are today more prostrate than either Italy, France, or the British Empire. In Europe we are no longer envied. We are almost not even disliked, for we are beginning to be pitied.

In political leadership we have ceased to count. Whatever might have been possible in the way of paying off the war debts had we used our position as temporary world bankers wisely, had we not made the subsequent vast uneconomic and ill-judged loans, had we helped the gold standard to function with our hoards, and had we lowered rather than raised the tariff so as to permit payment in goods, the course we have actually pursued in all these matters has brought the world to the position where practical cancellation of the debts is essential to world recovery. I believe the question should be linked with revision of tariffs and armaments, but Europe insists on cancellation at least. In order to gain that end she may give lip service to our other wishes, yielding as little as may be, but our political leadership has dwindled to mere bargaining for what we can get in exchange for the cancellation which *we* need as well as the others. Beyond what that bargaining power may amount to, the world at large has little use for what we say. As, at the end of a long series of conferences and efforts, Lausanne proves, the political like the economic leadership has passed to England. From the time when we declined to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, wherever the fault lay, and turned our faces deliberately away from Europe, our position has been humiliating. Even Senator Borah has at last, happily, recognized that.

Our claim to moral leadership has equally collapsed. Our life as shown in the films we export, our Prohibition evils and hypocrisy, the governments of our greatest cities, such as New York and Chicago, our crime and lawlessness, our complete failure to do anything about it all even when, as in the Lindbergh case, the President of the United States announces that the entire power of the Federal Government will be employed, our complete abandonment of all idealism such as was known under Roosevelt and Wilson and the substitution under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover of the sole ideal of material prosperity, regardless of the rest of the world—all these have swept away any possibility of our pretending to give the other nations any better than, or indeed as good a standard of national or international morality as they already possess.

Contrasted with 1918 America today is as that huddled figure in the motor in Washington to the Wilson of the European tour. The position has become intolerable for such as believe in and love their country. As one fellow-countryman said to me, it would not be so bad to lose money and have to work for it over again,

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if you had a nation you could be proud to work for. He must be a very easily satisfied patriot who can be proud of our present standing. For those of us who still genuinely believe in the possible greatness of the United States and of the part which she may play in the history of mankind, the question arises as to the future. What of that?

We cannot predict or plan unless we diagnose the conditions which have brought us to the ground after having been raised so high. I think two of the chief causes have been lack of knowledge and lack of character.

Any leadership demands knowledge of conditions and forces in the field of action. Politically we did not know. When Wilson, whose whole interest and training had been in American problems, left his home to enter the White House he remarked to a friend that it would be the irony of fate if his administration should be called upon to deal with international affairs. That fate overtook him, both in Mexico and Europe. His idealistic plans, and with them the hopes of the peoples who had trusted him, broke largely from encountering forces of which he had been ignorant. What he saved from the wreck broke, in turn, largely from the ignorance of our own people as to the rest of the world. In other fields we were hampered by the same ignorance. As one New York banker told me a few years after his city was supposed to have become the international centre of the world, "we found we simply did not know how to handle the business."

With our lack of knowledge the rôle of world leadership in any department was, perhaps, thrust upon us at least two generations too soon. But we cannot lay our present position solely to that. There was also lack of character. As a nation we prefer easy money to hard work, a quick turn to long planning. The sorry part which many of our great banks played when the heavy responsibility of financing the world was thrust upon them was due even more to the selfish desire for quick profits for each institution regardless of consequences than to mere ignorance. They failed in their foreign, as to a great extent in their domestic, business to show any of that sense of responsibility which is one of the marks of genuine character. Reckless when profits seemed possible they became cowardly when losses had to be taken. If New York has lost the position to London again it is almost wholly because of the character, developed through several centuries, of the English banker, bent primarily on working the international machinery and willing at times to forego profits or to take necessary risks to keep it working smoothly.

Politically we have shown the same lack of courage and sense of responsibility. The League of Nations was far from perfect. It was, however, the only tangible opportunity to try for a better world organization. Every great Power but ourselves took whatever risks there were in joining, and would have gladly accepted us even with such reservations to avoid risks as they did not ask themselves. Assuredly we did not wish to become involved in every European quarrel, but in declining to join in the experiment which practically every other nation in both hemispheres was willing to try in order to bring about better international organization and settlements I think we must admit that it was largely cowardice which kept us out. We refused to take a chance with the others because we were afraid of responsibility and perhaps of losing something. It is the same with the International Economic Conference for helping to straighten out the present crisis. We decline to attend unless tariffs and debts shall not be discussed, although obviously they are a large part of the trouble. We are afraid, afraid of our own ignorance and of perhaps losing something if we even discuss with others plans for the good of the whole. We prefer to let our house fall rather than venture out of the door. As we have given back to England the task of operating the exchanges of the world, so have we abandoned to her the task of trying to make something of the League and of bringing economic and political order out of the present chaos, though it is a chaos for which we are in no small degree responsible.

Our temporary failure in character showed as clearly at home as in foreign affairs. We live fast these days and forget quickly, but if any one wishes to realize the depth to which we fell in the fifteen years following 1916 from the fifteen years preceding it, let him read the speeches of Roosevelt and Wilson and study their accomplishments in office as contrasted with those of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. It cannot be said that it was wholly the fault of the leaders. We did not want such as arose in the earlier period. Just as we turned our face away from any responsibility for the world situation, so we turned from any effort or suggestion to make our own country a better one. If the new leaders talked only of prosperity it was because they knew that that was all in which the people were interested. Like the bankers, without a thought of responsibility we wallowed in an orgy of personal making and spending. The only standard of value became quick money, and a Roosevelt or a Wilson would have found no following. The character of a man who is mad about money and spending is nothing to be proud of. That is about all we cared for in the post-war years.

If the position of possible leadership of civilization to which we appeared to have attained in 1918 was lost by us chiefly because of ignorance and lack of character in the ensuing years, is there any chance that, or way in

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which, we may regain it, or, at least, attain to such a position in the family of nations as one as powerful as the United States should occupy if she is genuinely great?

The opportunity is there. The last three years have taught us that, whether we like it or not, the world is one economically. In the clash between economic and political organizations, between the needs of business and the emotions of excessive nationalism, the former are bound to win unless we prefer to sink to a system of barter between self-contained states on a low standard of living. Unless we choose the latter alternative, a too-exclusive and selfish nationalism must be replaced by a reasonable amount of international co-operation. The world has got to be rebuilt, and, at last, is slowly being so. England, in the League, at Lausanne, at Ottawa, is taking the lead in reconstruction. She has no wish to carry the task alone. She would welcome American help in any way, quite apart from the question of debt. France, after a long period of bitter and isolated nationalism, is prepared to co-operate to an extent that would have been quite impossible even a year ago. So with Italy, and Germany is once more in the concert of nations on a basis of equality. A new world, though full of complex problems, is taking shape.

There is a great place for us in that world if we will take it, but to do so we must prove ourselves capable of overcoming the faults which lost us our first opportunity. We must have knowledge. We must know conditions and what we are trying to do, statesman, banker, and individual citizen. We must face realistically the facts as to the world which is forming about us and which we must in part form, unprejudiced by the past or by the emotions of the present. To allow it to be formed without our active and intelligent participation would be as unwise as it would be beneath the dignity of what should be our station in it.

But equally with knowledge we shall have to develop again our character and our courage. It is hard to say what has become of the latter quality which used to be conspicuous enough among us. Especially in the last year it has apparently given place to a craven fear and a pessimism that has been unfathomable. A nation that can pass from the emotions of 1929 to those of 1931 in two years can scarcely claim for itself a place of steady and responsible leadership. It was not pleasant the other day to hear a European say that he did not think the Americans could be very good stuff, for when things went well they boasted and blustered and when they went wrong they cried about it and lost all hope. From all too many conversations, at least in the eastern United States, in these past months I realized there was too much truth in the statement to make me relish it. I sympathized with the more-welcome remark of an old Southern lady who said, with a good deal of indignation, "I have been pore before. I was pore after the war [Civil], and I can be pore again, but I am sick of hearing such a fuss made about it."

As part of the development of character we have got to place a higher value on other things in life than money and standards of living. If we are not interested in anything but making as much easy money as quickly as possible to spend almost as quickly, we need not expect leadership in a world which is doing hard work and hard thinking. In countless homes in America today there must be going on a serious questioning of what it is that makes life worth while and what is really worth striving for. My own opinion is that there are plenty of us who are getting fed up with the philosophy of life of the past decade and with the position which our country occupies, with its crime, its lawlessness, its disgraceful politics, its abandonment of ideals, its loss of prestige and honor abroad and at home. There are plenty who feel like the man who said he could lose his money if he could be proud of his country. There is a priceless possession in feeling that one is a citizen of a great country—not merely a big country, or a powerful country or a rich country, but a *great* country. The proudest boast of the Roman was *civis Romanus sum,* I am a citizen of Rome.

For our own sake as well as the world's we have got to get out of the depression into which we have been plunged by the last decade, not the economic depression alone but the depression of character and standards of national life. We have got to get out of the mud and slime of our Al Capones and our municipal politics and our crime and our dependence on a big income for happiness, of our get-rich-quick philosophy, of our selfishness and isolation, of our caring for nothing else in the world if *we* can be temporarily prosperous. If that is all there is to it, we might just as well take the best-paid job in any country we can find and cease to be proud of being a citizen of the United States.

What is the upshot of this article? It is simply this. There is no use in railing at America, or expecting her to take her proper position in the world, unless each of us as citizens makes an effort to make his own life worth while on the basis of values which are not wholly material, and strives to make the life of the nation truly great and not merely a standard of living at so many thousands a year. The nation cannot transcend the level of its citizens, and a citizen can find no lasting happiness in striving all his life for unworthy objects. Only boredom or a discontented desire for an endlessly ascending scale of possessions can result. We have also to merge our individual lives in some larger entity, such as the nation, to be happy. That is one reason why war always brings a certain exaltation. For a time we can devote ourselves untrammelled to the service of an ideal instead of to that of mere personal gain. America has always had an ideal, however obscured at times and

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however dragged down by material prosperity. She will be neither happy nor great until she once more finds it and is willing to serve it; nor without it will she regain her lost opportunity.

I have little use for "Plans," but if we could put into force a "Five-Year Plan" by which individual Americans would order their lives on the basis of spiritual rather than material satisfactions, and would do their best in their own localities to cleanse and make great the public life, the result might well be that America would regain her place and become a nation of which we could all once more be properly and not merely wishfully proud. It is open to few of us to become a national leader like Roosevelt or Wilson, but it is happily open to each of us to assist such a leader, of any party, when he arises, and even in a very real sense to hasten his coming, by helping to form a body of opinion which would demand a high scale of personal values and a high ideal for the nation to follow. With such a body of opinion, such an ideal, and such a leader, America could again take her proper place in the world. Here is a full-time job for every man and woman who wishes to do it, to be paid in wages of increased independence, of temporary good or evil fortune, of increased self-respect, of greater contentment, and of heightened pride of citizenship. By doing our bit in such a "Plan," which calls for no organization or impractical institutional changes, we could bring back a sense of their being worth while to our private lives, and restore the nation to the position which she has sacrificed chiefly because of the ignorance, greed, selfishness, low standards, insistence upon individual profits, and lack of character and courage in Tom, Dick, Harry, and you and me.

Poolroom

A STORY

By Morley Callaghan

HARDLY any one was on the street, the afternoon sunlight was shining so steadily on the pavement and the air was so heavy, sticky, and hot. Steve, carrying his coat in one hand and fanning himself with his straw sailor hat, was going along to the rooming-house where Shorty Horne lived, to take a lesson on the banjo. He was going along slowly and lazily, feeling the hot sun burning his neck.

The front porch of the rooming-house was badly in need of paint, and on such a dry afternoon it looked even worse with the blistering flakes of paint curling in the heat. Mrs. Scott, who had many roomers, was very clean and tidy inside the house, though she did not seem to care what her place looked like from the street. Shorty Horne had the small attic room, two flights up, with the small window over the front porch and another window looking out over a flat, gravelled roof.

Steve, who had known Shorty three or four months, had met him one afternoon in Hudson's poolroom over the cafeteria downtown. Shorty was a small, old fellow, about fifty-five, with very heavy veins on his temples and thin hair he hardly ever bothered combing. His straggly mustache was the same color as his hair, only it was much thicker and stiffer, curling down over his lips, and when he had his hat on, the mustache made him look more vigorous and determined than he was. He always wore a hard derby hat. He used to come into the poolroom in the afternoon, look carefully at the men around the tables, and then sit down on one of the long benches by the wall, sitting there watching the fellows play while he slowly ate a bag of peanuts. Gradually a small space on the floor at his feet was covered with peanut shells. The sole of his shoe began to crunch down on the shells. Yet he was not really untidy, for when he had finished eating he bent down and laboriously scraped the shells into a small pile, got them all into the bag that had been in his pocket and threw it into the waste-paper receptacle. He used to do that nearly every day. Nuts, it seems, were not hard for his stomach to digest. If he hadn't known J. S. Hudson, the proprietor of the poolroom, a large-framed, casual yet formidable man, who stood around snapping his suspenders, he might not have been so cleanly, though he did seem to enjoy getting the shells into such a neat little pile on the floor. For years he had known Hudson, not intimately, nor even as a good customer knows the proprietor, but just as one man knows another from seeing him often and getting used to him. At times he had done a little work for Hudson at Hudson's private home, and if the poolroom janitor needed temporary assistance they hired Shorty for a few hours.

Once, after playing a game of billiards, Steve had sat down on the bench beside Shorty, who had begun to make a friendly conversation, offering polite criticism

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of certain shots. Though Shorty rarely played billiards he watched all the interesting shots very critically.

Steve found out that Shorty Horne had no money and no prospect of ever getting steady work. There seemed to be nothing for him to do but pass in and out of the poolroom very quietly without speaking to any one. He acted like a man who was hiding from the police in a strange city. There was so little to know about him you couldn't help thinking he was deliberately withholding something. He couldn't work steadily because he suffered from some terrible stomach and kidney trouble. For two or three hours at a time he would be all right and very genial and happy, and then his insides would seem to get into knots, as he bent down holding his sides with his elbows and gripping his hands tightly over his body. Around the poolroom they thought most of his time was spent enduring pain. There seemed to be nothing he could do for it. Steve wondered why he did not die, or why he did not long for death. And yet whenever it rained hard in the afternoons and Shorty couldn't walk from his rooming-house to the poolroom, where he would sit and talk cheerfully, he was miserable, for this routine of his day seemed to give him much happiness; he loved his own life, though he knew that a few of the steady customers at the poolroom, on the bad days, when he did not appear, grinned and took it for granted that he had died or had killed himself. They could not believe he could get any satisfaction out of living, as he did. They liked him, but felt sorry when they saw him holding his sides. They knew he couldn't sleep at night.

He had casually asked Steve once if he could play the banjo and when Steve replied that he would like to be able to, Shorty had offered to teach him. Steve was surprised; one did not think of Shorty spending much time playing a banjo, and yet, as Steve found out when he went to visit him, that was the way he spent an hour of the early afternoon. He got up late, for it usually was hard for him to get to sleep, and when he had some bran flakes, a little orange juice and a piece of dry toast he sat for an hour by the window slowly strumming the banjo and looking out over the roof covered with gravel. He looked forward eagerly to having some one there with him and was delighted when Steve began to learn rapidly. The two of them took turns playing the banjo. Whatever pleasure they got out of each other's company had to be immediate and spontaneous, for Shorty would not talk about himself.

So on this afternoon when Steve was going down the street to Shorty's rooming-house, walking lazily and slowly, he was looking forward to a drowsy hour or two, sitting with his shirt off, feeling the faint breeze coming over the roof, cooling his bare shoulder while he strummed at the banjo.

Usually he rapped on the front door and spoke to Mrs. Scott, asking if Shorty were in, before he climbed the long flight of stairs, but today no one answered the door. Mrs. Scott had gone out. Steve went up the carpeted stairs, darkened, for there was no window, dark all the way up to the attic to the door of Shorty's room at the end of the hall. Usually Steve pushed open the door and stood there in the light coming suddenly from the window till Shorty invited him to enter. But today, when he tried to open the door, it was locked, just as he was there, ready to step from the dark hall into the light from the window. Irritated a bit, he rapped and called, "Shorty!"

"Who's there?" Shorty answered.

"Steve."

He heard Shorty getting up and fumbling with the lock, then the door was opened. But it was still a kind of a twilight, for the blind, a green one, slit in many places and cracked, was down over the window, with the strong sunlight filtering in to the floor. Shorty, after admitting Steve, went back to the chair by the window. The banjo was leaning against the chair. Shorty was crouching down, his arms wrapped around his waist. Steve, merely glancing at him, thought he was having the pains inside him and wanted to rest.

"Do you mind if I pull up the blind, Shorty?"

"No, go ahead."

Steve pulled up the shade on one window. The strong light flooded the room, shining on the grass rug on the bare floor, on the banjo by the chair, on the iron bedstead painted white and chipping, on some dishes, a can and pail on an upturned box covered with a piece of tin used for a table; and it shone on Shorty, crouched down on the chair, his knees curled up a little, the heels caught on a rung. The toes of the shoes were turned far up. One of the shoes was laced with a piece of brown string.

"Maybe you don't want to fool around with the banjo today, Shorty."

"Oh, I'm feeling all right, Steve."

"Aren't the pains getting you?"

"No."

"Well, what's the matter with you, hunched up there?"

"I'll sit up," he said.

He sat up straight and asked Steve to hand him the banjo. Though he smiled frequently, he was insincere, and obviously trying to be friendly when his thoughts were far away. The banjo did not interest him, though he glanced at it as he strummed it idly, looking out over the gravelled roof. At the end of the roof was a short wall of concrete on a brick foundation and be-

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hind that a higher wall of brick. The sun shining on the white surface of the concrete made it a heavy white streak against the pinkish light on the brick. In some places on the roof the light gravel had been worn away and the black tar could be seen melting in the heat. And Steve, waiting for Shorty to speak, went on looking out the window till he noticed Shorty's eyes blinking. He saw his head was perspiring, beads of moisture at the temples and on the heavy blue veins.

"Are you going out this afternoon, Shorty?"

"No."

"What's the matter, Shorty? Tell a guy, won't you?"

"Nothing, I just been thinking a bit, I guess. I been thinking. I mean I was downtown last night and saw a fellow. I think I'm going to get bumped off."

"Who'd bump a guy like you off?" Steve said, laughing out loud.

"Some tough mugs," Shorty answered, very simply and sincerely.

"What for?"

"Squealing on them."

"When?"

"Oh, quite a while ago."

He was trying to hold on to his lower lip, which was trembling. "It isn't that I'm afraid," he said apologetically. "Only I just can't stand the thought of really dying."

"If you don't mind me saying it, Shorty, I don't think a guy who puts up with as much as you put up with in this world ought to be much afraid of dying, even if you're not kidding me."

"No, I'm not kidding. I just mean that I'd like to go on living for a long time. I'd like to think about it that way." He spoke so casually and honestly Steve felt ashamed of himself.

"Well, who are the guys you're afraid of?"

"I'm really not afraid of them, only I know what's going to happen. I guess it's coming to me."

"Who are they, unless you don't want to tell?"

"I don't mind. You didn't use to hang around Hudson's poolroom in the old days about five years ago, did you? I don't remember you, anyway."

"No. Didn't know the place at all."

"I used to hang around there then. I knew most everybody of a certain kind. It was just about the time I got real sick. If you don't mind me telling you, Steve, I used to pick a pocket now and then, and had a little more money. Hudson was slugged one night when he had a lot of money there, a couple of thousands, I think. I had a hunch who did it. And they were going to get caught for sure, and they came to me."

"Did your insides bother you as much then as now?"

"Sure, only it had just started. I couldn't work. That's why these guys came to me. They said they'd arranged to fix it so it would look as if I'd done the job. They knew they were going to get it. They offered me a thousand to go down, and said to a guy like me it would be just the same, since I couldn't seem to enjoy anything anyway, and maybe better because they'd look after me in prison, and there'd be money waiting for me when I came out. I said all right. A little later I squealed on them."

"Why did you do a thing like that, Shorty?"

"I got to thinking about Hudson. He was always kind of nice to me and I couldn't stand to have him thinking I had done it. I just hated to have him think I had slugged him. But it was mainly because I was sick and couldn't stand the thought of being shut away. So I told the two guys it was all off and I gave them back their money. They wouldn't take it. I tried to tell them money wasn't much good to me, and I wanted awfully much to be left alone so I could keep on going down to the poolroom. Well, they shook me and slapped me a bit and said they had pinned it on me and I had to take the rap after taking the money. The trouble was, when I took the money, I didn't realize how much I liked going on from day to day. It was tough not being able to go down to the poolroom today. They said it wouldn't make any difference to me being shut up. I wanted all the life I could outside. It's funny, but there's lots of things I enjoy more after going on the rocks than I did before. But I knew all the time that they'd get me in the long run for squealing. I ought to have got out of the city, but for years there's been no other life for me except just going down to the poolroom. I knew everybody. What would I do if I left it, the way I am? It was enough for me. It was all I wanted. I couldn't bear to go away. Where could I go?"

"But what's getting into you right now?"

"Those guys are out now. I saw one down-town last night. He had been asking for me in the poolroom. He just smiled at me."

"If I felt the way you do about it, Shorty, I'd tell the cops, and then get on my horse and beat it."

"I got no more chance than a rabbit. It's like this, Steve, I haven't got much use for a squealer myself, only you see the way it was with me, don't you, Steve? There's no place I could go. I just seem to fit in around the poolroom. There's nothing else for a crook like me. See?"

"Sure."

"Well, I figured by the way he smiled at me they'd be around here some time today. I know they'll come."

"Is that why you had the door locked?"

"I suppose so. I was sitting here playing the banjo a bit, but it got so that I just couldn't stand the notion of some one bumping me off."

He picked up the banjo again and looked out the window. His head was still sweating profusely. Steve

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knew he was appalled and fascinated at the thought of dying. Shorty twanged the strings slowly, slowly, slowly, three times. "Don't do that," Steve said suddenly, getting up and feeling scared. "I'll stay here with you, Shorty," he said.

"If you don't mind, I'll not give you a lesson today," Shorty said. His blue eyes were wide open.

"Don't you want me to stay? Come on out with me."

"I'd rather be alone, if you don't mind."

"I'll come and see you later, then."

"All right."

"There's nothing you want me to do?"

"No, thanks, Steve. Nothing."

"I'll be hoofing it along, then."

Steve went out, leaving Shorty sitting on the chair, the banjo on his knees, his face turned to the window and his teeth biting into his lower lip. The sun was shining full on his small, round, wrinkled face. As Steve went down-stairs he heard faintly the twanging of the banjo. He walked along the street as far as the corner, then turned and walked back to the house, looking up at the front window. The blind was down. And then, because he was uneasy in his own mind, he went up to the house and sat down on the veranda. Shorty Horne was up-stairs waiting, and Steve, wondering how such a man could be so eager to go on living, for some reason felt young and a little ashamed. Alert, he looked at every passer-by, expecting always to see men coming down the street to the house and hear them ask for Shorty Horne. The men, he thought, would be well dressed, only they would wear peak caps. Steve was trying to think of something very comforting he could say to Shorty. Across the road, down about half a block, was a schoolyard, half the yard board planking, and only a small stretch of green lawn. A bell sounded in the school. Within a few seconds kids came out the wide doors, little girls in light dresses, who did not remain long on the hot planks but ran yelling to the green lawn to play a while before going out the gate.

An automobile stopped opposite the house. A woman was driving the car. Sitting beside her was a young man who talked intimately, leaning toward her, holding her by the arm and refusing to let her get out of the car. Suddenly they both began to laugh out loud, leaning back in the seat.

Though it was late afternoon hardly any one came down the street, for the sky was still cloudless and the pavement was hot. Steve sat on the veranda for over an hour. He would not go home and leave Shorty alone in the house.

Then he saw Mrs. Scott coming down the street, a large, ample woman wearing a light blouse and a blue skirt, and carrying a heavy shopping-bag. Her body was leaning forward. From some distance away she began to smile at Steve. He said to her: "I'm going up to see Mr. Horne. He was lying down a while ago resting. I'll go up and see him soon now."

"The poor man!" she said, wiping the moisture off her large red face. "I don't see how he can go on living in weather like this."

"It's rotten weather for anybody," Steve said.

"I don't know how he can stand it at all, at all," she said, shaking her head and drawing in a deep breath before going into the house. "It just burns me to a frazzle."

Steve remained on the veranda twenty minutes longer. Before going he intended to speak to Shorty and then speak to Mrs. Scott, but the woman, herself, came to the door, breathing heavily after coming down-stairs, and said to him: "Steve, would you do something for me? I rapped on Mr. Horne's door and couldn't get an answer. The door's locked."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Please open the door for me," she said nervously.

Steve went on ahead of her up the stairs. As they got closer to the attic the air seemed to be mustier, as it was in all these old rooming-houses. He tried the door and called out, but Shorty did not answer. Mrs. Scott was standing behind him, her hands up to her face. Finally Steve swung his shoulder against the door, which opened easily. The room was darkened with the blinds down again. The odor of escaping gas made Steve cough and cover his nose with his handkerchief as he hurried to throw up the window and turn off the gas jet.

Shorty was lying on the floor, his knees curled up, his elbows in at his sides, his head pointing to the window. He must have fallen off the bed. A strip of newspaper had been used to block the open space between the door and the floor. Shorty was dead; his hands were getting cold. The tin can that had been on his table had fallen to the floor beside him. The banjo was at the foot of the bed.

Mrs. Scott, who had run down-stairs when she smelled the gas, came into the room slowly, still holding her hands up to her face. "I knew something like this would happen some time," she said. "The poor fellow; the way it was with him, I knew he'd do it."

Steve looked at her and simply shook his head. At first he wanted to try to say that the thought of dying terrified Shorty, but that he had become fascinated by the notion of death; but he just shook his head.

"What'll I do?" Mrs. Scott said.

"You better tell the police," Steve answered. He was going down-stairs. He wanted to get out to the sunlight. He didn't want to be mixed up in the affair at all.

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The Massie Trial

By Clarence Darrow

Why did Clarence Darrow come out of retirement to go to Honolulu to defend Mrs. Fortescue and Lieutenant Massie in the celebrated case? Here for the first time the famous lawyer tells his own story of the famous trial.

It had been four years since I closed my office door and definitely withdrew from the practise of law. I was satisfied that fifty-one years of active court life was enough; in fact, too much. I was not sure that I needed a rest, but, like the pupils at school who grow weary and fretful when the warm days come on, I decided to pack my books, close the door, and go away. But loafing proved not so ideal as it seemed to one who was anxious to welcome it as a dear dream come true. Four years of freedom from work, seemingly doing as I pleased, gradually grew monotonous and dreary. I was tired of resting.

So, when I was aroused from my seclusion and urged to go to Honolulu to defend Mrs. Fortescue and Lieutenant Massie, I wondered if I could stand the trip, and I was not certain that I could bear the daily routine, beginning in court early each day, and watching and catching all that goes on in a trial; I was not even sure that my mind would click with its old-time vigor. I communicated my misgivings to the friends and the relatives of my prospective clients. They decided to take a chance.

Many times I have been asked why I went to Honolulu. I was not sure then, and am not sure now. I had never been to that part of the Pacific; I had heard of and read about its unusual charm, and longed to see it sometime. The more I thought of those islands and the more I investigated the strange and puzzling case, the more I felt that I had better go. I had read the press reports and I knew that the elements connected with it were absent from most criminal cases. It was obvious that there was no sordid or common motive back of the weird tragedy that time and fate had woven around the lives of the Massies and Mrs. Fortescue. It was a study in psychology beyond any question, and such cases have always interested me.

Then, too, the so-called "depression" had swept away practically all the savings that I thought I had for keeping me comfortable to the end, and I needed the fee. This was not at all large, but it was sufficient. I do not know the relative importance of these motives, but I know that these reasons, and others, took me to Honolulu. Too many writers have ably described that Eden for me to undertake it here, beyond admitting that it is the only place I ever visited that turned out better than I expected.

To my surprise, I felt better after the first day's activities than at any time since my retirement. At least it seemed so, to my delight. The next morning I went into court and asked for a week's time for preparation. This was promptly granted.

Every case has difficulties peculiar to itself. There is scarcely anything of more importance in the fate of the defendants than the setting and surroundings of the drama. Hawaii was entirely new to me, and I made the island and its people a matter of first consideration. The story of the tragedy for which my clients were indicted has been widely published, and in various forms has been spread broadcast over the world. Despite all this, there was little chance to be deceived regarding the facts.

Thomas H. Massie, at the time of the trial, was a young man about twenty-seven years old. After his graduation at Annapolis, he married Thalia Fortescue, who was four or five years his junior. Mrs. Massie's family were old-time and well-known residents of Washington. Lieutenant Massie chose the submarine service, and was sent to Honolulu, where the United States has a large naval base, Pearl Harbor. Here the Massies had lived for about two years when the now-famous tragedy attracted the attention of the world.

Lieutenant Massie is a kindly, sympathetic, human young man. I have seldom had a client for whom I formed a stronger affection. Mrs. Massie is an unassuming, attractive young woman. She has a taste for books, made few close associates, had no special liking for card-games, dancing, teas, and the activities that necessarily make up a large part of army and navy life when time hangs heavy on their hands.

One evening in the early winter Lieutenant and Mrs.

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Massie went with some friends to a well-known inn. This was a restaurant of good repute, patronized largely by army and navy officers and their families and friends, and tourists who enjoy the social amenities.

Honolulu is, of course, a part of the United States, and prohibition prevails there literally just as it does on the mainland. At the party there was some drinking, no doubt, although no disorder, nor anything that could possibly be called unusual since the passing of the Volstead Act. Some time around midnight Mrs. Massie left the restaurant alone, unobserved. She had not been drinking; in fact, she drank seldom, and then only moderately. She had been present on other similar occasions, and, when she no longer cared for the gaiety, had gone home alone, so that her disappearance would not cause any special concern.

Mrs. Massie strolled along the brightly lighted street, and turned off into another road that led toward her home, a street frequented by many others, and one used by officers and their families when they got on and off the street cars in that vicinity. An automobile drove up behind her, stopped, and the occupants forced her into the car, taking hold of her roughly and pushing her in as she protested and tried to resist. Quickly she was driven away. None of the occupants was American. One was a Hawaiian, and the others were of mixed blood. All of them were well known to the police, and were what in refined sections like Chicago and New York are called "gangsters."

None of these defendants lived in that part of Honolulu, but they had been visiting a road house or dance hall that Mrs. Massie had passed on her way to the point where she was waylaid. After taking her into their car, they drove her to a lonely spot, and, against every effort she could make, took her out of the car, broke her jaw in two places, and ravished her. Then they pointed her toward the main road and drove away. Almost immediately after she reached the main thoroughfare, a man and his wife overtook her, assisted her into their machine, and took her to her home.

When Lieutenant Massie found that his wife had left the inn and had not returned, he set out to find her. He telephoned to his house, but got no answer. With one of his friends he drove to one or two residences occupied by friends, but she had not been seen or heard from, so he telephoned to his home again. This time Mrs. Massie answered, evidently in great distress. Lieutenant Massie hastened home, and found his wife in a sad state of agitation and in agony. He at once sent for a physician, and later she was taken to a hospital, and for weeks was under constant care and treatment.

The five accused men were soon put under arrest, and four of them were positively identified by Mrs. Massie. It was afterwards proved that all of them were present in that part of the town that night. One of these men owned the car in which Mrs. Massie was taken away; the number on this car, which she had noticed before she was hurried into it, was recognized by her afterwards, and was the number identified by the city clerk.

The conduct of certain policemen in charge of the case was soon under suspicion. Several of these officers at once took the side of the men who assaulted Mrs. Massie. This called for an investigation of the police department, and the chief and a number of other important members were dismissed, and the whole force reorganized.

After the assault, many strange stories were circulated about the situation. These were often conflicting, and always sensational, and most of them highly improbable if not impossible. Some of these were sent to the mainland, and reproduced with all sorts of variations. The only basis upon which these rested was that Mrs. Massie had gone alone from the inn. No one who knew her had ever criticised her conduct, or had the slightest reason for suspicion about her. In the trial no attack was made on Mrs. Massie's story or her character. She was able positively to identify four of her assailants, yet the fact that the jury who tried them disagreed gave some color to suspicion.

The news of the attack on Mrs. Massie reached her parents at their summer home on Long Island. Immediately Mrs. Fortescue started on her 5000-mile trip to Honolulu. Mrs. Fortescue is an attractive woman of intelligence and force of character, and on her arrival in Honolulu she at once undertook her daughter's cause. Like the others close to Mrs. Massie, she was shocked at the jury's disagreement in the trial of the assailants. This disagreement increased the number of idle and silly stories that passed from tongue to tongue. Now and then some of these were published in newspapers and magazines. Was there no way to vindicate Mrs. Massie's good name? Lawyers are aware that rarely is any one convicted in a criminal case after a disagreement of a jury. The Massies were advised by their lawyers that it would be almost hopeless to get a conviction unless one or more of the accused would confess. So, one night a number of people who evidently sympathized with the Massies kidnapped one of the defendants and, as reported, obtained a confession. A photograph of the man's bare back showed bruises, plainly indicating that he had been through the third degree. The Massies' lawyers advised that the photograph would bar the use of any confession thus gained. The situation was growing more serious, and something had to be done.

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It is not easy for well-disposed men and women deliberately to kill human beings. Then, too, Lieutenant Massie is a gentle, kindly man who would find it hard to kill outside of his profession, and probably not easy then. Also the discipline of soldiers and sailors is very strict. They are thoroughly taught not to take human life except under the rules of war, and not to violate the law. All this may seem illogical and absurd, but so is life. Mrs. Fortescue and Lieutenant Massie construed their lawyers' statement concerning the condition of the mutilated defendant who had confessed as at least a hint as to how a confession should have, or might have, been obtained. Anyhow, they at once began to consider how to get a confession from one of the other defendants without leaving any trace of force that would make it incompetent evidence.

The leader of Mrs. Massie's assailants, Joseph Kahahawai, was a Hawaiian. He was naturally strong, and a trained athlete. Kahahawai had been released on bail, awaiting another trial under the law as then administered in Hawaii, but was required to report in court every morning about nine o'clock; so Lieutenant Massie and Mrs. Fortescue planned to pick up Joseph Kahahawai on a certain day at the courthouse and take him to Mrs. Fortescue's cottage about two miles away. His size and strength were so great that it was decided to have some one else along to assist if necessary. Two sailors, Jones and Lord, were taken into the scheme. They were strong and fearless and loyal, and, like all the sailors, devoted to Thomas H. Massie.

Mrs. Fortescue prepared a paper in the form of a subpœna, addressed to Kahahawai, commanding him to appear forthwith before the High Sheriff of the island of Oahu. They arrived at the courthouse in two motors, one driven by Mrs. Fortescue, and the other by Lieutenant Massie, who was slightly disguised. One of the sailors handed Kahahawai the subpœna, stating that Sheriff Ross wished to see him at once, and they hurried him into the machine and drove away.

It took but a short time to reach Mrs. Fortescue's cottage, and they drove directly to the garage back of the house, from where Kahahawai was quickly urged in through the back door and told to sit down in the front room. Massie took a chair in front of Kahahawai. He stated in few words why they were there; that they wanted him to give a signed confession, telling the truth, and to do it at once. During this time, Massie held his revolver directly in front of Kahahawai.

In the trial, no one who was in the cottage testified but Massie. He told the jury of his emotions as the man who had ravished his wife sat there in front of him, how it recalled all the anxiety and trouble he and his wife had lived through for two or three months, and how he proposed to have the matter settled then. At first Kahahawai denied having had anything to do with the affair; but Massie grew insistent and threatening, and thereupon Kahahawai said:—"Yeah, we done it——"

Massie testified that neither he nor the others had any intention of killing Kahahawai when they took him to the house, but, when he heard the man in front of him admit that he had ravished his wife, he was overcome with emotion, and he must have shot involuntarily, as he remembered no more. The neighbors in both adjoining houses heard the shot; only one bullet was fired. Of course, so far as the legal guilt of each and every one connected with the transaction was concerned, it mattered not who fired the shot, or whether Massie or any one else intended to kill. All four were in an agreement to commit a felony; perhaps the taking of Kahahawai to the home of Mrs. Fortescue, and certainly the use of firearms to intimidate and threaten was a felonious act, and each was responsible for the conduct of all. However great the provocation, and whatever the moral responsibility, there was no question about the law.

I am satisfied that there was no intention to kill on the part of any of the defendants, and I believe that most people who heard or followed the case were likewise convinced. There was evidently no preparation for any such dire result.

Kahahawai lived but a few moments, and there was no struggle of any kind in the house. The body was taken to the bathroom and washed, and they hurriedly considered what could be done. One thing was plain: it must be taken away, and soon. So they wrapped the dead man in a sheet from one of the beds, and placed a piece of tarpaulin found in the garage over the sheet. Kahahawai was then carried out and put into the car which, driven by Mrs. Fortescue, was rapidly heading toward the high land that bordered the sea when the officers overtook it and halted its occupants. Lieutenant Massie was sitting at her side. Lord was in the back seat. Jones had stayed behind to set things in order in the house.

Where the three in the car were really going I suppose they hardly knew. They were hastening from the scene of the tragedy; they were obeying an instinct that all men follow. Their fast driving had attracted the attention of the police, and word had already gone out from headquarters to watch for and pursue the car.

Of course, all the attorneys for the prosecution and those for the defense, as well as the judge, knew that legally my clients were guilty of murder. Yet, on the island, and across the seas, and around the earth, men and women were hoping and working for the release and vindication of the defendants. As in similar cases,

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every one was talking about "the unwritten law." Which would triumph, the written or the unwritten law, depended upon many things which in this case demanded the most careful consideration.

First, what was the feeling in Honolulu? The island of Oahu, on which this city is located, has about 150,000 inhabitants, and of these probably 130,000 are in Honolulu; of this population at least nine-tenths could be classed as dark people: Hawaiian, Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese, Filipino, Porto Rican, and those who are a mixture of these and other races.

The Hawaiians, by some historians, are said to have been superior to any other races known. This claim may or may not be exactly true, but certainly they must have been one of the superior races of men. There are probably not more than 2000 pure Hawaiians on the islands today. The first influx of the white man brought them syphilis, which decimated the islands. The survivors were mingled with the whites, and at this time the Hawaiians and their mixtures are more numerous than any other blends.

The Hawaiian Islands have good schools, and all classes of people are accepted alike, and are equally admitted to all public places, and in most private homes. So far as I know, the Hawaiian Islands, especially Oahu, are the most obvious melting-pot in the world. What about "race prejudice?" I found none. Certainly none among the whites against the brown people. Many of the best-known and most intelligent whites have married members of other races in the South Seas. It is not safe to express prejudice against any race whatsoever in the islands.

If there is no prejudice on the part of the white people against the brown, how about the attitude of the brown toward the white? This is a very different matter, which I was bound to consider in the trial of the case. Not so long ago the Hawaiians owned all the islands; now they have practically none of the land; most of it is owned by the whites. How did they get it? I don't know. Probably the way we got the United States from the Indians. The white men know more than their brown brothers, for they know that the meaning of life is to get all the property there is. The whites are not bad; they are just made that way. Are the brown people smart enough to understand this? I would say, "Rather!"

It was unfortunate that all the men who assaulted Mrs. Massie were brown. This only meant that all men are more apt to associate with their own kind than with others.

No lawyer on either side raised the question of color or race, and I knew it would have been fatal to our side to let anything of that sort creep in. I was morally certain that the majority of the jury would be brown men. I was quite sure that had I been a brown man, and a native living under the circumstances that they met in Hawaii, I should have felt much as they do.

Nothing was more important to the case than picking a jury, and in this task we used all possible care. In spite of the fact that many more brown men were called than white men, when we finally accepted the panel it was made up of six white and six brown jurors; though, later on, we learned that two of the white men had Hawaiian wives. Nearly all of the nationalities to be found on the island were represented. Most of the men in the jury-box were intelligent; for scholarship and native ability they would compare very favorably with a jury gathered in the United States.

The grand jury that returned the indictment against the defendants in this case were mostly white men, and for a long time they refused to find a bill against the defendants. Finally the judge took the matter into his own hands and ordered the grand jury to return the bill, but even then they refused to indict for first-degree murder, and made the charge murder in the second degree.

Throughout the islands the feeling amongst the brown people against the defendants was strong. The slain man was a Hawaiian and though none too popular in life, a host of people rallied to his funeral, the largest ever assembled in Honolulu, excepting that of a prince or princess once upon a time. That Kahahawai had been in prison and was generally known as a hoodlum seemed to be forgotten by his followers, and their feelings were strengthened by the circumstances of the strange tragedy surrounding his death. With the complexion of the jury and the intense sentiment for the deceased, the situation was none too good. The cruel assault against Mrs. Massie seemed lost sight of in the spotlight which created a sort of halo around the head of Kahahawai.

Every one in the islands had full faith in the ability and integrity of Judge Charles S. Davis. He was felt to be also a man of broad and humane tendencies. This in no way prevented his instructing the jury in no uncertain terms, and with sufficient frequency, that no conceivable provocation could justify taking the law into one's own hands. Also, his instructions left no doubt that each member of a conspiracy was responsible for all the acts of every other member, and that even if Lieutenant Massie was insane when he fired the shot, it could in no way excuse him or any one associated with him, if the conspiracy to commit a felony was formed before he became insane.

The attorneys for the State offered no direct evidence of the tragedy at the Fortescue cottage. They did present evidence, circumstantial and direct, to prove the taking of Kahahawai from the front of the courthouse door. They showed who hired the automobiles, and

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who was present when the deceased was taken; they produced the pretended subpœna that was handed to Kahahawai before he entered the car, and proved that Mrs. Fortescue had prepared it. They proved that a shot was fired in the house, and that some blood was still on the floor. They proved the wild flight of the car carrying the dead man, the capture of the passengers, and their subsequent statements. The circumstantial evidence was so strong that it was necessary for the defense to put in full evidence as to the carrying away of Kahahawai and the way he was killed in the house, and to admit the connection of all the defendants with the tragedy.

The whole case was dramatic and intensely interesting, almost haunting. The courtroom was jammed with anxious listeners day after day, many waiting outside all night so they would be sure to get in when the case opened in the morning.

The judge held, no doubt correctly, that the defense had no right to introduce evidence to prove the assault on Mrs. Massie. This, on the theory that no matter what the provocation might be, no one had the right to take the law into his own hands. But we were permitted to prove whatever Lieutenant Massie knew about it, and everything that he had been told by his wife or any one else regarding the assault; this permitted the wife to tell in court every detail as related by her to her husband, and also allowed the physicians to repeat to the jury all the reports made to Massie concerning the condition of his wife. In this way the jury heard the whole story of the assault on Mrs. Massie.

The main interest of the trial was the testimony of Lieutenant Massie and that of his wife. As I recall it now, each of these witnesses was on the stand for two days. The stories were so intense and tragic that people left the courtroom completely overwhelmed, and many of them in tears.

At one point of the cross-examination, a paper was handed to Mrs. Massie for identification. She was asked if the paper bore her signature. All of Mrs. Massie's counsel knew what the document was. Several months before the assault, or the trial of the assailants, she had taken a course at the University of Honolulu; in this course the students were asked to psycho-analyze themselves in writing. Mrs. Massie prepared her story and gave it to the professor. She answered the questions honestly and clearly. The students had been told that the communications were to be treated in absolute confidence. I never knew, or asked, what was on that paper. We never expected to meet it in court.

Mrs. Massie read the paper in her hand, and in answer to the question told the attorney general that it was a privileged communication, at the same time proceeding to tear it to ribbons and then to little bits so that it could not possibly be put together. The action caused a profound sensation in the courtroom. Neither lawyers nor judge said anything whatever; they seemed too dazed to utter a sound. Mrs. Massie walked away from the witness-chair to where her husband sat at the side of the other defendants, slipped her arm about his neck and wept aloud on his shoulder most pitifully. Many others in the courtroom had to resort to their handkerchiefs. Every one seemed to be on her side; they felt that it was an outrage that a matter of this nature should be dragged forth in court, and all admired and approved her courage in tearing up the paper beyond further use.

I have listened to a great many witnesses in courts. I cannot recall any whose testimony was more impressive than that of Lieutenant Thomas H. Massie and his wife, Thalia. Mrs. Massie was not a party to the trial. It was simply a question of what a husband and mother were justified in doing under the circumstances of the case.

Seldom have I known a case where there was less conflict in the evidence. There really was nothing to be denied. The law was on the side of the State; life, and all the human qualities that preserve it, were with us. All we could do was to dramatize it as best we could. In this we had a great advantage: it was a gripping story, not only in Honolulu, but in the United States, whose press sent over many representatives.

It is safe to say that when the case went to the jury, every one expected an acquittal and looked for it soon; the reporters who followed the proceedings, word for word, felt confident that the jury could not but acquit.

But Judge Davis had told the jury in a dozen different ways that they must not be human; the law allowed them to think, but did not permit them to feel, in spite of the fact that they were born to feel. No one expects the law to be human, but it must be logical though the heavens fall, and all the earth with it.

The case had been submitted to the jury. The afternoon wore on, and no verdict, although rumors were humming as to how the matter stood. Nearly two days drifted away, people more and more awaiting an acquittal.

At last we went to the courthouse to receive the verdict; but it was not an acquittal. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter, with a recommendation for leniency. We could hardly believe that we had heard aright! Mrs. Massie shook with sobs. Lieutenant Massie tried to console her. Mrs. Fortescue sat bolt upright, her face as unemotional as Fate itself. She seemed not to think or feel, but she was doing both.

I arose and asked that the jury be polled. I have done this, and heard it done, for more than fifty years.

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I have not yet found one juryman who did not answer that it was and is now his verdict. Of all the senseless acts of men, none is so useless as polling a jury. Afterwards, the different members began to assure us that they were sorry for the verdict, but could not help themselves; they had to follow the instructions of the court. This, too, I had heard before.

The two sailor boys asked if it meant that they were all going to prison. I replied that it looked that way just then. Then we all began preparing alibis, as lawyers always do. I indicated that I was the only one who needed an alibi, as they had let me try the case practically alone. We finally agreed that the judge was to blame. This is always a first-rate alibi. Then we wondered how he came to do as he did, for we all agreed that he was a good fellow, and would have acted the same as our clients did under similar circumstances. Then we sighed, and modified it, and said that anyhow he would have acted the same way if he had not been a judge. But soon we calmed down, and realized that the problem was to determine what to do about it. There were several turns we might take. We could appeal to another court. This one can always do, and then be beaten again. It was also suggested that we wait awhile, until we heard from the public. We heard right away. The whole world seemed up in arms. What? Send men and women to prison just because they violated a law? When every one knew that any one would have done as these people did, if they had the courage?

We waited a day; we waited two days. The jurors began openly explaining how they did not want to do it; they had been with our side from the start, but the judge's instructions did the mischief. The third day, the attorney general came to see me; the prosecution did not like the verdict; he said the governor could help us out if he wanted to. After several conferences it was arranged that the governor should pardon our clients. Then, it was said, he would commute the sentence to one hour in the office of the high sheriff. I had seen the high sheriff and thought he was all right—for a sheriff. What was the difference, I asked, between a pardon and a commutation? Well, the governor wanted a commutation. I pointed out that there was quite a difference, but, anyhow, we were pretty well satisfied, either way.

To be sure, we knew that our clients might be deprived of their citizenship; but none of them had ever voted, anyhow; three of them lived on the high seas, where no one votes, and the other was a woman who lived in Washington, D. C., and so was disqualified. We knew that if ever we wanted a pardon we would get it, as we have, in the case of Lieutenant Massie. At any rate, no one went to prison, and no one paid a fine.

There was nothing left of the case, excepting to advise Mrs. Massie what to do regarding the further prosecution of her assailants. If the prosecution of the assault case was to go on, Mrs. Massie must remain in Honolulu alone for an indefinite period. She longed to come back home after the trying ordeals there. Some of her friends urged her to stay and fight it out to the end. Without the least hesitation, I advised her to come home with us when we left the island; she had been forced to tell her painful story twice in court, the second time to all the world that cared to listen, an experience that no girl in her twenties could go through without horror. In the first prosecution of the assailants the jury had disagreed owing to the corruption in the police force, which had since been remedied. Still, the harm had been done, and no one could expect the testimony to be much different the second time. Then, since the first trial, the killing had occurred, and the defendants were freed; I knew it would be futile to go over it all again. I did not think that Mrs. Massie should or could go through the strain again. I thought that for the good of my clients, and the peace of the island that I had learned to love, even the memory of the tragic happenings should be forgotten as soon as possible. I was sure the State wanted no further trouble, and would be glad to get rid of the case if Mrs. Massie did not stay. My opinion, which was supported by the other lawyers in the case, prevailed; and we all sailed away together.

I had been asked by the attorney general if I would help prosecute the assailants of Mrs. Massie, for which I was offered a fee; but I explained I never had prosecuted any one, and it was too late for me to begin now.

I felt, as we went away, that we were leaving the island more peaceful and happy than I had found it, for which I was very glad. I left without any feeling of enmity toward any person there, and I hope that those whom I met, at least, held none toward me.

How kind and friendly people were! I dare not attempt to speak of them individually, for it is not easy to say that one impressed me more than another; but some portraits are indelibly etched upon my brain, and some pictures will reappear and delight me to the last of my days. I would like very much to go back, to see and enjoy it all once more, as it is. And I should like to find it still more enchanting in that nature specially fitted this magic spot to help work out the old problem of race with its loves, its hatreds, its hopes and fears. It seems fit that the Hawaiian Islands, basking in the great sea between the oldest and newest civilizations of the world, might one day lead the union of the diverse races of man. I would like to believe that this favored land might prove to be the place where the only claim to aristocracy would be the devotion to justice and truth and a real fellowship on earth.

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The Young Men Answer

By McCready Huston

In the August SCRIBNER'S *appeared "Address to the Young Men" by William Harlan Hale, a graduate of the class of 1931, calling for political action by recent college graduates and discussing what means they can take to make their influence felt. At the end of the article, the editors appended an invitation to other young men to submit their views. Many articles and letters were received, showing a variety of points of view. The editors asked Mr. Huston, a newspaper man with knowledge of and experience in both the East and Middle West, author of a political novel "Dear Senator" and many short stories, to analyze the replies and present a cross-section of the opinions offered.*

THE large number of articles and letters on William Harlan Hale's "Address to the Young Men" received from men under thirty-five in widely separated centres and in a variety of states of life and unemployment, show that:

(1) The new graduates in particular and young men in general are in a bad way.
(2) They write about their predicament vividly and accurately.
(3) For the most part, they are ready to help do something about it.
(4) They will not be coming together in a programme of political action in time to be effective this year.

What their expressions suggest, if their expressions may be used as a basis for guessing the action of the young educated unemployed, is a heavy vote for Mr. Norman Thomas.

Knowing something of the irritation and skepticism of all—and of the despair of most—of the uneducated unemployed and of those partially educated but inarticulate, and adding their effectiveness as voters to that of the young men addressed by Mr. Hale, I look for some new readings in the votes by counties and districts when compared with the results in the same counties and districts in 1928.

It is unlikely, I think, that the national result will be affected, because such heavy defections are necessary to cause a shift in the electoral college. Mr. Hoover, of course, will be losing most of these votes, but his leading opponent will not gain most of them. Rather they will go to the third nominee.

Some representatives may be sent to the Congress by the votes of the young men; some State legislators and governors may go in by the same aid; some local officers will be seated. I count that just so much progress and gain, but such gains do not seem to be what the young men have in mind. They know, for they have learned it in school, that by reason of our purposely contrived, indirect methods of political action, a national gesture, such as is possible in certain European countries, is not possible here, but they write—some of them—as if they were ignoring that rugged fact.

Contemptuous as the young men may be of boring from within, they will have to be satisfied to make haste slowly. So confused and frightened are the manual, clerical, and brain workers that any substantial autumnal improvement in the job market would divert them from the political attack. The strategists of the old parties know this; they have always traded upon it.

I have been in a position of peculiar advantage from which to observe with sorrow the destruction of the happiness of the manual and clerical classes. Attack these working people did not when they were employed. It is idleness and want that have made political thinkers out of them. Remove or modify the cause and many of them will rationalize voting for the tickets of the old parties.

Without the uneducated and partially educated young men, the young men addressed by Mr. Hale and discussed in the replies can accomplish little.

When you get out into the country and come into close contact with the citizens of the States removed from strong metropolitan influences you find some results of the panic which the young men have not mentioned, but which, it seems to me, may have a recognizable effect on the future social and political order. The one which impresses me most is the sharply declining estimate of the worthwhileness of tangible property. It is hard, for example, to convince the average workingman of a Middle Western city that a dwelling is worth anything. The great American home this last year has been desired as little as five years ago it was desired much.

Until this panic the city or town plot with a house upon it was held worth sacrificing, starving for. Be-

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tween '20 and '30 the young men and their wives were instructed by press, banker, real-estate dealer, and community booster to devote wages and salaries to the purchase of homes on the instalment plan, subject to first and second mortgages. But with prolonged unemployment, reduced time, and slashed wage rates, the footloose renter, the family able to take advantage of the receding charges for rented shelter and able to move about from one city to another at will, has become the envy of the householder, anchored to a partly-paid-for property and required to protect his equity or lose his whole investment by foreclosure. One must deplore it and think of it as a temporary phase, but nevertheless there is a youth movement of the younger marrieds, the "salt of the earth," which just now seems to be a positive aversion to property, for property without income has been revealed as a danger. Young economic radicals are everywhere—educated and uneducated—angry and all determined not to be fooled again.

Yet running through their minds is the intimation that everybody was fooled together. There is no suspicion of the existence of a malevolent capital which destroyed the wage earner because it could; of a malevolent finance which shut bank doors because it was pleased to do so. That is why there are so few for the left wing, so few Communists, and so few symptoms of violence. That is why also, in scanning the submissions in comment on Mr. Hale's article, one finds almost no suggestions of direct action.

That—the knowledge that all classes failed together—is why political improvement will come about, as it always has in this country, gradually, through the young men and young women influencing results in their home precincts in city, town, and rural community.

It is why one of the writers to the Hale invitation, Everette C. McKeage, a young lawyer of San Francisco, who encountered and went through the depression which immediately followed the war, expresses the middle ground reached after a ten-year progress from the state of the very young to that of the ripened young. He writes:

> The problem of the young man today is very little different from the problem of the young man of yesterday. The young man of today should not become class conscious—God deliver us from a so-called student movement as those movements are known in Europe and South America—but should actively interest himself in the public life of the nation and inform himself on public affairs. The Democratic Party or even the Republican Party can be changed as radically as the will of their adherents desires. In fact, the Democratic Party has announced as liberal and as forthright principles in its present platform as Mr. Hale suggests in his article. The standard bearer of that party—Governor Roosevelt—has unequivocally accepted every word of that platform and stands squarely upon it. Surely young men like Mr. Hale could well find room for their political activity in such a party. Remember this: It is not so important that we organize new parties to promote new ideas and serve certain classes as it is that every citizen, young and old, actively interest himself in public affairs so that he can vote intelligently and above all see to it that he does vote. . . . This is our way out, Mr. Hale; not the organization of a class-conscious third party.

In support of Mr. McKeage's thesis is the present high level of the Democratic Party in the State of Indiana, a level reached by active participation of young men and young women, from twenty-one into the thirties, in party organization affairs in the precincts and counties. The nominee for governor, Dean Paul V. McNutt of the Indiana University Law School, is a young man barely forty, a World War veteran and former Legion commander, who owes his nomination to a youth movement of the most practical kind. Youthful Democrats—boys just out of college—driving voters to the polls on primary day in automobiles and seeing to it that the slate of young delegates to the State convention would be elected; youthful Democrats holding poll books and checking off the voters as they arrived and seeing that the stay-at-homes were called upon and "sold" on going to the polls; it seems to me that is a youth movement which can be understood and applied anywhere.

The young men are not frustrated by conditions as they find them politically. Even when one drops down in the age scale from the age of Mr. McKeage, who is thirty-four, to that of the graduates of 1931, one finds a clear conception. Westervelt Chasteney, who came out in '31, and who lives in Summit, N. J., gives a bow to a former teacher, James E. Downes, who helped him, and writes:

> The author (Mr. Hale) in brave, strong words stirs us out of despair, makes us feel determined to answer his call to action. Those of us who have listened to him cannot ignore his challenge. We are ready to go into the field. But how? So far all we have is the willing spirit. How shall we translate it into action? In the first place we must remember that we are not alone in having trouble on our hands. The whole country and the whole world is in the same boat with us. But that does not mean that it is for us of the recent college generation to save the world. If we can save ourselves we will have done plenty and indirectly helped the rest of the world enough to earn a good share of its gratitude. Shall we accomplish this by enrolling en masse in some existing organization? Or shall we formally inaugurate an American youth movement? Or shall we depend on some intangible renaissance of spirit?
>
> The suggestion of a youth movement sounds attractive. We Americans welcome a new organization to join. A clever promoter probably could put over a youth movement a million strong if he but merged a few of the characteristics of the service clubs, the Greek-letter brethren and the American Legion. There would be a national headquarters in Washington, an official journal, district commanders, and marching chapters. The net achievement would be a few jobs for those on the inside, a Congressional

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lobby, and plenty exercise for the members who like to parade.

But could not a less bombastic youth movement be formed, one with an intellectual rather than an emotional appeal? Could not the dissatisfied youths whom Mr. Hale describes and who undoubtedly exist, be united into a militant political party of the opposition?

What would an effectual youth movement need? It would require a strong central organization and enthusiastic local participation. To get that it would have to offer a sufficiently vivid program to win support from Maine to California. Is it reasonable to think that a program can be manufactured to meet such specifications? Would not a formal organization be superfluous in this country of democratic institutions? If the idea that is to inspire us can be discovered will not its action be automatic, will it not be felt working through all the organizations already established? The answers are not favorable to a youth movement. Nor is our generation with its memory of a war to end war likely to take a crusade very seriously.

Mr. Chasteney concludes with a strong argument for a renaissance of the spirit, a collective philosophy and mental attitude of the young men in opposition to the materialism and the hand-to-mouth ruthlessness of the Golden Decade. He describes an upright attitude which, if coupled with willingness to work politically with implements at hand, would do much in the next ten years.

The terrifically impressive inroads of the Democrats in the Republican State of Michigan in recent years, the narrow squeak of Senator Watson of Indiana the last time he ran, the civilized progress and attitude noted by many examples in the State of Wisconsin, are definite results of youth in political action in his home communities.

But, as Mr. Gorham Munson, of New York, suggests, this line of reasoning will not satisfy the radical, for he "forswears politics and urges economic action." He adds:

> There could hardly be a greater contrast than between Mr. Hale and Mussolini, but I note they agree that the root of the world's troubles is in politics, not economics.
>
> The financier would like to give the impression that economic "laws" are like physical laws and so beyond the reach of legislation. We have heard him ad nauseam on those "inexorable laws of economics" and he has certainly made vast numbers believe in "world economic forces" of an awesome impersonal character which mere politicians must no more dream of questioning than they question tides and earthquakes. He has, in fact, drawn a charmed circle around his international activities. Mr. Hale and his generation will, I think, break through this charmed circle and discover that the "laws" the financier prates of are not in the least "laws of nature" but highly artificial and non-automatic. . . . Mr. Hale's young men can change all this simply by the re-assertion of political authority. They can work to institute through politics a new policy in finance and retain, if they are willing to administer a new policy, the very financiers who now carry out an anti-social monetary policy, the cardinal feature of which is that money should always be in short supply.

Clive Crosby, of Sea Cliff, Long Island, speaks to the point in this discussion of what the young men may do for themselves, saying the young men plead guilty to the charge of being cynical. "We have seen too much political hypocrisy to be otherwise. Not until we are convinced that our national leaders face actualities in an honest and practical way will we be anything else. And thanks to the past record, it will be no easy job to convince us."

There is in the foregoing an implied promise, that when Mr. Crosby's generation is furnishing the national leaders they will face actualities in an honest and practical way.

> We have experienced too much misery from people who have thought they were doing things for our good to fall into their error. We want things for ourselves and possibly for our descendants. Of course, we realize that often the greatest good to us can come only through co-operation and that many individual goods can come about solely through general goods. But we are bound that we are going to approach anything that will affect the lives of others, without their well-expressed agreement, with the greatest of caution, if at all.
>
> We demand not only merely the passive freedom to starve to death but the active freedom to eat and eat well until death. But we go further than economics. We demand real freedom of thought, expression and personal morals. We are unconditionally opposed to all forms of censorship. We demand the privilege to live our threescore and ten to what we consider the fullest possible degree, limited only by our recognition of the right of everybody to do the same.

Mr. Crosby, like a majority of those who responded, does not mean Russian Communism. "We see in Russian Communism not only further curtailment of our personal liberty but mere substitution of one set of abuses for another."

Mr. Hale alluded to the need for a press compatible with the spirit of the young men. From Kansas City, Kenneth Fricker, who has been "burned up about a lot of things for a long time," hails Mr. Hale as a comrade and leader and adds:

> We'll get an active press; don't worry. Publications follow movements like gulls follow ships at sea. Let's make noise. Let's argue with, plead with, cajole and bully editors, publishers, public-spirited citizens, politicians and Congressmen.

The press changes as political parties change, through the process of young men coming in at the bottom and bringing their ideas with them to be developed and expressed later when they grow into power. This is easily proved by comparing the newspapers and

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magazines of today with the same newspapers and magazines of twenty or even ten years ago.

Not that new newspapers and new magazines cannot be launched and operated successfully, but, as in politics, it is the historic, easier, and more effective way to get into the thing as one finds it.

George Harrington, of Pittsburgh, reading Mr. Hale's article, responds with the contention that the simplest and best thing for the young men to do is to vote for Mr. Norman Thomas. He writes:

In the earlier paragraphs, Mr. Hale mentions the more radically inclined who have dreamed of great national projects of communal architecture and modern industrial planning. Later he touches on the odious practice the American political system has of protecting the producer without regard to the consumer. Uncontrolled operation of "rugged American individualism" he deplores as a disastrous economic working principle. . . . Mr. Thomas has come out on a platform studiously and plainly created to meet many of the distressing problems which Mr. Hale admits the major parties do not adequately provide for. Third parties have been futile hopes in the past but it does not follow that they will continue to be. . . . It must be admitted that even the major parties have in recent years inclined toward socialism; and a significant vote for Norman Thomas, while it might not be sufficiently large to elect him, will at least indicate to the major party elected in which direction the political wind in America blows.

A competent witness in the case of The Young Men versus The Powers That Be is a new graduate who is in political work. Marvin Cox, who came out of the University of Georgia in 1931, caught on immediately with Homer C. Parker, who was running to fill an unexpired term as representative in Congress from the First Georgia District. Parker was successful and now Mr. Cox is busy in his campaign for renomination. Writing as the congressman's secretary but paying his own postage, Mr. Cox remarks:

While the young people have criticised and waited for some national movement that suits their whim to join, politicians have continued to control elections and perpetuate the very evils our youth has so heartily condemned. Can it be that the young men and young women who so heartily condemn current evils are mainly interested in audiences to applaud their criticism? Or are they unable to understand the basically simple means of securing the votes to achieve their reforms?

It is generally admitted that the greatest evils of government today are found in our municipalities. It is here that gang-ridden autocracies are entrenched and it is here that taxes have risen to unbelievable heights while school teachers and other conscientious public servants have been allowed to go unpaid because of the grafters who get the revenue before it reaches the hands of those whom it was collected to pay.

What prevents our young critics from choosing the local candidates in whom they believe and exerting themselves to assure their election? An honest and sincere young man who with effort and conviction goes forth to campaign for a candidate in whom he believes, can get results that will surprise the most aspiring idealist.

Robert D. Abrahams, of Philadelphia, at twenty-six has been practising law for five years, and owns a weekly newspaper. He sees these strange years as opportunities for the young men:

The highly disorganized state of the commercial, agricultural, professional and political worlds makes it possible to enter into the affairs of those worlds upon a smaller capital and with less practical training than ever before. We may not be able to secure an immediate large monetary return but the years which are ours for the building are the measure of our advantage over the older generation. The immediate return of a particular job need not be as important as its future possibilities. The job as a thing in itself regardless of return has again become important.

But the conclusion is difficult; for here is Charles Horine, Lakewood, Ohio, aged twenty-two, who tells of a group of twelve honor men of his class, members of Phi Beta Kappa, proved leaders.

I heard from each of these twelve men this last week in a monthly continuous letter which we began at graduation. Not one of the twelve, which includes myself, has either a position or a prospect. This unemployment of college men is passed off with a shrug: "Let these college boys go home and live with their parents. They have no families to support."

They have no families to support, but they have that germ of idealism to nourish. It is tragic to see men with families out of work; it is more tragic to me to see these eager, youthful spirits . . . stamped out of existence by a starving process.

The editor of the —— laughed at my Phi Bete key; the manager of an advertising agency was disgruntled that I sought him out; even the dramatic director of a broadcasting station denied any possibility of a college actor's being any good. I was beaten out of a truck-driving job by a black-mustached alien who quit school at the third grade.

In the very desperation of the recitals of the young men who have given chapter and verse, like Mr. Horine; in the persisting reasonableness of your university man in spite of the beating he has been given; in the practical views of those who have been out a few years, is to be discerned the hope in what appears a sorry mess.

Reading all of the replies of the young men I gain one dominant impression. The colleges and universities have not failed in character production. These young men can "take it"; and while it is not yet revealed how they shall emerge, emerge they will, for their writings show that they are of the same fibre as that earlier generation who left college for another kind of war and came out disillusioned but capable of muddling through to an objective that also was obscured.

A list of other contributors to the discussion will be found in "Behind the Scenes," page 18 of the advertising section.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in World Affairs today

EUROPEAN MORALS AND OUR OWN

By Albert Jay Nock

WHILE in Europe last year I read the newspaper account of a rather commonplace and squalid drama of passion that ended in tragedy. A petty nobleman's young mistress had become difficult and exacting; he discarded her; she tried to force herself into his house for an interview that he had refused her; his servants called the police; she barricaded herself in a room and opened fire; the police returned the fire and she was killed.

What first would strike the American eye was that the nobleman did not appear in the incident at all, even as a material witness. The second striking thing was the extremely matter-of-fact way that the incident was reported by the press. There was no "slant" implying any moral rebuke of the relations between the two principals involved in the affair. The papers spoke of the young lady as the nobleman's *amie* with no more play to a sensitive public sentiment than if she were his housemaid, his niece, or his grandmother. They simply registered the fact of her status *ad hoc* as impersonally as if they had been listing the particulars of a tax report. Nor did they imply by any indulgence in what we call sob-stuff that the lady had gained any rights over the nobleman in virtue of their peculiar relationship, or that the nobleman had lost any rights. In the hundreds of newspaper items that I have read concerning incidents where irregular sex-relations figured I have never yet encountered one that deviated from this pattern.

We all know what would have happened in the United States in a case like the one I have cited. We know what our press would have made of it. If instead of running amuck the lady had sought the courts, we know what the courts would have made of it; also what an uneasy and prurient "moral sentiment," appropriately stimulated, would have made of it. Barring an inconceivably rank and stupid mismanagement of her advantage, she would have been set up for life, what with offers of marriage, movie contracts, magazine-rights and book-rights to the story of her life, and so on. The casual reading of our daily press must indeed suggest to any reflective person that about the surest way for a personable young woman to reach wealth and distinction in America is by such judicious adulteries and fornications as may best give substance to blackmail.

The official attitude of Europe is very strict about protecting immaturity; the age of consent is a serious matter. But being free, white, and twenty-one, as we say, is also a serious matter, exactly as serious for women as for men. In our country it is not. Curiously, with all our feminist efforts after equality of the sexes, this particular mode of equality has been lost sight of. It is not reflected in our laws and institutions, and none of our feminists, as far as I know, have been exactly what one would call solicitous about it. This, among other things, suggests strongly that our feminists, being human, are more concerned with the inconveniences of inequality than with its injustice. As a matter of fact, the American woman, while striving for a nominal equality, has managed firmly to retain and enormously to enhance all the practical advantages of being in tutelage, as far as her sex-relations are concerned. While insisting on her share of certain special responsibilities, mostly financial and political, she has in this respect been quite content to rest in a state of irresponsibility, with the law, courts, press, pulpit, and public sentiment safeguarding her most extravagantly *in loco parentis*.

II

We all know that "the woman story" means sudden death to a career in American public life. The only careers that I can recall at the moment as having survived it, after a fashion, are those of Henry Ward Beecher and Grover Cleveland; and those were for many reasons rather special. Whispers may go around without doing any harm; in fact, curiously, a political career is often more helped than hurt by a little judicious whispering, though this seems not to hold true of a career in business or the professions—one can hardly say why. But the woman story, brought down to cases and copper-riveted to its victim's reputation, is ruinous; there is almost never an exception to the rule; and it is therefore something which men who are in any way prominent in our public life are notoriously and even almost hysterically anxious about, whether or not their actual conduct be such as reasonably to justify any anxiety whatever.

In Europe, on the other hand, as far as I can judge, the social consequences of the woman story do not appear to be particularly serious. Journalism is not eager to fasten it on public men, which is a pretty fair sign that there would be little gained by doing so, for the European journalist is as eager as his American brother to exploit all the resources of his difficult profession. There is probably not as much done in the way of irregular sex-relations in Europe as most Americans seem to imagine, not only because they are an unnecessary expense, but because Europeans, especially after they mature a little, are usually equipped for something more interesting to do with their leisure time. Diogenes defined lechery as "the occupation of those who are destitute of other occupations," which is worth remembering, especially by those who make a great fuss about the sexual waywardness and petting-parties of our younger generation in America. But there is plenty of this sort of indulgence in Europe, as there is everywhere, and often enough among men of place and reputation.

A man of the highest importance in one country's political life, who has

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held the highest offices and still wields great influence, has yet found time to go through escapades that would disqualify him for the job of pound-master in an American town. If any newspaper attempted to throw mud at him in a campaign, on the strength of these incidents, it would be laughed out of business. Another man, a most excellent official, greatly beloved and highly respected, has a curious weakness, apparently quite innocent, for dancers. No one knows why he likes them; he simply does, that is all; and he is said to have some of them on his payroll most of the time. Now, the thing about such instances that is probably hardest for an American to get through his head is the absence of secrecy about them. This excellent man is joked about his dancers in public and private, newspapers print witty gibes at his penchant, and all in the merriest good temper. But a newspaper that took it seriously as furnishing effective campaign material would find itself barking up the wrong tree.

III

The difference in the organization of the two societies reaches even as far as the phenomenon described by Solomon under the name of "the strange woman." The strange woman appears to have a rather definite status in Europe, socially as well as legally, while with us she has none, her occupation being contraband from the outset. In Europe, organized society has nothing against her occupation provided she takes it up at an established age of maturity, and she has therefore the social standing of a merchant. Her trade carries no great prestige, it is true, but neither do some other trades.

Not long ago I was in a medium-sized French city during a spell of summer weather which was nothing comparable to the parboiling heat of our Atlantic coast towns, but was so warm that one who perspires easily had to drink a good deal of water to keep square with the world. The only eligible water was bottled water, and hence at intervals not too far apart I would turn up for some at a large café that kept a great array of tables out under the trees on a boulevard. It was a fine place, and I often spent as much as an hour there in the late afternoon, listening to uncommonly good music from a small string orchestra. Half a dozen young women of the type described by Solomon kept regular office-hours at that café every day, always sitting in the same place at one end of the double row of tables ranged on the sidewalk. There was nothing that I could notice in their manner to differentiate them from other habitués—there they were, that is all, and one might sit down with them and chat, if one liked, with or without a view to making arrangements for further acquaintance. They seemed to be as much an established feature of the institution as the woman who sold newspapers at the other end of the line or as another merchant of the humbler sort who dealt in olives and almonds. What I observed with special interest was that the matrons of a solid and virtuous French bourgeoisie who sat with their families next or near these girls did not lift their eyebrows at them or snatch their children away from a possible contaminating contact; still less did they try to convince the proprietor that such hussies should not be allowed to brush elbows with decent women. Quite the contrary. They would as soon have thought of putting on airs about the almond-vender or the woman who kept the paper-stand.

It is one of our chief persuasions about what we call, in a snivelling sort of way, our fallen sisters, I think, that in Europe as elsewhere they come to an untimely and miserable end; and in many cases it is true. In many cases, however, it is not true; and here again their occupation presents a precise parallel with that of others. The qualities of character which tend to make their enterprise a success or a failure are the same qualities observable as determining success or failure in any other enterprise. Moreover, the characteristics which determine success gain in the long run the same social advantages that they gain in other occupations. Hence on the Continent one quite often sees a phenomenon that strikes an American as a good deal of a curiosity —a fallen sister who has saved her money, managed it into some sort of competence, and then has retired from business, going into the country, usually, and has settled down for the rest of her life, sometimes alone, sometimes with a husband acquired aboveboard and in good faith, to scratching up vegetables out of a garden, pottering with eggs and chickens, in extreme amity with her neighbors, leading a harmless, wholesome, and agreeable existence, and as a rule contriving to spin it out to a green old age. This possibility is open to her because she need make no secret of her wayward career. In an Anglo-Saxon or American civilization, as in a nineteenth-century British novel, her terrible past would be forever coming up against her. Her seclusion in the country would be regarded as penance, and the neighbors would see that she made a good, thorough job of it. In Europe she would be less troubled by the spectre of moral delinquency, her natural good qualities would have freer opportunity to recommend themselves for what they were worth, and she would have a status quite fairly comparable with that of any merchant who had retired honorably from an humble and uninviting trade.

IV

The longer one stays in Europe the harder it is to subscribe to our comfortable notion that womanhood is more respected in America than in Europe. I think that the wind-jamming congressman who butters up his constituents with this assertion would have an awkward time proving it. Even the European legal view of women in their sex-relations may quite competently, as I have shown, be taken as more nearly equalitarian and therefore more honorable to womanhood than ours.

Europeans too, I think, take a little too superficial a view of us in their frank amazement at the effeminization of our national life, its institutions and policies. A people that can carry its veneration for womanhood to the point of promulgating the Mann Act, for instance; or that is so squeamish that it disallows a classic like Voltaire's "Candide" and holds up the works of Rabelais at its ports of entry; that codifies the most inquisitorial and disgusting particularities of control over personal conduct—all this impresses the European as so novel and startling as to be past belief.

In accounting for it in terms of pure sentiment or sentimentalism, however, the European critic and a good many of our own critics as well, do not keep in view two facts that are fundamental. The first one is that forty-one per cent

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of our national wealth is in the hands of women. This is a much more awesome consideration than that of their having the vote, but very few people think about its implications. It is never those who vote that really rule; they are told they do, and think they do. Those who own, rule; and they rule because they own. The worst of it is that our effeminization is an effeminization by an immature and untempered womanhood; it is irrational, whimsical, bearing the marks of a ruffled, self-conscious, and zealous ineptitude.

The other fact that is usually left out of account in considering the difference between the American and European points of view is that of economic advantage. In the peculiar circumstances of our economic development it became advisable to take all moral pressure off certain categories of conduct and to tighten it as much as possible on others by way of compensation. An ostentatious austerity against drinking, fornication, gambling, cigarettes, Sunday amusements, and the like, is an extremely cheap clearance for industrial exploitation, theft of public property, legislation by purchase or a predatory economic imperialism.

V

The emotional point of view, in a word, is the mode of mind of an experienced maturity. It sees that nothing but vulgarity and unwholesomeness accrues to the conscious stressing of an artificial and perverted moral absolutism. It is aware that sound notions of conduct cannot be successfully inculcated by the medium of an unsound moral theory, or by insistence upon conventions which are flatly disallowed both by experience and by the individual intuitive sense of the natural truth of things. Still less likely are they to be inculcated by blind reliance on the arm of flesh, by compulsion and the force of law. It dissents utterly from the childish belief that if you can only get enough people in jail society will be properly moralized. It sees no regenerative power in a nagging particularity of regulation over personal conduct, whether by statute or by social inquisition, or by any combination of both.

Ours is the mode of immaturity. American society, according to all observers is, broadly, a society of children. Our chief interests, pursuits, and diversions are those of children, our sanctions of personal conduct are those of the nursery, and our reaction to them is, in spirit, the infantile reaction of unreflective bravado. This incorrigible infantilism has worked itself out at last to the very remarkable and extraordinary extreme where the most spotlessly innocent civilian's life is not safe at the hands of his own government.

It would be commonplace to dwell on the disadvantages accruing from these circumstances to the moral nature of the individual. His maturity as a responsible being is deformed by growing up in an atmosphere of stress upon moralities which in the natural truth of things he knows to be specious, and which he sees promoted at the expense of moralities that command the normal conscience. In comparison with the European this is his great disadvantage. In Europe what we regard as the path of virtue is made actually easier to follow by being merely left open. The individual naturally grows up into the attitude of the society around him. Society being relatively unpreoccupied *either way* with the ethics of drink, "the strange woman," Sunday observance, and so on, he too is unpreoccupied with them. He has no mordant curiosities to be furtively assuaged, nor does he need show any bravado of resentment against an officious social control. Hence he is likely to assess these ethics at just about their proper value, and according to observation, as a rule, he actually does so.

Our scale of moralities has been applied in Europe, in time past, both by church and state; it did not work. Our mode of inculcating virtue which sacrifices moral responsibility and puts a premium on immaturity has also been tried before; it did not work. They may work now; that remains to be seen; but from present appearances one can hardly believe that they will ever result in anything either interesting or commendable.

CIRCUMFERENCE

By Norma Keating

The rain drenches,
And the buds transmute
The fellowship of the root.
The wines of earth are underground,
Yet each root drinks with a different sound.
Some drain loud with a wanton thirst—
Buds break fast, flowers burst,
Barks grow brown, silver, or red,
Yet Autumn finds all green leaves dead;
The seasons pass—frost or rain,
The mother bears once more in pain.
Winds sweep soft, winds sweep loud,
Life's a cradle, Life's a shroud,
Under every sun-touched tree
Sweeps a wild, tumultuous sea.
Go forth, go forth mingled scents,
Go, make your rose or lilac tents
From the petals of your boughs,
Green, or pink, or lilac house
For tiny birds or swooping crows;
The leaf breathes what the root knows.

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CHAOS IN THE EAST

By Lothrop Stoddard

THE political chaos in the Orient today is such that in my opinion this is no time to deal with Philippine independence."

Such were the opening words of Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War, in his recent report to the House Committee on Insular Affairs. The Secretary went on to say that immediate independence for the Philippines would spell economic chaos, anarchy, and ultimate domination of the islands by "some other foreign Power."

Grave as was Mr. Hurley's portrayal of the situation, no one who knows conditions in the East can justly accuse him of being an alarmist. On the contrary, his report is a distinctly moderate statement of merely one phase of a vast and menacing reality.

To mince words would be folly. Here is the grim truth: The entire Orient is a veritable powder-magazine of revolutionary unrest. The thunder of the guns at Shanghai may denote merely the first of a series of explosions which will shatter the whole Far and Middle East. And what that would mean to our troubled Western world can be left to the imagination!

This formidable crisis is no sudden thing. It has been getting under weigh ever since the war. Furthermore, it is not only dangerously acute but extremely complex. New factors have constantly emerged, further to envenom an already bad situation.

Twelve years ago I wrote a book called *The Rising Tide of Color*, depicting Asia's awakening to political and racial self-assertiveness against the century-old domination of the West. Were I writing such a book today, I should call it *The Rising Tide of Chaos*. For that is the only term which would adequately describe the tremendous economic and social ferment that, added to the militant urge of politics and race, threatens to turn most of Asia into a hell of war.

This prodigious transformation has occurred so rapidly that it reads almost like a page from the Arabian Nights. Only a generation ago, the white man was the undisputed master of the East. But in the East, power rests on prestige,—what the Chinaman calls "face." So, when Japan beat Russia, the white man's prestige was successfully challenged. When, a decade later, the West embarked on the collective suicide of the Great War, the white man's "face" was hopelessly shattered. Like Humpty Dumpty, it could never be put together again. Lord Irwin, the late Viceroy of India, publicly admitted this, only the other day.

Ever since the Great War, the Western powers (including America) have been in retreat. Here and there, the retreat has been physical, as in Turkey and Afghanistan, where the Westerners were driven out by force of arms. But in most cases it has been a moral retirement; a steady relinquishment of political power to the native populations. In India, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, and elsewhere, the white man is still formally the ruler,—but a ruler stripped of an ever larger portion of his former authority.

The retreat of the West has thus been, for the most part, orderly. The white man, though bereft of prestige, has retained enough brute force to fight successful rear-guard actions. Yet how much longer can he prevent his retreat from becoming a rout? The past two years have still further weakened the West's waning power in the East. Economic depression and political dissensions hinder the European nations from taking a strong hand in suppressing serious Oriental troubles. How much stomach would the overburdened British taxpayer have for paying the costs of a big expeditionary army to China or India? And how would American taxpayers feel if confronted by a similar contingency? "The White Man's Burden," so lustily sung by Kipling a generation ago, has become too heavy to be readily borne.

It does no harm to say this out loud, because to the East it is an open secret. That is why Japan today does as she pleases in China, with merely polite acknowledgments of Western protests. That is why Hindus and Filipinos press ever more insistently toward the goal of independence. They know which way the wind is blowing, and they strive to make the most of a golden opportunity.

To point out the disastrous consequences of immediate independence, not only to the West but even more to the Orientals themselves, is a mere waste of breath. The classes who really count in Asia; the men who mould public opinion and guide the ignorant masses, want the white rulers to *get out, no matter what happens afterward.* As one Filipino politician pungently expressed it: "We would rather be governed like hell by ourselves than like heaven by the Americans!"

Of course, what those Filipinos, Hindus, and other political malcontents would like above all things would be complete freedom to do as they liked in their own countries, but with a guarantee by their former suzerains to protect them from outside interference. How jolly it would be for the Manila *politicos* to misgovern and wrangle and revolute at their own sweet will, with the blithe assurance that, no matter how they misbehaved, Uncle Sam would see to it that Japan never took a hand in the game! It seems incredible that we Americans could ever be so gullible as to be duped into undertaking so preposterous a protectorate. If Filipino politicians are ever given a free hand, there should be no come-back on ourselves. Yet, if we should face the Filipinos squarely with the alternative of continued American rule or complete independence, the Filipinos would vote for independence, risks and all.

We know very well what would then ensue. The Mohammedan *Moros* of the southern islands would never consent to be ruled by the Manila *politicos*. Also, the various tribes which make up the Christian majority would fight lustily among themselves. Foreign investments would be jeopardized, foreign trade would dwindle. Our whole civilizing mission of the past thirty-odd

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years, from schools to sanitation, would speedily be undone. Things would go from bad to worse, culminating in the grand climax,—the intervention of what Secretary Hurley diplomatically terms "some other foreign Power."

But all this would be a Sunday-school picnic compared to what would be happening in India. That vast peninsula, a world in itself, the size of Europe and with over 300,000,000 inhabitants, would be converted into the most frightful battleground of racial and religious passions that the earth has ever seen. With John Bull no longer holding the ring, Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Gurkhas, and several other varieties would soon be at one another's throats. India would rapidly sink into a welter of civil war and famine beside which the Chinese mess that has been going on for the past twenty years would look almost like law and order.

This is clearly recognized by all who know the East, even at second hand. What is not so well known is that those political, racial, and religious feuds are only half the story. If race, religion and politics were alone involved, these Eastern lands might presently settle down under the iron rule of gorgeous despots, as they have so often done in the past. The Oriental cycle of swiftly born empire and swifter decay might resume its immemorial rhythm, as it was before the white man came. The East would be the East once more.

This, however, is no longer possible. The old Orient has gone, never to return, because the West has got under the Oriental's skin. The white man may be thrown out bodily, but his ways will remain. Western ideas, methods, habits, tastes have struck roots in Asia too deep to be plucked out. The "Immovable East" has been moved at last—moved to its very depths. The Orient is today in full transition, flux, ferment, more sudden and profound than any it has hitherto known. Peoples drowsing contentedly for ages are once more astir, once more on the march.

The political and social pattern of the old Orient was very simple. In each land ruled an absolute monarch—as Sultan, King-of-Kings, Son of Heaven, or some other equally high-sounding name. He ruled magnificently, sharing the spoils with his trusted followers. The social structure was, therefore, as follows: a few very rich, the masses very poor,—and almost no comfort for anybody. The idea of *comfort,* imported from the West, has disrupted the East more profoundly than all our guns and missionaries put together.

The wealthy Oriental of olden times spent most of his money on Oriental luxuries like fine raiment, jewels, women, horses, and a great retinue of servants. But it is safe to say that the greatest Eastern potentate lived under domestic conditions which a self-respecting Detroit factory worker would despise.

Today, however, the Oriental is discovering comfort, in the Western sense. And, high or low, he likes it very well. All the mechanical gadgets which make our lives easier and more agreeable, from wrist watches and safety razors to electric lights and sanitary plumbing—all those things which to us are more or less matters of course—are to the Oriental so many delightful discoveries, of irresistible appeal. He wants them, and he gets them in ever-increasing quantities.

But this produces some rather serious complications. The family budget is thrown completely out of balance. All those new wants spell a portentous rise in his standard of living. Where is our comfort-seeking Oriental going to find the money to pay for it? If he is poor, he has to skimp on his bare necessities. If he is rich, he hates to forego his traditional luxuries. The outcome is a widespread growth of extravagance. Now add to all this the fact that in the Orient, as elsewhere, the cost of the basic necessities of life—food, clothing, fuel, and shelter—has sharply risen during the past generation, and we can realize the gravity of the problem which higher Oriental living standards have raised.

Throughout the East, the struggle for existence is sharpening and the pressure of poverty is getting more severe. With the basic necessities rising in price, and with many things considered necessities which were either deemed luxuries or were entirely unheard of a few decades ago, the Oriental masses are finding it harder and harder to make both ends meet. This is undoubtedly the underlying reason for the social unrest we see cropping out all over the East today.

Of course, many Oriental conservatives realize, and bitterly deplore, what is going on. That is what Gandhi means when he inveighs against the "accursed" spirit of the West and urges India to go back to the spinning wheel. But that is a vain dream. Ascetics like Gandhi and Tagore can no more wean their people from Western comfort than Mrs. Partington could sweep back the incoming ocean with her broom. Women who have once used the sewing machine will not return to the bone needle; men accustomed to railway trains and motor busses will never revert to travel by bullock cart. As for the girls, they are coming out of the harem and going with the boys to the movies. Just try to shut them up again!

No. So long as Gandhi helps them to get rid of the hated White ruler, youth will cheer him. But if he should ever really try to make them practise what he preaches, they would candidly inform him that he was talking "old stuff."

Other Oriental reformers have evolved the bright idea of taking all that is best from the West, grafting it onto the old system, and attaining a wondrous new order in which everybody would be happy.

Such schemes sound fine and look beautiful—on paper. But they are about as impractical as the reactionary recipes of Gandhi and Tagore. A savage may put on a plug hat and a frock coat. Does this mean that he is Westernized? So an Oriental people simply cannot pick and choose when it deals with Western civilization. Our way of life is a close-knit whole. The East cannot borrow our sciences and inventions without also adopting our tastes, methods, and ideas—the good and the bad together. In short, the East must transform itself into something measurably like the West—avoiding some of our more obvious mistakes, perhaps, yet proceeding, in the main, along parallel lines.

Of this, Japan is a striking example. She has Westernized herself more successfully than any other Oriental people. In the process, however, Old Japan has almost vanished. What remains, survives mainly as a museum piece. The cherry blossoms are smutted with the soot of factory chimneys; they wither in the fumes belched from blast furnaces.

To be sure, Japan's Westernization

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has thus far been an orderly process. That is because she was better fitted than any other Oriental country to undergo the trying ordeal. Alone among Asiatics, the Japanese possessed a truly national consciousness, coupled with a fervent patriotism and iron self-control.

Yet, even so, the prodigious task of rapid transformation has raised many grave problems. Soaring costs of living, class friction, and social unrest among the vast new factory proletariat, make many thoughtful observers fear for Japan's future stability. Revolutionary stirrings are not confined to the urban masses. They occur also among the middle classes of the towns and the tenant farmers of the countryside. Both of these normally conservative elements have been so hard hit by rising living costs and high taxation that they are shot through with discontent.

Beneath the power and panoply of Imperial Japan lurk volcanic forces which some day may burst forth in violent eruption. Official Japan calls them "Dangerous Thoughts" and represses them with an iron hand. Yet, though suppressed, they remain.

Does not all this reveal the heavy price Japan has had to pay for transforming her whole national life within a couple of generations? Japan advances rapidly along the road to Westernization, but her people show many signs of strain. The whole tempo of Japanese life is nervous, forced, exaggerated. Japan is feverish. She is running a temperature!

If disciplined Japan finds it hard to keep her balance, think how much harder it must be for the other Asiatic people. China shows what may happen in many Eastern lands. The revolution which overthrew the Manchu dynasty twenty years ago and turned an old-fashioned Oriental Empire into a so-called Republic, broke the ancient mold of Chinese life. Not only politically but also economically, socially, culturally, and spiritually, old China began to go to pieces. This disintegration has persisted for two whole decades and may continue indefinitely before a new China on the Western model can emerge. Meanwhile, China flounders in moral anarchy. China's younger generation goes in for cocktails, jazz, and Bolshevism. Despising the ideals of its fathers, it has no spiritual roots.

With four or five big transformations going on simultaneously in the Orient, revolutionary ferments would be bound to happen under any circumstances. Unfortunately, all these radical trends have the backing of a powerful patron. Red Russia seeks to marshal all this diffused unrest by systematic methods for definite ends.

If Bolshevik Russia could set Asia on fire, it would kill two birds with one stone: The loss of great dependencies like India would shake the colonial powers of Western Europe to their foundations, while the Bolshevizing of China, India, and other Eastern lands would notably further the World-Revolution.

Should Asia go Red, the immediate result would probably be not so much the establishment of Communist dictatorships on the Russian model as downright chaos. What is now going on in parts of China shows this in striking fashion. The so-called Communist armies seem to be merely bandit hordes bent on wholesale massacre, loot, and destruction. We should realize that throughout Asia (except in Japan) social discipline is maintained by relatively small upper classes. Beneath them lie swarming masses, miserably poor, densely ignorant, and with no traditions of self-government or self-control.

If, therefore, those native upper classes should be overwhelmed by a flood of social revolution, the upshot would be a descent to something like the level of savagery. The sudden release of the ignorant, brutal Oriental masses from their traditional restraints of religion and custom would mean the destruction of all Oriental civilization and culture, and a plunge into an abyss of anarchy from which the East could emerge only after the lapse of many years.

The results of all this upon our Western world can readily be imagined. The billions of European and American capital invested in Eastern lands would, for the most part, be worth just about the traditional plugged nickel. The Orient's great foreign trade would dwindle to relatively small and uncertain proportions. Important sources of tropical products and other raw materials vital to our industrial life would be virtually closed to us. As for the political complications, who can estimate their magnitude? With one-half of the world and more than half of the human race weltering in chaotic turmoil, how could the rest of the world remain unscathed?

Now this is no mere alarmist picture, drawn to make one's flesh creep. It aims to be a sober analysis of what *may* happen unless Western brains and ability get busy with constructive thought, wise policies, and far-sighted action.

When, a century or so ago, Europe's pioneer merchants, missionaries, and Empire-builders began to Westernize the slumbering East, they started something more momentous than they ever dreamed. The Asiatic giant is awake at last. Westernism is in his very blood. He will not, cannot, go to sleep again. And he will probably give us many wakeful nights, in the bargain.

Next month — or later

⟦ STRAWS IN THE WIND ⟧

ARE DIVORCED WOMEN DIFFERENT? *by Helen Christine Bennett and Herbert G. Edwards*

PERPETUAL PAGANS *by Erna Fergusson*

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Lady Bootlegger

For obvious reasons, the author of this article must remain anonymous

Did you ever have a horse in the stable that you couldn't feed, not to mention a child in the nursery? And a cook whose wages were long past due? Did you ever run down a smooth green lawn on a bright fall morning and have the R. F. D. man hand you nothing but "Please Remit," "Your account is overdrawn," "Your MS. is not available"? Were you brought up with a silver spoon in your mouth and then suddenly kicked out without even a tin one—(all the silver ones being hocked)?

This was the situation I found myself in. Until then, my domestic gestures had consisted of pouring tea out of my grandmother's silver teapot and putting out the dinner candles with my great-grandmother's gold snuffers. I thought it was quite touching when I scaled down to one servant—though I hated to see the stable boy go. However, I'd rather clean out a stable any day than cook a meal. But things got so bad I even told the cook she'd have to go.

One morning the doorbell rang. I was a wreck in a blue smock with smudged face and burned hands. I stopped in the hall to toss a coin—heads it was the grocer—tails it was the coalman. It was my bootlegger—my ex-bootlegger, to be accurate, for I had long since given up cocktail parties and dinners.

My bootlegger was one person I didn't owe. Joe was a nice little family wop who had left the green-grocer business down at Atlantic Highlands because it was so easy to get liquor off the ships and sell it to army officers and county gentry and so give his girl musical training and educate his boy to be a priest.

"Signora—I have some fine sherry cheap—I gotta unload quick—they're gettin' on to me down here and I can't afford to pay the hush money."

"You don't mean you have to get out of the business?"

He nodded his head mournfully, icicles gleaming from his brave mustachio.

"The wife she sick, too. . . ."

Joe had become a family retainer. It seemed positively irresponsible not to try to do something for him.

"Come in the sun parlor, Joe," I said, shivering, though it wasn't much warmer inside than out.

"Ah—she get better and better—bootlegging," he said with an expansive gesture. "But not right here now—all the cop they know me—now they have hijackers—rob you—steal liquor—and" —he made a grotesque grimace. "No can do. Now I get a big order from a club in Pittsburgh—I can't take it out. They catch me—I lose it all."

"But can't you get somebody else to take it out for you?"

"Who? If they know the ropes they steal—if they honest they get caught. No—I gotta haul it myself or throw all that nice beautiful liquor in the Shrewsbury!"

I was thinking hard.

"I got six cases of champagne, Mumm's 1913—she sell for $110 a case these holidays. I pay $52," Joe was saying as though continuing his own thoughts. "That's $348 profit, a lot of money for a poor man, signora."

"Three hundred and forty-eight dollars—that's a lot of money for a poor girl, Joe." I punched a crimson sofa pillow meditatively. "Are six cases what you carry in one load?"

"No, signora. I could pack two of Benedictine and four of Scotch also in my car, it's built special."

"And you have to get that champagne to Pittsburgh before Christmas or lose it?"

"Si, signora."

"Well, you're not going to lose that liquor, Joe—not unless I go to jail with it."

Joe stared at me.

"I'm going to take that champagne to Pittsburgh."

"But, signora—not a lady."

"I can't do it as a favor. I'll have to take my per cent of the profit." I reached for a paper and pencil. "Joe, I think we're going to be business partners."

And that's the way it began.

The next day I was to go to Larry Lee's on Long Island where a new Peerless with a specially built body and the load of champagne were waiting to be hauled to Pittsburgh. Joe had told me that Larry Lee wasn't the sort of man a lady should know and so of course I was all thrills, expecting to see a gentleman crook looking like a tailor's dummy. Instead of that the Lee door was opened at eleven that night by a man who looked like a bouncer in a saloon.

"Mr. Lee?" I asked nervously.

"Yeah."

"Joe Mazzi sent me up from Atlantic Highlands. He said the car and the stuff were ready for me to haul to Pittsburgh."

I had never been confronted with so much concentrated and oppressive luxury as flashed before me now in Larry's house! Overstuffed chairs and divans were done up in stripes, birds and flowers, all sprinkled with an amazing number of orange taffeta cushions and blue satin long-legged dolls.

In the midst of this opulence was a buxom blonde in a red kimono with nails to match. She was Joe's sister, Daisy. They offered me a drink which I took, trying to figure out whether it would be less conspicuous to throw it in the gold-fish bowl or the silver fern dish that looked like a baptismal font.

After awhile Larry backed the Peerless up to the cellar door and very gallantly offered to help me load. We filled the smart-looking band boxes and golf bags as well as the box inside the coupé, and by packing carefully and very close

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we managed to conceal twelve cases consisting of twelve bottles each. Then brushing off the straw and dust, I slipped on my broadtail coat trimmed with sable and looked like any well-behaved suburban wife on her way to spend a week-end in Pittsburgh with her mother-in-law.

"If you gotta sleep—sleep in the car—don't go near a garage and don't do any speeding or nothin' to get in wrong with the bulls. And if you get caught—act tongue-tied."

It was nearly midnight—cold and foggy too. It had been decided that I was to take the Lincoln Highway. By the time I got to Elizabeth I was pretty sleepy. I was chewing gum to keep awake when I remembered that I had a friend who lived on a farm outside of Elizabeth. She was a writer who wouldn't be alarmed at my hopping in at two A.M. and certainly my car wouldn't be under suspicion in her garage. I could get some rest and breakfast and be fresh to make the long trip to Pittsburgh without further stops.

As I approached Adele Archer's driveway I noticed a car shoot out of a lane. Two men jumped out and called, "Halt." I didn't pay any attention but kept right on up the driveway. My teeth began to chatter. This was a fine beginning. Had I been trailed all the way from Larry's?

The next thing I knew a policeman was on my running-board.

"What are you doing around here at this hour in the morning?"

"I'm going to call on my friend, Mrs. Archer."

He flashed a light in the car.

"Hell of an hour to go visitin'."

His flashlight hung ominously over that swagger pigskin golf bag. I turned around nervously hoping a bottle wasn't showing above the tops of those brassies and drivers! Swell bootlegger, getting caught on the first leg out!

The other cop was flashing his lights all over the car and Adele Archer's dogs were barking as though all the chicken thieves in Jersey were on her property.

Suddenly lights in the house flashed on and Adele opened the door, holding to the collar of a Great Dane.

"Who's there?" she demanded.

"McGinnis, Mrs. Archer," the policeman answered politely. "We're just on the lookout for them prowlers that's been hangin' round your place lately."

Adele, a coat thrown over her shoulders, stepped out on the porch.

"It's Dorothy," I called out weakly. "I thought I'd surprise you and these policemen——"

"She's a friend of mine, McGinnis. Thanks for trying to catch those chicken thieves but be a little more careful next time!"

"Sorry, ma'am."

"Well, what did you do—get mad at somebody and start driving home from New York by yourself?" she asked laughing.

"Something like that."

Fortunately she is one of those wise friends who never ask explanations.

I'd had all the sleep scared out of me so I took a short nap, a cold shower and a hot breakfast and was on my way.

When I started driving again I was sleepier than ever. To keep awake I ate peanuts and punched myself and tried to remember funny stories. But I must have fallen asleep at the wheel for the first thing I knew the car was in a ditch and only beginner's luck kept me from going through the windshield.

I got out and looked around. It was pouring rain and the ditch I was in looked like the Panama Canal. I'd broken right through the fence—what was left of it lay in splinters around the car. Steam poured out of the radiator because, as I soon discovered, the water-pipe had been disconnected. Nothing to do but hail help. Then it occurred to me that I'd better lighten up the car some and not run the risk of mechanics throwing the luggage out and having champagne running into that canal.

I looked up and down the road. Fortunately it was deserted. There were at least two cases hidden in the luggage. If I threw it away that would eat pretty heavily into my profit—*if* there was to be any profit. Pulling and tugging and puffing and blowing, I somehow got the suit-case and golf-bag from the car to the near-by woods. I covered them with leaves and made a few gypsy patterns—just in case they let me out of jail some day and I'd have a chance to sell at least *that* much of the load! After that I went back and sat on the running-board of the car.

I didn't know whether to be glad or sorry when a motorcycle cop was the first to come along. He walked around the car touching this and that and I shrank when he wrote down my license number. This would make a fine story for the tabloids—half of my relatives would hang their heads in shame and the other half (the ones who'd done me out of my money) would say that any young woman who would sink so low as to be a bootlegger deserved not to be recognized financially by any respectable family.

It took several hours to get the car out of the ditch and you can imagine how cheered I was when the man at the Peerless agency told me it would cost two hundred dollars to fix up my car—and that it was a forty-eight hour job!

I'd started out to earn money and here I was in the hole and a long way from Pittsburgh. The sensible thing was to throw up the sponge—call up Joe or Larry and let them get the car. It'd probably end by the three of us landing in jail. Then I suddenly remembered an ancestor of mine who was a famous raider for the Confederates, carrying on a sort of polite and successful guerilla warfare. Well, earning your living is war and I'd chosen guerilla methods because it was the only way opened to me and I was going to be as successful as that ancestor of mine. I was going to get that champagne to Pittsburgh if I died in the attempt. And if I landed there alive and out of jail I'd carry more stuff until I made enough to pay off my debts.

By the time I got my car, two days later, and drove back the twenty miles and unearthed my hidden treasure it was dusk. The road between Philadelphia and Lancaster was slippery and the mountains on beyond made driving a matter of life and death. You'd think that winding, slippery road at night was enough to keep any driver awake, but I had to fight sleep all the time.

Grimy and sleepy, I didn't stop for a bath or food but the minute I hit Pittsburgh went right to the fashionable club Joe supplied and delivered that champagne to the steward. He gave me the names of several other stewards but I went to the Hotel Schenley, took a bath and slept the clock around. Then I went calling and got orders for several runs to Pittsburgh. I knew I had to do something to make up for all the mistakes I'd made on that first trip.

When I went to buy the next load

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from Larry I found him very much spruced up. By this time Joe had told me that Larry used to smuggle Chinamen and when the law couldn't be outwitted he used to get rid of the evidence by the simple expedient of handcuffing the Chinamen and pushing them over into the Atlantic. He used to bring them through from Canada too, in the back seat of his roadster—they never came up for food or air from the time they left the border until he brought them into New London, Connecticut.

I made several trips without any more serious mishap than an argument with a cop about speeding and once one demanded to know what was in my suitcase. I reached around and grabbed the first one my hand touched, saying indignantly——

"My wardrobe, of course."

He opened up the suitcase and—to my relief I had happened upon the *only* piece of luggage that *wasn't* full of liquor! I pretended to be very much annoyed because he mussed up my black taffeta dinner dress, for which he apologized.

I often wonder now what kept hijackers from holding me up. I got to know other bootleggers from getting my stuff at an old deserted farmhouse down at Montauk and I had some pretty tough customers in Pittsburgh. I didn't talk much—no one ever knew when I was coming or going but if they'd wanted to hold me up, they could have done it. I used to sit in the dark "Ladies' Entrance" of Pittsburgh saloons after I'd delivered my stuff, waiting for the owner to come out and pay me. What was to stop him from just telling me he wasn't going to pay me and if I didn't like it to get a cop to try and get it? Was it honesty among thieves or was it the long shadow of Larry Lee?

About this time a friend of Daisy's suggested that I'd be a big help in blackmail. . . . I must know a lot of people. I was more careful than ever, after that, to conceal my own name and never to speak of any one I knew. Larry told her to shut up—couldn't she see this kid wasn't a bum? Larry always treated me with a kind of deference and as a business associate. Sometimes when we happened to be at Montauk to load up at the same time, we'd stop at the Canoe Place Inn on the way home for a meal and then he used to like to talk about when he was a sailor.

He had been to China, Singapore, Siam, Mexico—and I gathered that the only thing he noticed was the kind of liquor and women there were in each country. He used to call me "Half Pint" and "an aristocrat with guts."

The greatest difficulty was in keeping men I met along the road—chiefly policemen—from coming to my rescue. Men are so chivalrous and love to think any woman driving alone is a sweet, feeble-minded young thing. Seems to me I was always surrounded by motor cops who wanted to do me a good turn. One time near Green Hills Farm when I ran out of gasoline a gallant cop went several miles to the next station to get me some—and my car loaded with Overholt and Gibson's rye! I felt positively stingy not offering him a case, but Larry had explained that all the cops who needed fixing were fixed.

Another time after getting caught in a fog, I curled up in the car and went to sleep outside a garage. A policeman came along and in a friendly tone told me there was a good hotel up the road. "It's cheap, too," he said diplomatically.

He knew the garage was closed and when he saw that I hesitated to leave my car on the road he offered to keep an eye on it for me. I was so desperate for sleep I just staggered into that little hotel and woke up the next morning—to find a faithful cop guarding my car. He hadn't been fixed either—this was pure chivalry.

I ran stuff to Pittsburgh for nearly two years and never got pulled in or hijacked. I took a different route each time, changed fur coats and cars. After I got to know the roads I could make the trip in thirteen hours on the Lincoln Highway and sixteen hours on the National or William Penn Highway. I had places to stop on the latter. As a rule I tried to avoid night driving; it looked too suspicious.

I remember a handsome young machinist who used to haul stuff around New York City in a big truck marked "Aunt Matty's Home-made Pies." There was Milkface Mike who used to get the chief of police of his town to ride up front with him when he was carrying a load. But I stuck to my Lincoln and Cadillac coupés or sedans with specially built bodies, my smart-looking luggage and clothes.

I was friendly with policemen, speakeasy proprietors, truck drivers, smugglers—men who before my bootlegging activities were not within my social ken. They all called me sister or girlie, did me a good turn whenever they could and never did me a bad one. They were unlike men of my own social plane in that they didn't consider me legitimate prey.

Any one who thinks bootlegging—at least in the modest way I did it—is easy money is crazy. It's a terrific strain—physically and mentally. When you've been accustomed all your life to having breakfast in bed somewhere around noon, it's no cinch to get up at four or five and start driving on a cold, dark winter morning and *keep driving till you get where you're going.* I think the reason so much of my bootlegging experience is hazy to me now is because I was sleepy for nearly two years!

For two years I thought in terms of Yellow Chartreuse, Cognac, Peter Dawson Scotch, Lewis Hunter Rye. I bought it as low as possible and sold it as high as possible. But it was genuine imported stuff for which the élite of Pittsburgh were willing to pay and I held my trade until the gradual inroads of Prohibition broke down the taste of connoisseurs and flooded the country with bath-tub gin and champagne made each night out of apples in the cellar. Imported stuff grew harder to get and I couldn't compete with the cheap home brew. Besides, my nerves were getting jumpy and beer barons and liquor kings made a modest amateur like myself look like a piker.

But for those two years I just plugged along, paid off all my debts, lived like a luxurious hermit and saved a reasonable sum. Of course my travelling expenses, cars and hush money ate considerably into my profits. There didn't seem anything very romantic or adventuresome about it and when so much is being written about the glamorous life of the bootleggers, I decided to tell the truth of what really happened to one of them.

I always remember a nice cop who said to me one cold gray dawn:

"I guess you're lost, lady."

Well, I was lost—a lost lady bootlegging.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

In Paris, some weeks ago, I had interesting conversations. The famous Italian dramatist Luigi Pirandello, who I am glad to say is coming to America this autumn, lives in a pleasant flat on the top floor of a new building not far from the Arch of Triumph. But as revealing either the narrow limits of fame or the suspicious nature of French females, when I reached the penultimate height, rang and asked the trim housemaid if M. Pirandello lived there, I received an emphatic negative *"Mais non."* Nobody can say "no" quite so negatively as a French woman. It means not only "no," it means "get out of here as soon as possible, I don't know who you are and don't want to know, there is nothing in this house that concerns you, you mind your business and I'll mind mine"; all that is expressed in the word *non* and yet it was not spoken rudely or vulgarly; merely decisively. Such an attitude, instead of making me angry or embarrassed, always amuses me. I asked if M. Pirandello lived on another floor of the same building; she did not know; she had never heard of him. So I walked a few steps up to the next floor, rang, and M. Pirandello himself came to the door.

He is a short, solid, healthy-looking man, with gray hair and goatee. Very kind he was and cordial. Although he had on his desk the English translation of one of his books (American edition), he apparently does not speak English; and as I do not converse in Italian, we carried on in the language of the country where we were. Although Frenchmen say he speaks French with a decided accent, he certainly spoke it well enough for me. I understand French more easily when it is spoken by a foreigner than by a native; just as in the opera I understand more French words from Bori than from Léon Rothier.

I expressed my delight in the performance of "As You Desire Me" on the New York stage; and of my good fortune in seeing "Henry IV" at the Little Theatre in New Haven, directed by Jack Crawford. I asked him if it were not true that the key to the "mistaken identity" in so many of his plays lies in what we *believe* rather than in what may be called fact. If the husband in "As You Desire Me" had gladly and confidently embraced his returning wife, instead of seeking proofs of her identity, she then *would* have been his wife. "Most certainly! all my plays deal with spiritual realities; the reality in the mind is more real than reality in fact."

I asked him which he preferred—the writing of novels or plays. He had no doubt about this; plays were nearer his heart.

His personality made a profound impression on me; quiet dignity, simplicity, sincerity. Many critics today regard him as the foremost dramatist on the Continent.

The next afternoon I had a delightful conversation with Henry Bernstein, the most successful of living French playwrights. His house, filled with magnificent paintings and other works of art, was temporarily closed; and he is staying in a hotel. M. Bernstein is a tall and powerful man, built like a good Number Five in a University crew; his height seemed accentuated by the long dressing-gown which he wears while working. He has enormous vitality, is immensely cordial, and speaks with great vivacity. He apologized for his English; unnecessarily, for he speaks English with absolute fluency. He loves America and the Americans, and believes that our present financial depression is only temporary. "The Americans are too great and resourceful a people to stay down." He had an original theory to account for part of our troubles. "You make things altogether too well; your machines are made with such skill and such excellent material they don't wear out; one never has to buy anything new. My automobile is American, and it will last for many years."

He thought our greatest living writer is Ernest Hemingway. I remonstrated. "Ah, of course he has faults, but what vigor, what power, what originality!" Like so many Parisians, he does not admire Rostand; "our really great French mind was Ernest Renan." He naturally prefers irony, the keen, skeptical, pure intelligence, to romance. I was not surprised. But when I asked him what he thought of the lyrical genius of Victor Hugo, he laughed and quoted André Gide, who on being asked who was the greatest of all French poets, said "Victor Hugo—hélas!"

On my saying that only a Frenchman could really appreciate Racine and *enjoy* the golden age of the seventeenth century, he said, "Oh, the seventeenth century is overrated."

He spoke with enthusiasm of the English language, saying it was a great language—no wonder we had a great literature.

I spoke of his own plays—I had read them all, and seen many of them on the stage. That very week the *Comédie* revived *La Rafale*. I expressed my admiration for that as a theatrical piece, also for *La Griffe*. But he said he thought he had far surpassed those early works; "you like *'La Galerie des Glaces'*? I asked. "Yes, that is one of my best." But I told him that I liked most *Le Secret,* which I had seen in Paris, and which Frances Starr acted magnificently in New York. He admitted it had some good points. He believes the human race has an unconquerable love for beauty and that it is the sole business of the artist to produce beauty; only we must not have any fixed idea of what beauty is, for the idea of beauty changes from age to age. "It may be that the whole world as we now see it will suffer a complete change; out of that change will rise a new conception of beauty which we now do not foresee."

Of contemporary French writers, he said I ought to read François Mauriac and Jacques de Lacretelle—both, alas, unknown to me.

Late on the same afternoon, accompanied by my friend and former pupil, Hudson (Boz) Hawley, of the Associated Press in Paris, I went to see Léon Daudet in his office as Editor-in-chief of the daily royalist paper, *L'Action Française*. Mr. Hawley knows M. Daudet very well, and I wish his letters to the famous Frenchman might be printed. They are worth it.

Léon Daudet, son of the great Alphonse Daudet, although a Parisian born and bred, has the warm-hearted, passionate, expansive, ebullient temperament of the South, whence his father

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came. He is roly-poly in shape, keenly intelligent, with a remarkable flow of conversation. I could listen to him indefinitely. Everything he says is interesting. Although having been much in England he must know English well, not a single word of English was spoken during the hour we spent together. Knowing how busy the writer of a daily paper is, after we had been there some twenty minutes, I rose, and he asked *"Comment? vous êtes pressé?"* and I gladly sat down again.

He is a good lover and a good hater. His book of Reminiscences (translated by Arthur K. Griggs) is vitriolic; but he has a genius for friendship, and absolute reverence for the memory of his father. He belongs to the Goncourt Academy and told us with much pleasure that the ten members recently, on a secret ballot to determine the greatest French novel of the nineteenth century, put Flaubert's *"Education Sentimentale"* first and Alphonse Daudet's *"Le Nabab"* second. In the history of French literature, he regarded the sixteenth as greater than the seventeenth century, because it contained Rabelais and Montaigne.

He gave me the four beautiful volumes, printed on thick cream paper in huge type, of his *Courrier des Pays-Bas* (written in exile), called respectively *La Ronde de Nuit, Les Horreurs de la Guerre, Mélancholia,* and *Les Pèlerins D'Emmaüs.* This is a limited edition, will never be reprinted, and I advise libraries, collectors, and lovers of contemporary French literature to secure copies.

M. Daudet had the previous week attended the performance of "Hamlet" in French at the *Comédie,* and I quote from his interesting review.

"La première, c'est que Shakespeare peignait, sous forme de dramatisation de chroniques anciennes et le folklore, des événements et allusions à des événements tragiques de la Cour de la reine Elisabeth, comme Racine peignait, sous des masques antiques, des figures passionnées de la Cour du Grand Roi. . . .

"Ma seconde remarque est d'une portée plus générale. Ce qui donne au drame shakespearien en général, et à *Hamlet* en particular, cette envolée extraordinaire, c'est qu'il est baigné de surnaturel, mieux, de divin; mieux encore, de divin chrétien. . . . Il est à la chrétienté ce que les grands tragiques grecs sont au paganisme; et toutes ses finales, après tant de crimes et d'épouvantes, sont baignées de pardon, de sérénité, d'espérance, de sacrifice consenti, en somme: de libération. . . .

"Notre temps, si tragique, emporté par plusieurs tempêtes vers des récifs inconnus ou barbares, convient au déploiement en nous de Shakespeare. Sa gloire rencontre nos horreurs, nos pitiés, nos amours, nos remords, jusqu'à nos songes. Les vibrations de son tocsin s'accordent aux vibrations du nôtre. Ses gouffres, nous les avons sous nos yeux. Toutes les larmes incluses en ses tragédies ont été versées pendant quatre ans. Tous les cris de ses héros mourants ont été poussés pendant quatre ans. Mais le chemin qui monte de ses profondeurs est manifestement—pour qui s'est imprégné de lui et a vécu de lui, Shakespeare—celui de la Croix."

One of the things that make conversation with M. Daudet so enlivening is the fact that he possesses such strong convictions on all important subjects in art, politics, and religion, as to be entirely without the indifference, polite skepticism, and irony so characteristic of many writers today.

He told us many stories and anecdotes of his father; and as I took leave, he kissed me affectionately on both cheeks. During this embrace, Hawley, who had never seen his old professor thus saluted, stood petrified like Lot's wife—and the story by this time has lost nothing in his telling of it, for he is a born *raconteur.*

Léon Daudet is an illustration of one of my favorite theories, that one cannot be unhappy so long as one remains profoundly interested in life. The world has not gone as M. Daudet would like to have it; in religion and in politics, he is in a minority. But he gave me the impression not only of being genial, but of being happy. It is difficult to say how many Christians today would go to the stake rather than renounce their faith. I feel certain, that if such an emergency arose, Léon Daudet would stand singing in the flames.

I had stimulating conversations in Paris with my friends Padraic and Mary Colum, who have been there during the past year. Wonderful talkers are they both! I just missed seeing James Joyce, who had been in their apartment that morning; but I had the pleasure of meeting his daughter Lucia. She was born in Italy, speaks half a dozen languages fluently, and English with a delightful Irish accent. Mr. and Mrs. Colum have a charm all their own; they are not like anybody else. He has an imaginative quality as shown in his poems and fairy tales; and she is a profound and penetrating literary critic. They look out on the world without prejudice. In some strange fashion they combine the mellowing of experience with the candor of a child.

An excellent new book on Paris is called "My Paris" and is by Arthur K. Griggs, an American critic who lives in France, and who is familiar with European currents of literature. In this volume he has made selections from Parisian writers which illustrate various features of contemporary life; his translations are exceedingly well done.

How strange it is that Maeterlinck, who is living in France and writing steadily, is temporarily under an eclipse! One never sees or hears mention of his name. Perhaps it is because his best work was done so many years ago. It is forty years since he produced *"Pelléas et Mélisande,"* which with *"L'Intruse," "Les Aveugles," "Intérieur," "Soeur Béatrice," "Monna Vanna," "L'Oiseau Bleu,"* ought to give him a permanent place in literature. Was it a tactical error for him to write so many books on philosophy, mysticism, and natural history? On August 29 of this year he became seventy years old; that birthday should have been celebrated internationally.

Let me once more call the attention of all Scribnerians to the Loeb Classical Library. These books, handy in size, well printed on good paper, edited by Edward Capps, W. H. D. Rouse, and T. E. Page, bring to modern readers the whole range of Greek and Latin literature. The original Greek or Latin text is on the left, the English translation on the right. There must be thousands of men and women who studied at school or college either Latin or Greek or both, who cannot now read those languages, but who can refer the English words to the accompanying original. Then those who have never studied the classics, but do not wish to live and die in ignorance of Homer and Euripides and Plato and Virgil and Horace, have an unrivalled opportunity here to read these immortal works in an admirable modern English transla-

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tion, with the pleasure of possessing them in their original languages. These books ought to have a prodigious sale. They can of course be bought separately. Well over a hundred volumes have already appeared; among the latest are Plato's "Republic," translated by Professor Paul Shorey, Seneca's "Moral Essays" translated by Doctor Basore, the plays of Plautus translated by Dean Paul Nixon, the works of Chrysostom translated by Professor Cohoon, the works of Philo translated by Colson and Whitaker. It is difficult to praise too highly this splendid undertaking.

A new and completely revised edition of "Schopenhauer—His Life and Philosophy" by Helen Zimmern the Indefatigable, is a response to the steadily increasing interest in the work and personality of the most popular of modern metaphysicians. This little book is easier to read than to forget.

Helen Zimmern is eighty-six years old.

The extraordinary *sense of fact* which characterized Arnold Bennett appears on every page of his interesting journal. Never disillusioned yet always without illusions, he may not have seen life whole but he saw it steadily. He looked everything and everybody in the face; he was always aware of his own latitude and longitude. I believe that he could have made a more accurate appraisal of the calibre of a chance acquaintance than a professional psychiatrist. Nothing seemed to escape his sharp eyes. Why, then, out of the multitude of his productions, did he write only two first-rate novels—"The Old Wives' Tale" and "Riceyman Steps"? Perhaps he was always too busy; in his case leisure and even loafing might have been more productive than industry. I regard "Clayhanger" as a noble failure.

Among the most interesting passages are his comments on his contemporaries; although in 1909 he did not like "What Every Woman Knows" there are two earlier entries on Barrie which, in view of the fact that both of the works discussed seem to have become classics, are peculiarly interesting. In 1896 he wrote, after reading "Margaret Ogilvy,"

"This book is a picture of a grave, mighty passionate family of men and women. Instinctively, and all the time, I was comparing it with my own, and in particular comparing Margaret Ogilvy and J. M. Barrie with my mother and myself. Again and again, I had to acknowledge inferiority—inferiority of essential 'character,' apart from inessential talent—a lack of bigness, and a presence of certain littlenesses. Yet at the same time, I found us sturdy enough not to be ashamed of shortcomings. What we are, we are! 'I exist as I am, that is enough.' To hold such a creed Religiously is to be great."

In 1906:

"The same evening I took the Mater and Tertia and William to see *Peter Pan*. We all thought it a work of sheer genius. I regarded it as the finest modern work for the English stage."

In reading the second volume of Sir William Rothenstein's "Men and Memories" and revelling in the reminiscences and in the pictures, I was particularly pleased to see intimate references to a man for whom I have always had intellectual respect, and yet concerning whom I have found it difficult to obtain knowledge. This is George Calderon, an Englishman, son of a painter, who had spent two years in Russia, translated Chekhov, and wrote plays that had no popular success. I regard his Introduction to "Two Plays by Chekhov" as one of the most penetrating and brilliant pieces of literary criticism I know. Calderon was killed in the war—what was he doing there? He was nearly fifty years old. Well, his vivid personality appears in Rothenstein's book.

"Scholar, writer, athlete, politician, reformer, anti-suffragist, dramatist, above all else Calderon loved discussion . . . he annoyed Conrad; and he failed to arouse any response in A. E. Housman. I remember how Calderon, after meeting Housman at our house, remarked, as I accompanied him downstairs: 'Well, William, so far from believing that man wrote *The Shropshire Lad*, I shouldn't even have thought him capable of reading it!' "

In inviting Mr. and Mrs. Rothenstein to dinner, Calderon wrote,

"Dinner will be of two kinds, something very simple and harmless for Rothenstein; and something rich and harmful for you."

Another Master of Autobiography is the English novelist Maurice Baring, whose "Puppet Show of Memory" is one of my favorite books. Now appears "Lost Lectures, or The Fruits of Experience," a diverting series of recollections, covering school-days, university life, a diplomatic career, the stage, music, etc. As it is quite the fashion to look back with disgust on one's days in school and to represent the atmosphere there as barbaric, cruel, and stupid, the loyal strain in Mr. Baring's temperament comes as a refreshing change:

"I cannot deal with the experiences of others. I can only deal with my own. I haven't the slightest pretence of impartiality, nor the slightest desire to see the question steadily, and, seeing it whole, I am a violent, an unblushing, and unrepentant partisan. About my own experiences and my own feelings with regard to Eton I have no doubt whatsoever. I enjoyed Eton wholeheartedly and unreservedly: I enjoyed it all from the first to the last moment. If I had my life to live over again, I should like all that piece back with nothing left out. . . . I do not want Harrow to win the Eton and Harrow match either this year, next year or ever. I do not believe that any other school is as good as Eton —not nearly as good. I do not believe that Eton is quite different now from what it used to be. I believe that Eton is just the same; but even if she is not, even if she has changed for the worse, I believe her to be better than any other school."

While Mr. Charles Morgan holds the blue-ribbon among English-writing drama critics, being firststring on the London *Times*, his real ambition—to be a novelist—has already been attained. All he has to do now is to write "bigger and better" books. "The Fountain" is a best-seller and deserves its success, more because of its admirable prose style than for any other reason. The Dutch and German gentlemen seem to me not only better drawn, but better men than the English. The British hero is something of a prig; the German military officer is almost too high-minded, almost too unselfish. The Dutch nobleman, the Head of the House, is magnificently portrayed and is every inch an aristocrat. The heroine is in no way remarkable except for her physical beauty and charm, which glow through the pages. There is much serious and solid thought, and the author writes with

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soberness of mind. It is perhaps a tribute not only to the author, but to the American public, that this book is enjoying such a wide circulation. But I think the hero did not choose the right path to overcome the world; and I believe at the end of the book he was farther from his goal than ever.

Willa Cather's three stories in one book, "Obscure Destinies," reveal not only the delicacy and precision of her art, but her increasing sympathy with humanity. She has travelled a long way since "A Lost Lady." America has every reason to be proud of her; because, although she has attempted many different styles of composition, she has excelled in them all. I like her "quiet" books best.

"I Cover the Waterfront" is by a young California journalist, which ought to make his particular newspaper raise his salary. He is interested in everything human, and finds exhibits of human nature within his daily beat. He has a dramatic method of presentation which excites the attention of the reader. These sketches are so good as fully to deserve their preservation in book form. But they have potential rather than finished excellence. The author, who has the root of the matter in him, will write better when he is less occupied with his own consciousness. I am not trying to be patronizing; this is good work and I humbly salute it. But the too common American attitude of irony blurs what ought to be a pure objective image.

Books on Russia appear every week. The Great Experiment needs no advertising—Russia no longer requires a publicity agent. But we should like to know what is going on—is she leading the vanguard of civilization, making a hard road smooth for Great Britain and the United States? or is she giving us an equally valuable lesson in how not to do it? In any case, the more we know of her actual condition the better for us.

Isaac Don Levine, who knows Russia and Russian, and who has already written valuable contributions on the subject, has produced a new book, short in size, well illustrated with pictures, full of information that will be new to many readers, and disconcerting to Russian optimism. A book like this is more damaging to Russian prestige than conservative propaganda. Its name is "Red Smoke" and it points out ruthlessly the natural facts that stand in the way of Russia's success.

"Russia's outstanding source of energy is her man power. But an industrial civilization is predicated upon substituting for the primitive power of man that of the machine, and upon the equipment of a country and a population with mechanical men and horses. The man power of China, the man power of India, is greater than that of Russia. Man power in industrial terms is a source of poverty. Man power without mineral power condemns Russia to remain an agricultural country, with a constantly declining standard of living so long as her birth rate continues to rise."

How deficient is Russia in mineral power and in other natural resources? Wouldn't you believe she had enough *wood?* Read Mr. Levine's book and think it over.

For tourists who expect to travel in Russia, and for those who wish to begin a systematic course of reading on contemporary Russia, I recommend "This is Russia," by George Earle Raiguel and William Kistler Huff. It is a volume of over 430 pages, copiously illustrated by photographs—there are more than seventy-five pictures. A historical background is given, a brief history of Russian literature, and then practically a diary of what our two visitors saw—largely in Leningrad and Moscow. The difficulties that the American tourist will encounter are fairly presented, lack of luxuries, expenses, etc. But our two pilgrims evidently were profoundly interested in everything, and enjoyed their journey. They write without prejudice.

All who have a particular interest in eighteenth-century English literature, and especially lovers of Parson Woodforde, will enjoy reading a little book by the editor of that great Diary—John Beresford. "Mr. Du Quesne and Other Essays" has one hundred pages on the Reverend Mr. Du Quesne, friend and correspondent of the Diarist; and a second hundred on Thomas Gray, and other persons. The first sentence strikes the keynote of the book: "Bridle-paths have always had a peculiar fascination for me." Mr. Beresford combines accurate scholarship, impeccable taste, humor, and a quiet, unassuming reverence for things of good report. I highly recommend it as a bed book.

Of the new "Modern Writers Series," edited by Thomas Moult, six volumes have appeared, on George Moore, by Humbert Wolfe, on Alfred Noyes, André Maurois, William H. Davies, James Joyce, and W. B. Yeats. Mr. Wolfe's book is entertaining, as anything on Moore ought to be; but it is somewhat overwritten. The Bibliographies in this series are useful.

Two new volumes in "The Open-Air Library" are selections from Turgenev's "A Sportsman's Sketches" in the admirable translation of Constance Garnett, and "Nature in Downland and An Old Thorn" by W. H. Hudson.

In the early years of the twentieth century, James Douglas, the London critic, announced "Browning will die, even as Donne is dead." In1918 I stated "at this moment the influence of Donne is wider than at any time since the mid-seventeenth century." And since 1918 every year has seen an increase in his popularity. One of the most interesting books about Donne and his genius is "A Garland for John Donne," edited by Theodore Spencer, and containing essays by T. S. Eliot and others.

Of the new murder-stories, I especially commend two: "Keeper of the Keys" by the reliable Earl D. Biggers, and "Laughing Death" by Walter C. Brown.

To those who expect to be in Athens before another summer, I recommend a first-rate physician and a first-rate dentist, both of whom speak English. The physician is Doctor Lorando; the dentist is Doctor Krikos.

To be absorbed in one line of thought is not necessarily the sign of an active or spacious mind. When George Santayana and I were gazing at the brown bears in the Roman Zoo, there was one who remained motionless except that his head kept swinging back and forth; he was doing this when we arrived, and although we stayed a long while, he was doing it when we left. "He has an *idée fixe,*" said Mr. Santayana.

The completion of "Everyman's Encyclopædia" in twelve small volumes is another triumph of modern publishing. Taking up comparatively little room on

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a bookshelf, they provide enormous and varied information.

Recently admitted to the Fano Club are Miss Nettie L. Whitney of Hartford, Conn., Marie G. Phillips and Virginia Phillips, of Dorchester, Mass.

The death of Arthur Scribner removed a publisher who maintained the highest standards of a great profession and a man for whom every one who had the good fortune to know him felt the warmest affection. I had a long talk with him only a few weeks before the end and I shall always remember it.

NAMES OF BOOKS MENTIONED WITH THEIR PUBLISHERS

"I Cover the Waterfront," by Max Miller. Dutton. $2.
"Red Smoke," by I. D. Levine. McBride. $2.
"This Is Russia," by Raiguel and Huff. Penn. $5.
"Schopenhauer," by Helen Zimmern. Scribners. $1.75.
"Journal," by Arnold Bennet. Viking. $4.
"Men and Memories," Vol. 2. By Rothenstein. Coward McCann. $5.
"Lost Lectures," by M. Baring. Knopf. $3.
"The Fountain," by Charles Morgan. Knopf. $2.50.
"Obscure Destinies," by Willa Cather. Knopf. $2.
Loeb Classical Library. Putnam.
"Mr. Du Quesne and Other Essays," by Beresford. Oxford. $1.75.
"George Moore," by H. Wolfe. Oxford. $1.50.
"My Paris," by A. K. Griggs. Dial. $4.
"A Sportsman's Sketches," by Turgenev. Dutton. $1.75.
"A Garland for John Donne," ed. Spencer. Harvard. $2.50.
"Keeper of the Keys," by Biggers. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.
"Laughing Death," by W. C. Brown. Lippincott. $2.
"Nature in Downland," by Hudson. Dutton. $1.75.

FLOWERING WILDERNESS

Continued from page 204

XV

When Dinny opened her eyes on the morning after she had told her father, she could not remember what her trouble was. Realisation caused her to sit up with a feeling of terror. Suppose Wilfrid ran away from it all, back to the East or further! He well might and think he was doing it for her sake.

'I can't wait till Thursday,' she thought: 'I must go up. If only I had money, in case—!' She rummaged out her trinkets and took hasty stock of them. The two gentlemen of South Molton Street! In the matter of Jean's emerald pendant they had behaved beautifully. She made a little parcel of her pledgeable ornaments, reserving the two or three she normally wore. There were none of much value, and to get a hundred pounds on them, she felt, would strain the benevolence of South Molton Street.

At breakfast they all behaved as if nothing had happened. So, then, they all knew the worst!

'Playing the angel!' she thought.

When her father announced that he was going up to Town, she said she would come with him.

He looked at her, rather like a monkey questioning man's right not to be one too. Why had she never before noticed that his brown eyes could have that flickering mournfulness?

"Very well," he said.

"Shall I drive you?" asked Jean.

"Thankfully accepted," murmured Dinny.

Nobody said a word on the subject occupying all their thoughts.

In the open car she sat beside her father. The may-blossom, rather late, was at its brightest, and its scent qualified the frequent drifts of petrol fume. The sky had the high brooding gray of rain withheld. Their road passed over the Chilterns, through Hampden, Great Missenden, Chalfont, and Chorley Wood; land so English that no one, suddenly awakened, could at any moment of the drive have believed he was in any other country. It was a drive Dinny never tired of; but to-day the spring green and brightness of the may and apple bloom, the windings and divings through old villages, could not deflect her attention from the impassive figure by whom she sat. She knew instinctively that he was going to try and see Wilfrid, and, if so—she was, too. But when he talked it was of India. And when she talked it was of birds. And Jean drove furiously and never looked behind her. Not till they were in the Finchley Road did the General say:

"Where d'you want to be set down, Dinny?"

"Mount Street."

"You're staying up, then?"

"Yes, till Friday."

"We'll drop you and I'll go on to my Club. You'll drive me back this evening, Jean?"

Jean nodded without turning and slid between two vermilion-coloured 'buses, so that two drivers simultaneously used a qualitative word.

Dinny was in a ferment of thought. Dared she telephone Stack to ring her up when her father came? If so, she could time her visit to the minute. Dinny was of those who at once establish liaison with 'staff.' She could not help herself to a potato without unconsciously conveying to the profferer that she was interested in his personality. She always said 'Thank you,' and rarely passed from the presence without having made some remark which betrayed common humanity. She had only seen Stack three times, but she knew he felt that she was a human being, even if she did not come from Barnstaple. She mentally reviewed his no longer youthful figure, his monastic face, black-haired and large-nosed, with eyes full of expression, his curly mouth at once judgmatic and benevolent. He moved upright and almost at a trot. She had seen him look at her as if saying to himself: 'If this is to be our fate, could I do with it? I could.' He was, she felt, permanently devoted to Wilfrid. She determined to risk it. When they drove away from her at Mount Street, she thought: 'I hope I shall never be a father!'

"Can I telephone, Blore?"

"Certainly, Miss."

She gave Wilfrid's number.

"Is that Stack? Miss Cherrell speaking . . . Would you do me a little favour? My father is going to see Mr. Desert to-day, General Sir Conway Cherrell; I don't know at what time, but I want to come myself while he's there. . . . Could you ring me up here as soon as he arrives, then? I'll wait in . . . Thank you so very much . . . Is

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Mr. Desert well? . . . Don't tell him or my father, please, that I'm coming. Thank you ever so!"

'Now,' she thought, 'unless I've misread Dad! There's a picture gallery opposite, I shall be able to see him leave from the window of it.'

No call came before lunch, which she had with her aunt.

"Your uncle has seen Jack Muskham," said Lady Mont, in the middle of lunch; "Royston, you know; and he brought back the other one, just like a monkey—they won't say anything. But Michael says he mustn't, Dinny."

"Mustn't what, Aunt Em?"

"Publish that poem."

"Oh! but he will."

"Why? Is it good?"

"The best he has ever written."

"So unnecessary."

"Wilfrid isn't ashamed, Aunt Em."

"Such a bore for you, I do think. I suppose one of those companionable marriages wouldn't do, would it?"

"I'm surprised at you, dear."

"Until death—it's a long time—and so much in between. Still, there's our name. And things get about so. I should hate you to get into the papers, Dinny."

"Not more than I should myself, Auntie."

"Fleur got into the papers, libellin'."

"I remember."

"What's that thing that comes back and hits you by mistake?"

"A boomerang?"

"I knew it was Australian. Why do they have an accent like that?"

"Really I don't know, darling."

"And marsupials? Blore, Miss Dinny's glass."

"No more, thank you, Aunt Em. And may I get down?"

"Let's both get down"; and, getting up, Lady Mont regarded her niece with her head on one side: "Deep breathin' and carrots to cool the blood. Why gulfstream, Dinny? What gulf is that?"

"Mexico, dear."

"The eels come from there, I was readin'. Are you goin' out?"

"I'm waiting for a 'phone call."

"When they say tr-r-roubled, it hurts my teeth. Nice girls, I'm sure. Coffee?"

"Yes, *please!*"

"It does. One comes together like a puddin' after it."

Dinny thought: 'Aunt Em always sees more than one thinks.'

"Bein' in love," continued Lady Mont, "is worse in the country—there's the cuckoo. They don't have it in America, somebody said. Perhaps they don't fall in love there. Your uncle'll know. He came back with a story about a poppa at Nooport. For that you *must* fall in love. At least, it used to be so. I feel other people's insides," continued her aunt, uncannily: "Where's your father gone?"

"To his Club."

"Did you tell him, Dinny?"

"Yes."

"You're his favourite."

"Oh! no, Clare."

"Fiddle!"

"Did the course of your love run smooth, Aunt Em?"

"I had a good figure," replied her aunt; "too much, perhaps; we had then. Lawrence was my first."

"Really?"

"Except for choir-boys and our groom, and a soldier or two. There was a little Captain with a black moustache. Inconsiderate, when one's fourteen."

"I suppose your 'wooing' was very decorous?"

"No; your uncle was passionate. Ninety-one. There'd been no rain for thirty years."

"No such rain?"

"No! No rain at all—I forget where. There's the telephone!"

Dinny reached the 'phone just in front of the butler.

"It'll be for me, Blore, thank you."

She took up the receiver with a shaking hand.

"Yes? . . . I see . . . thank you, Stack . . . thank you very much . . . Will you get me a taxi, Blore?"

She directed the taxi to the gallery opposite Wilfrid's rooms, bought a catalogue, and went upstairs to the window. Here, under pretext of minutely examining Number 35, called 'Rhythm,' a misnomer so far as she could see, she kept watch on the door opposite. Her father could not already have left Wilfrid, for it was only seven minutes from the telephone call. Very soon, however, she saw him issuing from the door, and watched him down the street. His head was bent and he shook it once or twice; she could not see his face, but she could picture its expression.

'Gnawing his moustache,' she thought; 'poor Dad!'

The moment he rounded the corner she ran down, slipped across the street and up the first flight. Outside Wilfrid's door she stood with her hand raised to the bell. Then she rang.

"Am I too late, Stack?"

"The General's just gone, Miss."

"Oh! May I see Mr. Desert? Don't announce me."

"No, Miss," said Stack. Had she ever seen eyes more full of understanding?

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door. Wilfrid was standing at the hearth with his head bent down on his folded arms. She stole silently up, waiting for him to realise her presence.

Suddenly he threw his head up, and saw her.

"Darling!" said Dinny, "so sorry for startling you!" And she tilted her head, with lips a little parted, and throat exposed, watching the struggle on his face.

He succumbed and kissed her.

"Dinny, your father——"

"I know. I saw him go. 'Mr. Desert, I believe! My daughter has told me of an engagement, and—er—your position. I—er—have come about that. You have—er—considered what will happen when your—er—escapade out there becomes—er—known. My daughter is of age, she can please herself, but we are all extremely fond of her, and I think you will agree that in the face of such an—er—scandal it would be wholly wrong on your part—er—to consider yourself engaged to her at present.'"

"Almost exact."

"And you answered?"

"I'd think it over. He's perfectly right."

"He is perfectly wrong. I have told you before, 'Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds.' Michael thinks you ought not to publish 'The Leopard.'"

"I must. I want it off my chest. When I'm not with you I'm hardly sane."

"I know! But, darling, those two are not going to say anything: need it ever come out? Things that don't come out quickly often don't come out at all. Why go to meet trouble?"

"It isn't that. It's some damned fear in me that I *was* yellow. I want the whole thing out. Then, yellow or not, I can hold my head up. Don't you see, Dinny?"

She did see. The look on his face was

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enough. 'It's my business,' she thought, 'to feel as he does, whatever I think; only so can I help him; perhaps only so can I keep him.'

"I understand, perfectly. Michael's wrong. We'll face the music, and our heads shall be 'bloody but unbowed.' But we won't be 'captains of our souls,' whatever happens."

And, having got him to smile, she drew him down beside her. After that long close silence, she opened her eyes with the slow look all women know how to give.

"To-morrow is Thursday, Wilfrid. Will you mind if we drop in on Uncle Adrian on the way home? He's on our side. And about our engagement, we can say we aren't engaged, and *be* all the same. Good-bye, my love!"

Down in the vestibule by the front door as she was opening it, Stack's voice said:

"Excuse me, Miss."

"Yes?"

"I've been with Mr. Desert a long time, and I've been thinking. You're engaged to him, if I don't mistake, Miss?"

"Yes and no, Stack. I hope to marry him, however."

"Quite, Miss. And a good thing, too, if you'll excuse me. Mr. Desert is a sudden gentleman, and I was thinking if we were in leeaison, as you might say, it'd be for his good."

"I quite agree; that's why I rang you up this morning."

"I've seen many young ladies in my time, but never one I'd rather he married, Miss, which is why I've taken the liberty."

Dinny held out her hand. "I'm terribly glad you did; it's just what I wanted; because things are difficult, and going to be more so, I'm afraid."

Having polished his hand, Stack took hers, and they exchanged a rather convulsive squeeze.

"I know there's something on his mind," he said. "That's not my business. But I have known him to take very sudden decisions. And if you were to give me your telephone numbers, Miss, I might be of service to you both."

Dinny wrote them down. "This is the town one at my uncle's, Sir Lawrence Mont's, in Mount Street; and this is my country one at Condaford Grange in Oxfordshire. One or the other is almost sure to find me. And thank you ever so. It takes a load off my mind."

"And off mine, Miss. Mr. Desert has every call on me. And I want the best for him. He's not everybody's money, but he's mine."

"And mine, Stack."

"I won't bandy compliments, Miss, but he'll be a lucky one, if you'll excuse me."

Dinny smiled. "No, I shall be the lucky one. Good-bye, and thank you again."

She went away, treading, so to speak, on Cork Street. She had an ally in the lion's mouth; a spy in the friend's camp; a faithful traitor! Thus mixing her metaphors she scurried back to her aunt's house. Her father would almost certainly go there before returning to Condaford.

Seeing his unmistakable old 'bowler' in the hall, she took the precaution of removing her own hat before going to the drawing room. He was talking to her aunt, and they stopped as she came in. Every one would always stop now, as she came in! Looking at them with quiet directness she sat down.

The General's eyes met hers.

"I've been to see Mr. Desert, Dinny."

"I know, dear. He is thinking it over. We shall wait till every one knows, anyway."

The General moved uneasily.

"And if it is any satisfaction to you, we are not formally engaged."

The General gave her a slight bow, and Dinny turned to her aunt, who was fanning a pink face with a piece of lilac-coloured blotting paper.

There was a silence, then the General said:

"When are you going to Lippinghall, Em?"

"Next week," replied Lady Mont, "or is it the week after? Lawrence knows. I'm showin' two gardeners at the Chelsea Flower Show. Boswell and Johnson, Dinny."

"Oh! Are they still with you?"

"More so. Con, you ought to grow pestifera—no, that's not the name—that hairy anemone thing."

"Pulsatilla, Auntie."

"Charmin' flowers. They want lime."

"We're short of lime at Condaford," said the General, "as you ought to know, Em."

"Our azaleas were a dream this year, Aunt Em."

Lady Mont put down the blotting paper.

"I've been tellin' your father, Dinny."

"Thank you, dear."

"That it's no good fussin' you."

Dinny, watching her father's glum face, said: "Do you know that nice shop in Bond Street, Auntie, where they make animals? I got a lovely little Vixen and her cubs there to make Dad like foxes better."

"Huntin'," said Lady Mont, and sighed: "When they get up chimneys, it's rather touchin'."

"Even Dad doesn't like digging out, or stopping earths, do you, Dad?"

"N-no!" said the General, "on the whole, no!"

"Bloodin' children, too," said Lady Mont; "I saw you blooded, Con."

"Messy job, and quite unnecessary! Only the old raw-hide school go in for it now."

"He looked so nasty, Dinny."

"Yes, you haven't got the face for it, Dad. It wants one of those snub-nosed, red-haired, freckled boys, that like killing for the sake of killing."

The General rose.

"I must be going back to the Club. Jean picks me up there. When shall we see you, Dinny? Your mother—" and he stopped.

"Aunt Em's keeping me till Saturday."

The General nodded. He suffered his sister's and daughter's kiss with a face that seemed to say, 'Yes—but——'

From the window Dinny watched his figure moving down the street, and her heart twitched.

"Your father!" said her aunt's voice behind her: "All this is very wearin'!"

"I think it's very dear of Dad not to have mentioned the fact that I'm dependent on him."

"Con *is* a dear," said Lady Mont; "he said the young man was respectful. Who was it said: 'Garoo—garoo'?"

"Lewis Carroll."

"That's what I feel."

Dinny turned from the window.

"Auntie! I don't feel the same being at all as I did two weeks ago. I'm utterly changed. Then I didn't seem to have any desires; now I'm all one desire, and I don't seem to care whether I'm decent or not. Don't say Epsom salts!"

Lady Mont patted her arm.

"'Honour thy father and thy moth-

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er,' " she said; "but then there was 'Forsake all and follow me'—you can't tell."

"I can," said Dinny. "Do you know what I'm hoping now? That everything will come out to-morrow. If it did, we could be married at once."

"Let's have some tea, Dinny. Blore, tea! Indian and strong!"

XVI

Dinny took her lover to Adrian's door at the Museum the next day, and left him there. Looking round at his tall, hatless, girt-in figure, she saw him give a violent shiver. But he smiled, and even at that distance she felt the beauty of his eyes.

Adrian, already warned, received the young man with what he stigmatised to himself as 'morbid curiosity,' and placed him at once in mental apposition to Dinny. A curiously diverse couple they would make! Yet, with a perception not perhaps unconnected with the custody of skeletons, he had a feeling that his niece was not physically in error. This was a figure that could well stand or lie beside her. Its stringy grace and bony gallantry accorded with her style and slenderness; and the darkened face, with its drawn and bitter lines, had eyes which even Adrian, who had all the public-school-man's impatience of male film stars, could see would be attractive to the female gender. Bones broke the ice to some degree; and over the identity of a supposed Hittite in moderate preservation they became almost cordial. Places and people whom they had both seen in strange conditions were a further incentive to human feeling. But not till he had taken up his hat to go, did Wilfrid say suddenly:

"Well, Mr. Cherrell, what would *you* do?"

Adrian, who was locking up, halted and considered his questioner with narrowed eyes.

"I'm a poor hand at advice, but Dinny is a precious baggage——"

"She is."

Adrian bent and shut the door of a cabinet.

"This morning," he said, "I watched a solitary ant in my bath-room, trying to make its way and find out about things. I'm sorry to say I dropped some ashes from my pipe on it to see what it would do. Providence all over—always dropping ashes from its pipe on us to observe the result. I've been in several minds, but I've come to the conclusion that if you're really in love with Dinny—" The convulsive movement of Wilfrid's body ended in the tight clenching of his hands on his hat—"as I see you are, and as I know her to be with you, then stand fast and work your way with her through the ashes. She'd rather be in the cart with you than in a Pullman with the rest of us. I believe," and Adrian's face was illuminated by earnestness, "that she is one of those of whom it is not yet written, 'and they twain shall be one *spirit.*' " The young man's face quivered. 'Genuine!' he thought.

"So think first of her, but not in the 'I love you so that nothing will induce me to marry you' fashion. Do what she wants—when she wants it—she's not unreasonable. And I don't believe honestly that you'll either of you regret it."

Desert took a step towards him, and Adrian could see that he was intensely moved. But he mastered all expression, save a little jerky smile, made a movement of one hand, turned, and went out.

Adrian continued to shut the doors of cupboards that contained bones. 'That,' he was thinking, 'is the most difficult, and in some ways the most beautiful face I've seen. The spirit walks upon its waters and is often nearly drowned. I wonder if that advice was criminal, because for some reason or other I believe he's going to take it.' And he returned to the reading of a geographical magazine which Wilfrid's visit had interrupted. It contained a spirited account of an Indian tribe on the Amazon which had succeeded, even without the aid of American engineers at capitalistic salaries, in perfecting the Communistic ideal. None of them, apparently, owned anything. Their whole lives, including the processes of nature, were passed in the public eye. They wore no clothes, they had no laws; their only punishment, something in connection with red ants, was inflicted for the only offence, that of keeping anything to themselves. They lived on the cassava root variegated with monkey, and were the ideal community!

'A wonderful instance,' thought Adrian, 'of how the life of man runs in cycles. For the last twenty thousand years we've been trying, as we thought, to improve on the form of existence practised by these Indians, only to find it re-introduced as the perfect form of life.'

He sat for some time with a smile biting deep into the folds about his mouth. Doctrinaires, extremists! That Arab who put a pistol to young Desert's head was a symbol of the most mischievous trait in human nature! Ideas and creeds, what were they but half truths, only useful in so far as they helped to keep life balanced. The geographical magazine slipped off his knee.

He stopped on the way home in the garden of his square to feel the sun on his cheek and listen to a blackbird. He had all he wanted in life; the woman he loved, fair health, a fair salary—seven hundred a year and the prospect of a pension—two adorable children, not his own, so that he was free from the misgivings of more normal parents; an absorbing job, a love of nature, and another thirty years, perhaps, before him. 'If at this moment,' he thought, 'someone put a pistol to my head and said: "Adrian Cherrell, renounce Christianity or out go your brains!" should I say with Clive in India: "Shoot and be damned!" ' And he could not answer. The blackbird continued to sing, the young leaves to twitter in the breeze, the sun to warm his cheek, and life to be desirable in the quiet of that one-time fashionable square. . . .

Dinny, when she left those two on the verge of acquaintanceship, had paused, in two minds and then gone north to St. Augustine's-in-the-Meads. Her instinct was to sap the opposition of the outlying portions of her family, so as to isolate the defences of her immediate people. She moved towards the heart of practical Christianity with a certain rather fearful exhilaration.

Her Aunt May was in the act of dispensing tea to two young ex-Collegians, before their departure to a club where they superintended the skittles, chess, draughts and ping-pong of the neighbourhood.

"If you want Hilary, Dinny, he had two committees, but they might collapse because he's almost the whole of both."

"You and Uncle know about me, I suppose?"

Mrs. Hilary nodded. She was looking very fresh in a sprigged dress.

"Would you mind telling me what Uncle feels about it?"

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"I'd rather leave that to him, Dinny. We neither of us remember Mr. Desert very well."

"People who don't know him well will always misjudge him. But neither you nor Uncle care what other people think." She said this with a guileless expression which by no means deceived Mrs. Hilary, accustomed to Women's Institutes.

"We're neither of us very orthodox, as you know, Dinny, but we do both of us believe very deeply in what Christianity stands for, and it's no good pretending we don't."

Dinny thought a moment.

"Is that more than gentleness and courage and self-sacrifice, and must one be a Christian to have those?"

"I'd rather not talk about it. I should be sorry to say anything that would put me in a position different from Hilary's."

"Auntie, how model of you!"

Mrs. Hilary smiled. And Dinny knew that judgment in this quarter was definitely reserved.

She waited, talking of other things, till Hilary came in. He was looking pale and worried. Her aunt gave him tea, passed a hand over his forehead, and went out.

Hilary drank off his tea and filled his pipe with a knot of tobacco screwed up in a circular paper.

"Why Corporations, Dinny? Why not three doctors, three engineers, three architects, an adding machine, and a man of imagination to work it and keep them straight?"

"Are you in trouble, Uncle?"

"Yes, gutting houses on an overdraft is ageing enough, without corporational red tape."

Looking at his worn but smiling face, Dinny thought: 'I can't bother him with my little affairs.' "You and Aunt May couldn't spare time, I suppose, to come to the Chelsea Flower Show on Tuesday?"

"My goodness," said Hilary, sticking one end of a match into the centre of the knob and lighting it with the other end, "how I would love to stand in a tent and smell azaleas!"

"We thought of going at one o'clock, so as to avoid the worst of the crush. Aunt Em would send for you."

"Can't promise, so don't send. If we're not at the main entrance at one, you'll know that Providence has intervened. And now, what about you? Adrian has told me."

"I don't want to bother you, Uncle."

Hilary's shrewd blue eyes almost disappeared. He expelled a cloud of smoke.

"Nothing that concerns you will bother me, my dear, except in so far as it's going to hurt you. I suppose you *must,* Dinny?"

"Yes, I must."

Hilary sighed.

"In that case it remains to make the best of it. But the world loves the martyrdom of others, I'm afraid he'll have a bad Press, as they say."

"I'm sure he will."

"I can only just remember him, as a rather tall scornful young man in a buff waistcoat. Has he lost the scorn?"

Dinny smiled.

"It's not the side I see much of at present."

"I sincerely trust," said Hilary, "that he has not what they call devouring passions."

"Not so far as I have observed."

"I mean, Dinny, that once that type has eaten its cake, it shows all the old Adam with a special virulence. Do you get me?"

"Yes. But I believe it's a 'marriage of true minds' with us."

"Then, my dear, God's speed. Only, when people begin to throw bricks, don't resent it. You're doing this with your eyes open, and you'll have no right to. Harder to bear than having your own toe trodden on, is seeing one you love batted over the head. So catch hold of yourself hard at the start, and go on catching hold, or you'll make it worse for him. If I'm not wrong, Dinny, you can get very hot about things."

"I'll try not to. When Wilfrid's book of poems comes out, I want you to read one called 'The Leopard,' it gives his state of mind about the whole thing."

"Oh!" said Hilary, blankly. "Justification? That's a mistake."

"That's what Michael says. I don't know whether it is or not; I think in the end—not. Anyway it's coming out."

"There beginneth a real dog-fight. 'Turn the other cheek' and 'too proud to fight' would have been better left unsaid. All the same, it's asking for trouble, and that's all about it."

"I can't help it, Uncle."

"I realise that, Dinny; it's when I think of the number of things you won't be able to help that I feel so blue. And what about Condaford? Is it going to cut you off from that?"

"People do come round, except in novels; and even there they have to in the end, or else die, so that the heroine may be happy. Will you say a word for us to Father if you see him, Uncle?"

"No, Dinny. An elder brother never forgets how superior he was to you when he was big and you were not."

Dinny rose.

"Well, Uncle; thank you ever so for not believing in damnation, and even more for not saying so. I shall remember all you've said. Tuesday, one o'clock at the main entrance; and don't forget to eat something first, it's a very tiring business, flower-show people always seem so plain."

When she had gone Hilary refilled his pipe.

'"And even more for not saying so!"' he repeated in thought. 'That young woman can be caustic. I wonder how often I say things I don't mean in the course of my professional duties.' And, seeing his wife in the doorway, he added:

"May, would you say I was a humbug—professionally?"

"Yes, dear. How could it be otherwise?"

"The forms a parson uses aren't broad enough to cover the variations of human nature? But I don't see how they could be. Would you like to go to the Chelsea Flower Show on Tuesday?"

Mrs. Hilary, thinking: 'Dinny might have asked *me,*' replied cheerfully: "Very much."

"Let's try and arrange so that we can get there at one o'clock."

"Did you talk to her about her affair?"

"Yes."

"Is she immovable?"

"Quite."

Mrs. Hilary sighed. "It's an awful pity. Do you think a man could ever live that down?"

"Twenty years ago I should have said 'No.' Now I'm not sure. It seems a queer thing to say, but it's not the really religious people who'll matter."

"Why?"

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"Because they won't come across them. It's the army and Empire people, and Englishmen overseas, whom they will come across continually. The hub of unforgiveness is in her own family to start with. It's the yellow label. The gum they use putting that on is worse than the patent brand of any hotel that wants to advertise itself."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Hilary, "what the children would say about it."

"Queer that we don't know."

"We know less about our children than any of their friends do. Were we like that to our elders, I wonder?"

"My elders looked on us as biological specimens; they had us at an angle, and knew quite a lot about us. We've tried to put ourselves on a level with our youngsters, elder brother and sister business, and we don't know a thing. We've missed the one knowledge, and haven't got the other. A bit humiliating, but they're a decent crowd. It's not the young people I'm afraid of in Dinny's business, it's those who've had experience of the value of English prestige, and they'll be justified; and those who like to think he's done a thing they wouldn't have done themselves—and they won't be justified a bit."

"I think Dinny's over-estimating her strength, Hilary."

"No woman really in love could do otherwise. To find out whether she is or not will be her job. Well, she won't rust."

"You speak as if you rather liked it."

"The milk is spilled, and it's no good worrying. Let's get down to the wording of that new appeal. There's going to be a bad trade slump. Just our luck! All the people who've got money will be sticking to it."

"I wish people wouldn't be less extravagant when times are bad. It only means less work still. The shopkeepers are moaning about that already."

Hilary reached for a notebook and began writing. His wife looked over his shoulder presently and read:

"To all whom it may concern:

"And whom does it not concern that there should be in our midst thousands of people so destitute from birth to death of the bare necessities of life, that they don't know what real cleanliness, real health, real fresh air, real good food is?"

"One real will cover the lot, dear."

XVII

Arriving at the Chelsea Flower Show, Lady Mont said thoughtfully: "I'm meetin' Boswell and Johnson at the calceolarias, Dinny. What a crowd!"

"Yes, and all plain. Do they come because they're yearning for beauty they haven't got?"

"I can't get Boswell and Johnson to yearn. There's Hilary! He's had that suit ten years. Take this and run for tickets, or he'll try and pay."

With a five pound note Dinny slid towards the wicket, avoiding her uncle's eyes. She secured four tickets, and turned smiling.

"I saw you being a serpent," he said: "Where are we going first? Azaleas. I like to be thoroughly sensual at a flower show."

Lady Mont's deliberate presence caused a little swirl in the traffic, while her eyes from under slightly drooped lids took in the appearance of the people selected, as it were, to show off flowers.

The tent they entered was warm with humanity and perfume, though the day was damp and cool. The ingenious beauty of each group of blossoms was being digested by variegated types of human beings linked only by that mysterious air of kinship which comes from attachment to the same pursuit. This was the great army of flower-raisers—growers of primulas in pots, of nasturtiums, gladioli and flags in back London gardens, of stocks, hollyhocks and sweet williams in little provincial plots; the gardeners of larger grounds; the owners of hothouses and places where experiments are made—but not many of these, for they had already passed through or would come later. All moved with a prying air, as if marking down their own next ventures; and alongside the nurserymen would stop and engage as if making bets. And the subdued murmur of voices, cockneyfied, countrified, cultivated, all commenting on flowers, formed a hum like that of bees, if not so pleasing. This subdued expression of a national passion, walled-in by canvas, together with the scent of the flowers, exercised on Dinny a hypnotic effect, so that she moved from one brilliant planted posy to another, silent and with her slightly upturned nose twitching delicately.

Her aunt's voice roused her:

"There they are!" she said, pointing with her chin.

Dinny saw two men standing so still that she wondered if they had forgotten why they had come. One had a reddish moustache and sad cow-like eyes; the other looked like a bird with a game wing; their clothes were stiff with Sundays. They were not talking, nor looking at the flowers, but as if placed there by Providence without instructions.

"Which is Boswell, Auntie?"

"No moustache," said Lady Mont; "Johnson has the green hat. He's deaf. So like them."

She moved towards them, and Dinny heard her say: "Ah!"

The two gardeners rubbed their hands on the sides of their trousered legs, but did not speak.

"Enjoyin' it?" she heard her aunt say. Their lips moved, but no sound came forth that she could catch. The one she had called Boswell lifted his cap and scratched his head. Her aunt was pointing now at the calceolarias, and suddenly the one in the green hat began to speak. He spoke so that, as Dinny could see, not even her aunt could hear a word, but his speech went on and on and seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction. Every now and then she heard her aunt say: "Ah!" But Johnson went on. He stopped suddenly, her aunt said: "Ah!" again, and came back to her.

"What was he saying?" asked Dinny.

"No," said Lady Mont, "not a word. You can't. But it's good for him." She waved her hand to the two gardeners, who were again standing without sign of life, and led the way.

They passed into the rose tent now, and Dinny looked at her watch. She had appointed to meet Wilfrid at the entrance of it.

She cast a hurried look back. There he was! She noted that Hilary was following his nose, Aunt May following Hilary, Aunt Em talking to a nurseryman. Screened by a prodigious group of 'K. of Ks.' she skimmed over to the entrance, and, with her hands in Wilfrid's, forgot entirely where she was.

"Are you feeling strong, darling? Aunt Em is here, and my Uncle Hilary and his wife. I should so like them to know you, because they all count in our equation."

He seemed to her at that moment like a highly-strung horse asked to

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face something it has not faced before.

"If you wish, Dinny."

They found Lady Mont involved with the representatives of 'Plantem's Nurseries.'

"That one—south aspect and chalk. The nemesias don't. It's cross-country—they do dry so. The phloxes came dead. At least they said so: you can't tell. Oh! Here's my niece! Dinny. This is Mr. Plantem. He often sends. Oh! . . . ah! Mr. Desert! How d'you do? I remember you *holdin'* Michael's arms up at his weddin'." She had placed her hand in Wilfrid's and seemingly forgotten it, the while her eyes from under their raised brows searched his face with a sort of mild surprise.

"Uncle Hilary," said Dinny.

"Yes," said Lady Mont, coming to herself. "Hilary, May—Mr. Desert."

Hilary, of course, was entirely his usual self, but Aunt May looked as if she were greeting a dean. And almost at once Dinny was tacitly abandoned to her lover.

"What do you think of Uncle Hilary?"

"He looks like a man to go to in trouble."

"He is. He knows by instinct how not to run his head against brick walls, and yet he's always in action. I suppose that comes of living in a slum. He agrees with Michael that to publish 'The Leopard' is a mistake."

"Running my head against a brick wall, um?"

"Yes."

"The die, as they say, is cast. Sorry if you're sorry, Dinny."

Dinny's hand sought his. "No. Let's sail under our proper colours—only, for my sake, Wilfrid, try to take what's coming quietly, and so will I. Shall we hide behind this firework of fuchsias and slip off? They'll expect it."

Once outside the tent they moved towards the Embankment exit, past the rock gardens, each with its builder standing in the damp before it, as though saying: 'Look on this, and employ me!'

"Making nice things and having to cadge round to get people to notice them!" said Dinny.

"Where shall we go, Dinny?"

"Battersea Park?"

"Across this bridge, then."

"You were a darling to let me introduce them, but you did so look like a horse trying to back through its collar. I wanted to stroke your neck."

"I've got out of the habit of people."

"I'm glad you're not dependent on people."

"The worst mixer in the world. But you, I should have thought——"

"I only want you; I think I must have a nature like a dog's. Without you, now, I should just be lost."

The twitch of his mouth was better than an answer.

"Ever seen the Lost Dogs' Home? It's over there, in the corner."

"No. Lost dogs are dreadful to think about. Perhaps one ought to, though. Yes, let's!"

The establishment had its usual hospitalized appearance of all being for the best considering that it was the worst. There was a certain amount of barking, and of enquiry on the faces of a certain amount of dogs. Tails wagged as they approached. Such dogs as were of any breed looked quieter and sadder than the dogs that were of no breed, and those in the majority. A black spaniel was sitting in a corner of the wired enclosure, with head drooped between long ears. They went round to him.

"How on earth," said Dinny, "can a dog as nice as that stay unclaimed? He *is* sad!"

Wilfrid put his fingers through the wire. The dog looked up. They saw a little red under his eyes, and a wisp of hair loose and silky on his forehead. He raised himself slowly from off his haunches, and they could see him pant very slightly as though some calculation or struggle were going on in him.

"Come on, old boy!"

The dog came slowly, all black, four-square on his feathered legs. He had every sign of breeding, making him more mysterious than ever. He stood almost within reach; his shortened tail fluttered feebly, then came to a droop again, precisely as if he had said: 'I neglect no chance, but you are not.'

"Well, old fellow," said Wilfrid.

Dinny bent down. "Give me a kiss."

The dog looked up at them. His tail moved once, and again drooped.

"Not a good mixer, either," said Wilfrid.

"He's too sad for words." She bent lower and this time got her hand through the wire. "Come, darling!" The dog sniffed her glove. Again his tail fluttered feebly; a pink tongue showed for a moment as though to make certain of his lips. With a supreme effort Dinny's fingers reached his muzzle smooth as silk.

"He's awfully well bred, Wilfrid."

"Stolen, I expect, and then got away. Probably from some country kennel."

"I believe I could hang dog thieves."

The dog's dark brown eyes had the remains of moisture in their corners. They looked back at Dinny, with a sort of suspended animation, as if saying: 'You are not my past, and I don't know if there is a future.'

She looked up. "Oh! Wilfrid!"

He nodded and left her with the dog. She stayed stooped on her heels, slowly scratching behind the dog's ears, till Wilfrid, followed by a man with a chain and collar, came back.

"I've got him," he said; "he reached his time limit yesterday, but they were keeping him another week because of his looks."

Dinny turned her back, moisture was oozing from her eyes. She mopped them hastily, and heard the man say:

"I'll put this on, Sir, before he comes out, or he might leg it; he's never taken to the place."

Dinny turned round.

"If his owner turns up we'll give him back at once."

"Not much chance of that, Miss. In my opinion that's the dog of some one who's died. He slipped his collar, probably, and went out to find him, got lost, and no one's cared enough to send here and see. Nice dog, too. You've got a bargain. I'm glad. I didn't like to think of that dog being put away; young dog, too."

He put the collar on, led the dog out to them, and transferred the chain to Wilfrid, who handed him a card.

"In case the owner turns up. Come on, Dinny; let's walk him a bit. Walk, boy!"

The nameless dog, hearing the sweetest word in his vocabulary, moved forward to the limit of the chain.

"That theory's probably right," said Wilfrid, "and I hope it is. We shall like this chap."

Once on grass they tried to get through to the dog's inner consciousness. He received their attentions patiently, without response, his tail drooped and his eyes, suspending judgment.

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"We'd better get him home," said Wilfrid. "Stay here, and I'll bring up a cab."

He wiped a chair with his handkerchief, transferred the chain to her and swung away.

Dinny sat watching the dog. He had followed Wilfrid to the limit of the chain, and then seated himself in the attitude in which they had first seen him.

What did dogs feel? They certainly put one and one together; loved, disliked, suffered, yearned, sulked, and enjoyed like human beings; but they had a very small vocabulary and so—no ideas! Still, anything must be better than living in a wire enclosure with a lot of dogs less sensitive than yourself!

The dog came back to her side, but kept his head turned in the direction Wilfrid had taken, and began to whine.

A taxi cab drew up. The dog stopped whining and began to pant.

"Master's coming!" The dog gave a tug at the chain.

Wilfrid had reached him. Through the slackened chain she could feel the disillusionment; then it tightened and the wagging of the tail came fluttering down the links, as the dog sniffed at the turnups of Wilfrid's trousers.

In the cab the dog sat on the floor with his chin hanging over Wilfrid's shoe. In Piccadilly he grew restless and ended with his chin on Dinny's knee. Between Wilfrid and the dog the drive was an emotional medley for her, and she took a deep breath as she got out.

"Wonder what Stack will say," said Wilfrid. "A spaniel in Cork Street is no catch."

The dog took the stairs with composure.

"House trained," said Dinny, thankfully.

In the sitting room the dog applied his nose to the carpet. Having decided that the legs of all the furniture were uninteresting and the place bereft of his own kind, he leaned his nose on the divan and looked out of the corners of his eyes.

"Up!" said Dinny. The dog jumped on to the divan.

"Jove! He does smell!" said Wilfrid.

"Let's give him a bath. While you're filling it, I'll look him over."

She held the dog, who would have followed Wilfrid, and began parting his hair. She found several yellow fleas, but no other breed.

"Yes, you do smell, darling."

The dog turned his head and licked her nose.

"The bath's ready, Dinny!"

"Only dog fleas."

"If you're going to help, Dinny, take off your dress and put on that bath gown. You'll spoil it."

Behind his back, Dinny slipped off her frock and put on the blue bath gown, half hoping he would turn, and respecting him because he didn't. She rolled up the sleeves and stood beside him. Poised over the bath, the dog protruded a long tongue.

"He's not going to be sick, is he, Dinny?"

"No; they always do that. Gently, Wilfrid, don't let him splash—that frightens them. Now!"

Lowered into the bath, the dog, after a scramble, stood still with his head drooped, concentrated on keeping foothold of the slippery surface.

"This is hair shampoo, better than nothing. I'll hold him. You do the rubbing in."

Pouring some of the shampoo on the centre of that polished black back, Dinny heaped water up the dog's sides and began to rub. This first domestic incident with Wilfrid was pure joy, involving no mean personal contact with him as well as with the dog. She straightened up at last.

"Phew! My back! Sluice him and let the water out. I'll hold him."

Wilfrid sluiced, the dog behaving as if not too sorry for his fleas. He shook himself vigorously, and they both jumped back.

"Don't let him out," cried Dinny, "we must dry him in the bath."

"All right. Put your hands round his neck and hold him still."

Wrapped in a huge bath towel, the dog lifted his face to her; its expression was drooping and forlorn.

"Poor boy, soon over now, and you'll smell lovely."

The dog shook himself.

Wilfrid withdrew the towel. "Hold him a minute, I'll get an old blanket; we'll make him curl up till he's dry."

Alone with the dog, who was now trying to get out of the bath, Dinny held him with his forepaws over the edge, and worked away at the accumulations of sorrow about his eyes.

"There! That's better!"

Wrapped in an old Guards' blanket, they carried the almost inanimate dog to the divan.

"What shall we call him, Dinny?"

"Let's try him with a few names, we may hit on his real one."

He answered to none. "Well," said Dinny, "let's call him 'Foch.' But for Foch we should never have met."

XVIII

Feelings at Condaford, after the General's return, were vexed and uneasy. Dinny had said she would be back on Saturday, but it was now Wednesday and she was still in London. Her saying: "We are not formally engaged" had given little comfort, since the General had added: "That was soft sawder." Pressed by Lady Cherrell as to what exactly had taken place between him and Wilfrid, he was laconic.

"He hardly said a word, Liz. Polite and all that, and I must say he doesn't look like a fellow who'd quit. His record's very good. The thing's inexplicable."

"Have you read any of his verse, Con?"

"No. Where is it?"

"Dinny has them somewhere. Very bitter. So many writers seem to be like that. But I could put up with anything if I thought Dinny would be happy."

"Dinny says he's actually going to publish a poem about that business. He must be a vain chap."

"Poets almost always are."

"I don't know who can move Dinny. Hubert says he's lost touch with her. To begin married life under a cloud like that!"

"I sometimes think," murmured Lady Cherrell, "that living here, as we do, we don't know what will cause clouds and what won't."

"There can't be a question," said the General, with finality, "among people who count."

"Who does count, nowadays?"

The General was silent. Then he said shrewdly:

"England's still aristocratic underneath. All that keeps us going comes from the top. Service and tradition still rule the roost. The socialists can talk as they like."

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Lady Cherrell looked up astonished at this flow.

"Well," she said, "what are we to do about Dinny?"

The General shrugged.

"Wait till things come to a crisis of some sort. Cut-you-off-with-a-shilling is out of date; besides, we're too fond of her. You'll speak to her, Liz, when you get a chance, of course. . . ."

Between Hubert and Jean discussion of the matter took a rather different line.

"I wish to God, Jean, Dinny had taken to your brother."

"Alan's got over it. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's at Singapore now. There's probably somebody out there. I only hope it isn't a married woman. There are so few girls in the East."

"I don't think he'd go for a married woman. Possibly a native; they say Malay girls are often pretty."

Jean grimaced.

"A Malay girl instead of Dinny!"

Presently she murmured: "I'd like to see this Mr. Desert. I think I could give him an idea, Hubert, of what'll be thought of him if he carries Dinny into this mess."

"You must be careful with Dinny."

"If I can have the car I'll go up to-morrow and talk it over with Fleur. She must know him quite well, he was their best man."

"I'd choose Michael of the two; but for God's sake take care, old girl."

Jean, who was accustomed to carry out her ideas, slid away next day before the world was up, and was at South Square, Westminster, by ten o'clock. Michael, it appeared, was down in his constituency.

"The safer his seat," said Fleur, "the more he thinks he has to see of them. It's the gratitude complex. What can I do for you?"

Jean slid her long-lashed eyes round from the Fragonard, which she had been contemplating as though it were too French, and Fleur almost jumped. Really, she *was* like a 'leopardess'!

"It's about Dinny and her young man, Fleur. I suppose you know what happened to him out there?"

Fleur nodded.

"Then can't something be done?"

Fleur's face became watchful. She was twenty-nine, Jean twenty-three; but it was no use coming the elder matron!

"I haven't seen anything of Wilfrid for a long time."

"Somebody's got to tell him pretty sharply what'll be thought of him if he lugs Dinny into this mess."

"I'm by no means sure there'll be a mess; even if his poem comes out. People like the Ajax touch."

"You've not been in the East."

"Yes, I have; I've been round the world."

"That's not the same thing at all."

"My dear," said Fleur, "excuse my saying so, but the Cherrells are about thirty years behind the times."

"I'm not a Cherrell."

"No, you're a Tasburgh, and, if anything, that's a little worse. Country rectories, cavalry, navy, Indian civil—how much d'you suppose all that counts nowadays?"

"It counts with those who belong to it; and he belongs to it, and Dinny belongs to it."

"No one who's really in love belongs anywhere," said Fleur. "Did you care two straws when you married Hubert with a murder charge hanging over his head?"

"That's different. He'd done nothing to be ashamed of."

Fleur smiled.

"True to type. Would it surprise you, as they say in the Courts, if I told you that there isn't one in twenty people about town who'd do otherwise than yawn if you asked them to condemn Wilfrid for what he did? And there isn't one in forty who won't forget all about it in a fortnight."

"I don't believe you," said Jean, flatly.

"You don't know modern Society, my dear."

"It's modern Society," said Jean, even more flatly, "that doesn't count."

"Well, I don't know that it does much; but then what does?"

"Where does he live?"

Fleur laughed.

"In Cork Street, opposite the Gallery. You're not thinking of beard ing him, are you?"

"I don't know."

"Wilfrid can bite."

"Well," said Jean, "thanks. I must be going."

Fleur looked at her with admiration. The girl had flushed, and that pink in her brown cheeks made her look more vivid than ever.

"Well, good-bye, my dear; and do come and tell me about it, I know you've the pluck of the devil."

"I don't know that I'm going at all," said Jean. "Good-bye!"

She drove, rather angry, past the House of Commons. Her temperament believed so much in action, that Fleur's worldly wisdom had merely irritated her. Still, it was not so easy as she had thought to go to Wilfrid Desert and say: 'Stand and deliver me back my sister-in-law.' She drove, however, to Pall Mall, parked her car near the Parthenæum, and walked up to Piccadilly. People who saw her, especially men, looked back, because of the admirable grace of her limbs and the colour and light in her face. She had no idea where Cork Street was, except that it was near Bond Street. And, when she reached it, she walked up and down before locating the Gallery. 'That must be the door, opposite,' she thought. She was standing uncertainly in front of a door without a name, when a man with a dog on a lead came up the stairs and stood beside her.

"Yes, Miss?"

"I am Mrs. Hubert Cherrell. Does Mr. Desert live here?"

"Yes, Ma'am; but whether you can see him I don't know. Here, Foch, good dog! If you'll wait a minute I'll find out."

A minute later Jean, swallowing resolutely, was in the presence. 'After all,' she was thinking, 'he can't be worse than a parish meeting when you want money from it.'

Wilfrid was standing at the window, with his eyebrows raised.

"I'm Dinny's sister-in-law," said Jean. "I beg your pardon for coming, but I wanted to see you."

Wilfrid bowed.

"Come here, Foch."

The spaniel, who was sniffing round Jean's skirt, did not respond until he was called again. He licked Wilfrid's hand and sat down behind him. Jean had flushed.

"It's frightful cheek on my part, but I thought you wouldn't mind. We've just come back from the Soudan."

Wilfrid's face remained ironic, and irony always upset her. Not quite stammering, she continued:

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"Dinny has never been in the East."

Again Wilfrid bowed. The affair was not going like a parish meeting.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

"Oh! thank you, no; I shan't be a minute. You see, what I wanted to say was that Dinny can't possibly realise what certain things mean out there."

"D'you know, that's what occurred to me."

"Oh!"

A minute of silence followed, while the flush on her face and the smile on Wilfrid's deepened. Then he said:

"Thank you so much for coming. Anything else?"

"Er—no! Good-bye!"

All the way down stairs she felt shorter than she had ever felt in her life. And the first man she passed in the street jumped, her eyes had passed through him like a magnetic shock. He had once been touched by an electric eel in Brazil, and preferred the sensation. Yet, curiously, while she retraced her steps towards her car, though worsted, she bore no grudge. Even more singularly, she had lost most of her feeling that Dinny was in danger.

Regaining her car, she had a slight altercation with a policeman and took the road for Condaford. Driving to the danger of the public all the way, she was home by lunch. All she said of her adventure was that she had been for a long drive. Only, in the four-poster of the chief spare room, did she say to Hubert:

"I've been up and seen him. D'you know, Hubert, I really believe Dinny will be all right. He's got charm."

"What on earth," said Hubert, turning on his elbow, "has that to do with it?"

"A lot," said Jean. "Give me a kiss, and don't argue . . ."

When his strange young visitor had gone, Wilfrid flung himself on the divan and stared at the ceiling. He felt like a general who has won a 'victory'—the more embarrassed. Having lived for thirty-five years, owing to a variety of circumstances, in a condition of marked egoism, he was unaccustomed to the feeling which Dinny from the first had roused within him. The old-fashioned word 'worship' was hardly admissible, but no other adequately replaced it. When with her his sensations were so restful and refreshing, that when not with her he felt like one who had taken off his soul and hung it up. Alongside this new beatitude was a growing sense that his own happiness would not be complete unless hers was too. She was always telling him that she was only happy in his presence. But that was absurd, he could never replace all the interests and affections of her life before the statue of Foch had made them acquainted. And, if not, for what was he letting her in? The young woman, with the eyes, who had just gone, had stood there before him like an incarnation of this question. Though he had routed her, she had left the query printed on the air.

The spaniel, seeing the incorporeal more clearly even than his master, was resting a long nose on his knee. Even this dog he owed to Dinny. He had got out of the habit of people. With this business hanging over him, he was quite cut off. If he married Dinny, he took her with him into isolation. Was it fair?

But, having appointed to meet her in half an hour, he rang the bell.

"I'm going out now, Stack."

"Very good, Sir."

Leading the dog, he made his way to the Park. Opposite the cavalry memorial he sat down to wait for her, debating whether he should tell her of his visitor. And just then he saw her coming.

She was walking quickly from Park Lane, and had not yet seen him. She seemed to skim, straight and—as those blasted novelists called it—'willowy'! She had a look of Spring, and was smiling as if something pleasant had just happened to her. This glimpse of her, all unaware of him, soothed Wilfrid. If she could look so pleased and carefree, surely he need not worry. She halted by the bronze horse which she had dubbed 'the jibbing barrel,' evidently looking for him. She turned her head so prettily this way and that, but her face had become a little anxious. He stood up. She waved her hand, and came quickly across the drive.

"Been sitting to Botticelli, Dinny?"

"No—to a pawnbroker. If you ever want one I recommend Frewens of South Molton Street."

"*You,* at a pawnbroker's?"

"Yes, darling. I've got more money of my own on me than I ever had in my life."

"What do you want it for?"

Dinny bent and stroked the dog.

"Since I knew you I've grasped the real importance of money."

"And what's that?"

"Not to be divided from you by the absence of it. The great open spaces are what we want now. Take Foch off the lead, Wilfrid; he'll follow, I'm sure."

XIX

In a centre of literature such as London, where books come out by the half-dozen almost every day, the advent of a slender volume of poems is commonly of little moment. But circumstances combined to make the appearance of 'The Leopard and other Poems' a 'literary event.' It was Wilfrid's first production for four years. He was a lonely figure, marked out by the rarity of literary talent among the old aristocracy, by the bitter lively quality of his earlier poems, by his Eastern sojourn and isolation from literary circles, and finally by the report that he had embraced Islam. Someone, on the appearance of his third volume four years ago, had dubbed him 'a sucking Byron'; the phrase had caught the ear. Finally, he had a young publisher who understood the art of what he called 'putting it over.' During the few weeks since he received Wilfrid's manuscript, he had been engaged in lunching, dining, and telling people to look out for 'The Leopard,' the most sensation-making poem since 'The Hound of Heaven.' To the query "Why?" he replied in nods and becks and wreathèd smiles. Was it true that young Desert had become a Mussulman? Oh! Yes. Was he in London? Oh! yes, but, of course, the shyest and rarest bird in the literary flock.

He who was Compson Grice Ltd. had from the first perceived that in 'The Leopard' he had 'a winner'—people would not enjoy it, but they would talk about it. He had only to start the snowball rolling down the slope, and when moved by real conviction, no one could do this better than he. Three days before the book came out he met Telfourd Yule by a sort of accidental prescience.

"Hallo, Yule, back from Araby?"

"As you see."

"I say, I've got a most amazing book

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of poems coming out on Monday. 'The Leopard,' by Wilfrid Desert. Like a copy? The first poem's a corker."

"Oh!"

"Takes the wind clean out of that poem in Alfred Lyall's 'Verses written in India,' about the man who died sooner than change his faith. Remember?"

"I do."

"What's the truth about Desert taking to Islam?"

"Ask him."

"That poem's so personal in feeling—it might be about himself."

"Indeed?"

And Compson Grice thought, suddenly: 'If it were! What a stunt!'

"Do you know him, Yule?"

"No."

"You must read the thing; I couldn't put it down."

"Ah!"

"But would a man publish such a thing about his own experience?"

"Can't say."

And, still more suddenly, Compson Grice thought: 'If it were, I could sell a hundred thousand!'

He returned to his office, thinking: 'Yule was deuced close. I believe I was right, and he knows it. He's only just back; everything's known in the Bazaars, they say. Now, let's see, where am I?'

Published at five shillings, on a large sale there would be a clear profit of sixpence a copy. A hundred thousand copies would be two thousand five hundred pounds, and about the same in royalties to Desert! By George! But, of course, loyalty to client first! And there came to him one of those inspirations which so often come to loyal people who see money ahead.

'I must draw his attention to the risk of people saying that it's his own case. I'd better do it the day after publication. In the meantime I'll put a second big edition in hand.'

On the day before publication, a prominent critic, Mark Hanna, who rang a weekly bell in the 'Carillon,' informed him that he had gone all out for the poem. A younger man, well known for a certain buccaneering spirit, said no word, but wrote a criticism. Both critiques appeared on the day of publication. Compson Grice cut them out and took them with him to the 'Jessamine' restaurant, where he had bidden Wilfrid to lunch.

They met at the entrance and passed to a little table at the far end. The room was crowded with people who knew everybody in the literary, dramatic and artistic world. And Compson Grice waited, with the experience of one who had entertained many authors, until a bottle of Mouton Rothschild 1870 had been drunk to its dregs. Then, producing from his pocket the two reviews, he placed that of Mark Hanna before his guest, with the words: "Have you seen this; it's rather good?"

Wilfrid read it.

The reviewer had indeed gone 'all out.' It was almost all confined to 'The Leopard,' which it praised as the most intimate revelation of the human soul in verse since Shelley.

"Bunk! Shelley doesn't reveal except in his lyrics."

"Ah! Well," said Compson Grice, "they have to work-in Shelley."

The review acclaimed the poem as "tearing away the last shreds of the hypocritical veil which throughout our literature has shrouded the muse in relation to religion." It concluded with these words: "This poem, indeed, in its unflinching record of a soul tortured by cruel dilemma, is the most amazing piece of imaginative psychology which has come our way in the twentieth century."

Watching his guest lay down the cutting, Compson Grice said, softly:

"Pretty good! It's the personal fervour of the thing that gets them."

Wilfrid gave his queer shiver.

"Got a cigar cutter?"

Compson Grice pushed one forward with the other review.

"I think you ought to read this in the 'Daily Phase.' "

The review was headed: 'Defiance: Bolshevism and the Empire.'

Wilfrid took it up.

"Geoffrey Coltham?" he said: "Who's he?"

The review began with some fairly accurate personal details of the poet's antecedents, early work and life, ending with the mention of his conversion to Islam. Then, after some favourable remarks about the other poems, it fastened on 'The Leopard,' sprang, as it were, at the creature's throat, and shook it as a bulldog might. Then, quoting these lines:

'Into foul ditch each dogma leads.
Cursed be superstitious creeds,
In every driven mind the weeds!
There's but one liquor for the sane—
Drink deep! Let scepticism reign
And its astringence clear the brain!'

it went on with calculated brutality:

'The thin disguise assumed by the narrative covers a personal disruptive bitterness, which one is tempted to connect with the wounded and overweening pride of one who has failed himself and the British world. Whether Mr. Desert intended in this poem to reveal his own experience and feelings in connection with his conversion to Islam—a faith, by the way, of which, judging from the poor and bitter lines quoted above, he is totally unworthy—we cannot of course say, but we advise him to come into the open and let us know. Since we have a poet in our midst, who, with all his undoubted thrust, drives at our entrails, cuts deep into our religion and our prestige, we have the right to know whether or not he is a renegade.'

"That, I think," said Compson Grice, quietly, "is libellous."

Wilfrid looked up at him, so that he said afterwards: "I never knew Desert had such eyes."

"I *am* a renegade. I took conversion at the pistol's point, and you can let everybody know it."

Smothering the words: 'Thank God!' Compson Grice reached out his hand. But Wilfrid had leaned back and veiled his face in the smoke of his cigar. His publisher moved forward on to the edge of his chair.

"You mean that you want me to send a letter to the 'Daily Phase' to say that 'The Leopard' is practically your own experience?"

"Yes."

"My dear fellow, I think it's wonderful of you. That is courage, if you like."

The smile on Wilfrid's face caused Compson Grice to sit back, and swallow the words:

"The effect on the sales will be marvellous." He substituted: "It will strengthen your position enormously. But I wish we could get back on that fellow."

"Let him stew!"

"Quite!" said Compson Grice. He was by no means anxious to be em-

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broiled, and have all his authors slated in the important 'Daily Phase.'

Wilfrid rose. "Thanks very much. I must be going."

Compson Grice watched him leave, his head held high and his step slow. 'Poor devil!' he thought: 'It *is* a scoop!'

Back in his office, he spent some time finding a line in Coltham's review which he could isolate from its context and use as advertisement. He finally extracted this: "Daily Phase: 'No poem in recent years has had such power' "—(the remaining words of the sentence he omitted because they were 'to cut the ground from under the feet of all we stand for'). He then composed a letter to the Editor. He was writing—he said—at the request of Mr. Desert, who far from needing any challenge to come into the open, was only too anxious that everyone should know that 'The Leopard' was indeed founded on his personal experience. For his own part—he went on—he considered that this frank avowal was a more striking instance of courage than could be met with in a long day's march. He was proud to have been privileged to publish a poem which in psychological content, quality of workmanship and direct human interest, was by far the most striking of this generation.

He signed himself "Your obedient servant, Compson Grice." He then increased the size of the order for the second edition, directed that the words "First edition exhausted, second large impression," should be ready for use immediately, and went to his Club to play Bridge.

His Club was the Polyglot, and in the hall he ran on Michael. The hair of his erstwhile colleague in the publishing world was ruffled, the ears stood out from his head, and he spoke at once:

"Grice, what are you doing about that young brute Coltham?"

Compson Grice smiled blandly and replied:

"Don't worry! I showed the review to Desert, and he told me to draw its sting by complete avowal."

"Good God!"

"Why? Didn't you know?"

"Yes, I knew, but——"

These words were balm to the ears of Compson Grice, who had been visited by misgiving as to the truth of Wilfrid's admission. Would a man really publish that poem if it were his own case: could he really want it known? But this was conclusive: Mont had been Desert's discoverer and closest friend.

"So I've written to the 'Phase' and dealt with it."

"Did Wilfrid tell you to do that?"

"He did."

"To publish that poem was crazy. 'Quem deus—' " He suddenly caught sight of the expression on Compson Grice's face: "Yes," he added, bitterly, "you think you've got a scoop!"

Compson Grice said coldly:

"Whether it will do us harm or good, remains to be seen."

"Bosh!" said Michael: "Everybody will read the thing now, blast them! Have you seen Wilfrid to-day?"

"He lunched with me."

"How's he looking?"

Tempted to say 'Like Asrael!' Compson Grice substituted: "Oh! all right—quite calm."

"Calm as hell! Look here, Grice! If you don't stand by him and help him all you can through this, I'll never speak to you again."

"My dear fellow," said Compson Grice, with some dignity, "what do you suppose?" And straightening his waistcoat, he passed into the card room.

Michael, muttering: "Cold-blooded fish!" hurried in the direction of Cork Street. 'I wonder if the old chap would like to see me,' he thought.

But at the very mouth of the street he recoiled and made for Mount Street instead. He was informed that both his father and mother were out, but that Miss Dinny had come up that morning from Condaford.

"All right, Blore. If she's in I'll find her."

He went up and opened the drawing-room door quietly. In the alcove under the cage of her aunt's parakeet, Dinny was sitting perfectly still and upright, like a little girl at a lesson, with her hands crossed on her lap and her eyes fixed on space. She did not see him till his hand was on her shoulder.

"Penny!"

"How does one learn not to commit murder, Michael?"

"Ah! Poisonous young brute! Have your people seen 'The Phase'?"

Dinny nodded.

"What was the reaction?"

"Silence, pinched lips."

Michael nodded.

"Poor dear! So you came up?"

"Yes, I'm going to the theatre with Wilfrid."

"Give him my love, and tell him that if he wants to see me I'll come at any moment. Oh! and, Dinny, try to make him feel that we admire him for spilling the milk."

Dinny looked up, and he was moved by the expression on her face.

"It wasn't all pride that made him, Michael. There's something egging him on, and I'm afraid of it. Deep down he isn't sure that it wasn't just cowardice that made him renounce. I know he can't get that thought out of his mind. He feels he's got to prove, not to others so much as to himself, that he isn't a coward. Oh! I know he isn't. But so long as he hasn't proved it to himself and everybody, I don't know what he might do."

Michael nodded. From his one interview with Wilfrid he had formed something of the same impression.

"Did you know that he's told his publisher to make a public admission?"

"Oh!" said Dinny blankly: "What then?"

Michael shrugged.

"Michael, will anyone grasp the situation Wilfrid was in?"

"The imaginative type is rare. I don't pretend *I* can grasp it. Can you?"

"Only because it happened to Wilfrid."

Michael grasped her arm.

"I'm glad you've got the old-fashioned complaint, Dinny, not just this modern 'physiological urge.' "

XX

While Dinny was dressing her aunt came to her room.

"Your uncle read me that article, Dinny. I wonder!"

"What do you wonder, Aunt Em?"

"Coltham—but he died."

"This one will probably die, too."

"Where do you get your boned bodies, Dinny? So restful."

"Harridge's."

"Your uncle says he ought to resign from his Club."

"Wilfrid doesn't care two straws about his Club; he probably hasn't been

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in a dozen times. But I don't think he'll resign."

"Better make him."

"I should never dream of 'making' him do anything."

"So awkward when they use black balls."

"Auntie, dear, could I come to the glass?"

Lady Mont crossed the room and took up the slim volume from the bedside table.

"'The Leopard!' But he did change them, Dinny."

"He did not, Auntie, he had no spots to change."

"If baptism really meant anything, it would be an outrage on children till they knew what it was about."

"Dinny!"

"I mean it. One doesn't commit people to things entirely without their consent, it isn't decent. By the time Wilfrid could think at all he had no religion."

"It wasn't the givin' up, then, it was the takin' on."

"He knows that."

"Well," said Lady Mont, turning towards the door, "I think it served that Arab right; so intrudin'! Do you want a latch-key? Ask Blore."

Dinny finished dressing quickly and ran downstairs. Blore was in the dining-room.

"Aunt Em says I may have a key, Blore, and I want a taxi, please."

Having telephoned to the cab-stand and produced a key, the butler said: "What with her ladyship speaking her thoughts out loud, Miss, I'm obliged to know, and I was saying to Sir Lawrence this morning: 'If Miss Dinny could take him off just now, on a tour of the Scotch Highlands where they don't see the papers, it would save a lot of vexation.' In these days, Miss, as you'll have noticed, one thing comes on the top of another, and people haven't the memories they had. You'll excuse my mentioning it."

Dinny took the key.

"Thank you ever so, Blore. Nothing I'd like better; only I'm afraid he wouldn't think it proper."

"In these days a young *lady* can do anything, Miss, so long as she does it properly."

"Men still have to be careful, Blore."

"Well, Miss, of course, relatives are difficult; but it could be arranged."

"I think we shall have to face the music."

The butler shook his head.

"In my belief, whoever said that first is responsible for a lot of unnecessary unpleasantness. Here's your taxi, Miss."

In the taxi she sat a little forward, getting the air from both windows on her cheeks, which needed cooling. Even the anger and vexation left by that review were lost in this sweeter effervescence. At the corner of Piccadilly she read a newspaper poster: "Derby horses arrive." The Derby to-morrow! How utterly she had lost count of events. The restaurant chosen for their dinner was Blafard's in Soho, and her progress was impeded by the traffic of a town on the verge of national holiday. At the door, with the spaniel held on a leash, stood Stack. He handed her a note: "Mr. Desert sent me with this, Miss. I brought the dog for a walk."

Dinny opened the note with a sensation of physical sickness.

"Dinny darling,

"Forgive my failing you to-night. I've been in a torture of doubt all day. The fact is, until I know where I stand with the world over this business, I have an overwhelming feeling that I must not commit you to anything; and a public jaunt like this is just what I ought to avoid for you. I suppose you saw 'The Daily Phase'—that is the beginning of the racket. I must go through this next week on my own, and measure up where I am. I won't run off, and we can write. You'll understand. The dog is a boon, and I owe him to you. Goodbye for a little, my dear love.

Your devoted

W. D."

It was all she could do not to put her hand on her heart under the driver's eyes. Thus to be shut away in the heat of the battle was what, she knew now, she had been dreading all along. With an effort she controlled her lips, said: "Wait a minute!" and turned to Stack.

"I'll take you and Foch back."

"Thank you, Miss."

She bent down to the dog. Panic was at work within her breast! The dog! He was a link between them!

"Put him into the cab, Stack."

On the way she said quietly:

"Is Mr. Desert in?"

"No, Miss, he went out when he gave me the note."

"Is he all right?"

"A little worried, I think, Miss. I must say I'd like to teach manners to that gentleman in 'The Daily Phase.'"

"Oh! you saw that?"

"I did; it oughtn't to be allowed is what I say."

"Free speech," said Dinny. And the dog pressed his chin against her knee. "Is Foch good?"

"No trouble at all, Miss. A gentleman, that dog, aren't you, boy?"

The dog continued to press his chin on Dinny's knee; and the feel of it was comforting.

When the cab stopped in Cork Street, she took a pencil from her bag, tore off the empty sheet of Wilfrid's note, and wrote:

"Darling,

"As you will. But by these presents know: I am yours for ever and ever. Nothing can or shall divide me from you, unless you stop loving

Your devoted

DINNY.

"You won't do that, will you? Oh! don't!"

Licking what was left of the gum on the envelope, she put her half sheet in and held it till it stuck. Giving it to Stack, she kissed the dog's head and said to the driver: "The Park end of Mount Street, please. Good-night, Stack!"

"Good-night, Miss!"

The eyes and mouth of the motionless henchman seemed to her so full of understanding, that she turned her face away. And that was the end of the jaunt she had been so looking forward to.

From the top of Mount Street she crossed into the Park and sat on the seat where she had sat with him before, oblivious of the fact that she was unattached, without a hat, in evening dress, and that it was past eight o'clock. She sat with the collar of her cloak turned up to her chestnut-coloured hair, trying to see his point of view. She saw it very well. Pride! She had enough herself to understand. Not to involve others in one's troubles was elementary. The fonder one was, the less would one wish to involve them. Curiously ironical how love divided people just when they most needed each other! And no way

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out, so far as she could see. The strains of the Guards' band began to reach her faintly. They were playing—Faust?—no—Carmen! Wilfrid's favourite opera! She got up and walked over the grass towards the sound. What crowds of people! She took a chair some way off and sat down again, close to some rhododendrons. The Habañera! What a shiver its first notes always gave one! How wild, sudden, strange and inescapable was love! *'L'amour est enfant de Bohème' . . . !* The rhododendrons were late this year. That deep rosy one! They had it at Condaford. Where was he—oh! where was he at this moment! Why could not love pierce veils, so that in spirit she might walk beside him, slip a hand into his! A spirit hand was better than nothing! And Dinny suddenly realised loneliness as only true lovers do when they think of life without the loved one. As flowers wilt on their stalks, so would she wilt—if she were cut away from him. "See things through alone!" How long would he want to? Forever? At the thought she started up; and a stroller, who thought the movement meant for him, stood still and looked at her. Her face corrected his impression and he moved on. She had two hours to kill before she could go in; she could not let them know that her evening had come to grief. The band was finishing off Carmen with the Toreador's song. A blot on the opera, its most popular tune! No, not a blot, for it was meant, of course, to blare above the desolation of that tragic end, as the world blared around the passion of lovers. The world was a heedless and a heartless stage for lives to strut across, or in dark corners join and cling together . . . How odd that clapping sounded in the open! She looked at her wrist watch. Half past nine! An hour yet before it would be really dark. But there was a coolness now, a scent of grass and leaves; the rhododendrons were slowly losing colour, the birds had finished with song. People passed and passed her; she saw nothing funny about them, and they seemed to see nothing funny about her. And Dinny thought: 'Nothing seems funny any more, and I haven't had any dinner.' A coffee stall? Too early, perhaps, but there must be heaps of places where she could get something, still! No dinner, almost no lunch, no tea—a condition appropriate to the lovesick! She began to move towards Knightsbridge, walking fast, by instinct rather than experience, for this was the first time she had ever wandered alone about London at such an hour. Reaching the gate without adventure, she crossed and went down Sloane Street. She felt much better moving, and chalked up in her mind the thought: 'For love-sickness, walking!' In this straight street there was practically nobody to notice her. The carefully closed and blinded houses seemed to confirm, each with its tall formal narrow face, the indifference of the regimented world to the longings of street walkers such as she. At the corner of the King's Road a woman was standing.

"Could you tell me," said Dinny, "of any place close by where I could get something to eat?"

The woman addressed, she now saw, had a short face with high cheek-bones on which and round the eyes was a good deal of make-up. Her lips were good-natured, a little thick; her nose, too, rather thick; her eyes had the look which comes of having to be now stony and now luring, as if they had lost touch with her soul. Her dress was dark and fitted her curves, and she wore a large string of artificial pearls. Dinny could not help thinking she had seen people in Society not unlike her.

"There's a nice little place on the left."

"Would you care to come and have something with me?" said Dinny, moved by impulse.

"Why! I would," said the woman. "Fact is, I came out without anything. It's nice to have company, too." She turned up the King's Road and Dinny turned alongside. It passed through her mind that if she met someone it would be quaint; but for all that she felt better.

'For God's sake,' she thought, 'be natural and don't ask questions.'

The woman led her into a little restaurant, or rather public house, for it had a bar. There was no one in the eating room, which had a separate entrance, and they sat down at a small table with a cruet-stand, a handbell, a bottle of Worcester sauce, and in a vase some failing pyrethrums which had never been fresh. There was a slight smell of vinegar.

"I *could* do with a cigarette," said the woman.

Dinny had none in her bag. She tinkled the bell.

"Any particular sort?"

"Gaspers."

A waitress appeared, looked at the woman, looked at Dinny, and said: "Yes?"

"A packet of Players, please. A large coffee for me, strong and fresh, and some cake or buns, or anything. What will you have?"

The woman looked at Dinny, as though measuring her capacity, looked at the waitress, and said, hesitating: "Well, to tell the truth, I'm hungry. Cold beef and a bottle of stout?"

"Vegetables?" said Dinny: "A salad?"

"Well, a salad, thank you."

"Good! And pickled walnuts? Will you get it all as quickly as you can, please?"

The waitress passed her tongue over her lips, nodded, and went away.

"I say," said the woman, suddenly, "it's awful nice of you, you know."

"It was so friendly of you to come. I should have felt a bit lost without you."

"*She* can't make it out," said the woman, nodding her head towards the vanished waitress. "To tell you the truth, nor can I."

"Why? We're both hungry."

"No doubt about that," said the woman, "you're going to see me eat. I'm glad you ordered pickled walnuts, I never can resist a pickled onion, and it don't do."

"I might have thought of cocktails," murmured Dinny, "but perhaps they don't make them here."

"A sherry and bitters wouldn't be amiss. I'll get 'em." The woman rose and disappeared into the bar.

Dinny took the chance to powder her nose. She also dived her hand down to the pocket in her 'boned body' where the spoils of South Molton Street were stored, and extracted a five-pound note. She was feeling a sort of sad excitement.

The woman came back with two glasses. "I told 'em to charge it to our bill. The liquor's good here."

Dinny raised her glass and sipped. The woman tossed hers off at a draught.

"I wanted that. Fancy a country where you couldn't get a drink!"

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"But they can, of course, and do."

"You bet. But they say some of the liquor's awful."

Dinny saw that her gaze was travelling up and down her cloak and dress and face with insatiable curiosity.

"Pardon me," said the woman, suddenly: "You got a date?"

"No, I'm going home after this."

The woman sighed. "Wish she'd bring those bl-inkin' cigarettes."

The waitress reappeared with a bottle of stout and the cigarettes. Staring at Dinny's hair, she opened the bottle.

"Coo!" said the woman, taking a long draw at her 'Gasper,' "I wanted that."

"I'll bring you the other things in a minute," said the waitress.

"I haven't seen you on the stage, have I?" said the woman.

"No, I'm not on the stage."

The advent of food broke the ensuing hush. The coffee was better than Dinny had hoped and very hot. She had drunk most of it and eaten a large piece of plum cake before the woman, putting a pickled walnut in her mouth, spoke again.

"D'you live in London?"

"No. In Oxfordshire."

"Well, I like the country, too; but I never see it now. I was brought up near Maidstone—pretty round there." She heaved a sigh with a flavouring of stout. "They say the Communists in Russia have done away with vice—isn't that a scream? An American journalist told me. Well! I never knew a budget make such a difference before," she continued, expelling smoke as if liberating her soul: "Dreadful lot of unemployment."

"It does seem to affect everybody."

"Affects me, I know," and she stared, stonily. "I suppose you're shocked at that."

"It takes a lot to shock people nowadays, don't you find?"

"Well, I don't mix as a rule with bishops."

Dinny laughed.

"All the same," said the woman defiantly, "I came across a parson who talked the best sense to me I ever heard; of course I couldn't follow it."

"I'll make you a bet," said Dinny, "that I know his name. Cherrell?"

"In once," said the woman, and her eyes grew round.

"He's my uncle."

"Coo! Well, well! It's a funny world! And not so large. Nice man he was," she added.

"Still is."

"One of the best."

Dinny, who had been waiting for those inevitable words, thought: 'This is where they used to do the "My erring sister" stunt.'

The woman uttered a sigh of repletion.

"I've enjoyed that," she said, and rose. "Thank you ever so. I must be getting on now, or I'll be late for business."

Dinny tinkled the bell. The waitress appeared with suspicious promptitude.

"The bill, please, and can you get me that changed?"

The waitress took the note with a certain caution.

"I'll just go and fix myself," said the woman; "see you in a minute." She passed through a door.

Dinny drank up the remains of her coffee. She was trying to realise what it must be like to live like that. The waitress came back with the change, received her tip, said "Thank you, Miss," and went. Dinny resumed the process of realisation.

"Well," said the woman's voice behind her, "I don't suppose I'll ever see you again. But I'd like to say I think you're a jolly good sort."

Dinny looked up at her.

"When you said you'd come out without anything, did you mean you hadn't anything to come out with?"

"Sure thing," said the woman.

"Then would you mind taking this change. It's horrid to have no money in London."

The woman bit her lips, and Dinny could see that they were trembling.

"I wouldn't like to take your money," she said, "after you've been so kind."

"Oh! bosh! Please!" And catching her hand, she pressed the money into it. To her horror, the woman uttered a loud sniff. She was preparing to make a run for the door, when the woman said:

"D'you know what I'm going to do? I'm going home to have a sleep. My God, I am! I'm going home to have a sleep."

Dinny hurried back to Sloane Street. Walking past the tall blinded houses, she recognised with gratitude that her love-sickness was much better. If she did not walk too fast, she would not be too soon at Mount Street. It was dark now, and in spite of the haze of city light, the sky was alive with stars. She did not enter the Park again, but walked along its outside railings. It seemed an immense time since she had parted from Stack and the dog in Cork Street. Traffic was thickening as she rounded into Park Lane. To-morrow all these vehicles would be draining out to Epsom Downs; the Town would be seeming almost empty. And, with a sickening sensation, it came to her how empty it would always feel without Wilfrid to see or look forward to.

She came to the gate by the 'jibbing barrel,' and suddenly, as though all that evening had been a dream, she saw Wilfrid standing beside it. She choked and ran forward. He put out his arms and caught her to him.

The moment could hardly be prolonged, for cars and pedestrians were passing in and out; so arm-in-arm they moved towards Mount Street. Dinny just clung to him, and he seemed equally wordless; but the thought that he had come there to be near her was infinitely comforting.

They escorted each other back and forth past the house, like some footman and housemaid for a quarter of an hour off duty. Class and country, custom and creed, all were forgotten. And, perhaps, no two people in all its seven millions were in those few minutes more moved and at one in the whole of London.

At last the comic instinct woke.

"We can't see each other home all night, darling. So one kiss—and yet—one kiss—and yet—one kiss!"

She ran up the steps, and turned the key.

XXI

Wilfrid's mood when he left his publisher at 'The Jessamine' was angry and confused. Without penetrating to the depths of Compson Grice's mental anatomy, he felt that he had been manipulated; and the whole of that restless afternoon he wandered, swung between relief at having burnt his boats, and resentment at the irrevocable. Thus preoccupied, he did not really feel the shock his note would be to Dinny, and only when, returning to his rooms, he received her answer, did his heart go out to her, and with it himself to where she had fortuitously found him. In the few minutes while they paraded Mount

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Street silent and half-embraced, she had managed to pass into him her feeling that it was not one but two against the world. Why keep away and make her more unhappy than he need? And he sent her a note by Stack next morning asking her to go 'joy-riding.' He had forgotten the Derby, and their car was involved almost at once in a stream of vehicles.

"I've never seen the Derby," said Dinny. "Could we go?"

There was the more reason why they should go because there was no reasonable chance of not.

Dinny was astonished at the general sobriety. No drinking and no streamers, no donkey-carts, false noses, badinage. Not a four-in-hand visible, not a coster nor a Kate; nothing but a wedged and moving stream of motor 'buses and cars mostly shut.

When, at last, they had 'parked' on the Down, eaten their sandwiches and moved into the crowd, they turned instinctively toward the chance of seeing a horse.

Frith's "Derby Day" seemed no longer true, if it ever was. In that picture people seemed to have lives and to be living them, in this crowd everybody seemed trying to get somewhere else.

In the paddock, which at first sight still seemed all people and no horses, Wilfrid said suddenly:

"This is foolish, Dinny, we're certain to be seen."

"And if we are? Look, there's a horse!"

Quite a number of horses, indeed, were being led round in a ring. Dinny moved quickly towards them.

"They all look beautiful to me," she said in a hushed voice, "and just as good one as the other—except this one; I don't like his back."

Wilfrid consulted his card. "That's the favourite."

"I still don't. D'you see what I mean? It comes to a point too near the tail, and then droops."

"I agree, but horses run in all shapes."

"I'll back the horse you fancy, Wilfrid."

"Give me time, then."

The people to her left and right kept on saying the horses' names as they passed. She had a place on the rail with Wilfrid standing close behind her.

"He's a pig of a horse," said a man on her left, "I'll never back the brute again."

She took a glance at the speaker. He was broad and about five feet six, with a roll of fat on his neck, a bowler hat, and a cigar in his mouth. The horse's fate seemed to her less dreadful.

A lady sitting on a shooting-stick to her right, said:

"They ought to clear the course for the horses going out. That lost me my money two years ago."

Wilfrid's hand rested on her shoulder.

"I like that one," he said, "Blenheim. Let's go and put our money on."

They went to where people were standing in little queues before a row of what looked like pigeon-holes.

"Stand here," he said. "I'll lay my egg and come back to you."

Dinny stood watching.

"How d'you do, Miss Cherrell?" A tall man in a grey top hat with a very long case of field-glasses slung round him, had halted before her. "We met at the Foch statue and your sister's wedding—remember?"

"Oh! yes. Mr. Muskham." Her heart was hurrying, and she restrained herself from looking towards Wilfrid.

"Any news of your sister?"

"Yes, we heard from Egypt. They must have had it terribly hot in the Red Sea."

"Have you backed anything?"

"Not yet."

"I shouldn't touch the favourite—he won't stay."

"We thought of Blenheim."

"Well, nice horse, and handy for the turns. But there's one more fancied in his stable. I take it you're a neophyte. I'll give you two tips, Miss Cherrell. Look for one or both of two things in a horse: leverage behind, and personality—not looks, just personality."

"Leverage behind? Do you mean higher behind than in front?"

Jack Muskham smiled. "That's about it. If you see that in a horse, especially where it has to come up a hill, back it."

"But personality? Do you mean putting his head up and looking over the tops of people into the distance? I saw one horse do that."

"By Jove, I should like you as a pupil! That's just about what I do mean."

"But I don't know which horse it was," said Dinny.

"That's awkward." And then she saw the interested benevolence on his face stiffen. He lifted his hat and turned away. Wilfrid's voice behind her said:

"Well, you've got a tenner on."

"Let's go to the Stand and see the race."

With his hand within her arm, she tried to forget the sudden stiffening of Jack Muskham's face. The crowd's multiple entreaty that she should have her 'fortune told' did its best to distract her, and she arrived at the Stand in a mood of indifference to all but Wilfrid and the horses. They found standing room close to the bookmakers near the rails.

"Green and chocolate—I can remember that. Pistache is my favourite chocolate filling. What shall I win if I do win, darling?"

"Listen!"

They isolated the words "Eighteen to one Blenheim?"

"A hundred and eighty!" said Dinny. "Splendid!"

"Well, it means that he's not fancied by the stable; they've got another running. Here they come! Two with chocolate and green. The second of them is ours."

The parade, enchanting to all except, possibly, the horses, gave her the chance to see the brown horse they had backed adorning its perched rider.

"How d'you like him, Dinny?"

"I love them nearly all. How can people tell which is the best by looking at them?"

"They can't."

The horses were turning now and cantering past the Stand.

"Would you say Blenheim is higher behind than in front?" murmured Dinny.

"No. Very nice action. Why?"

But she only pressed his arm and gave a little shiver.

Neither of them having glasses, all was obscure to them when the race began. A man just behind kept saying: "The favourite's leadin'! The favourite's leadin'!"

As the horses came round Tattenham Corner, the same man burbled: "The Pasha—the Pasha'll win—no, the favourite—the favourite wins!—no, he don't—Iliad—Iliad wins."

Dinny felt Wilfrid's hand grip her arm.

"Ours," he said, "on this side—look!"

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Dinny saw a horse on the far side in pink and brown, and nearer her the chocolate and green. It was ahead, it was ahead! They had won!

Amidst the silence and discomfiture those two stood smiling at each other. It seemed an omen!

"I'll take you to the car, draw your money, and we'll be off."

He insisted on her taking all the money, and she ensconced it with her other wealth, so much more insurance against any sudden decision to deprive her of himself.

They drove again into Richmond Park on the way home, and sat a long time among the young bracken, listening to the cuckoos, very happy, in the sunny, peaceful, whispering afternoon.

They dined together in a Kensington restaurant, and he left her finally at the top of Mount Street.

That night she slept unvisited by doubts or dreams, and went down to breakfast with clear eyes and a flush of sunburn on her cheeks. Her uncle was reading 'The Daily Phase.' He put it down and said:

"When you've had your coffee, Dinny, you might glance at this. There is something about publishers," he added, "which makes one doubt sometimes whether they are men and brothers. And there is something about editors which makes it certain sometimes that they are not."

Dinny read Compson Grice's letter, printed under the headlines:

"MR. DESERT'S APOSTASY
OUR CHALLENGE TAKEN UP.
A CONFESSION."

Two stanzas from Sir Alfred Lyall's poem 'Theology in extremis' followed:

"Why? Am I bidding for glory's roll?
I shall be murdered and clean forgot;
Is it a bargain to save my soul?
God, whom I trust in, bargains not.
Yet for the honour of English race
May I not live or endure disgrace . . .

"I must be gone to the crowd untold
Of men by the Cause which they served unknown,
Who moulder in myriad graves of old;
Never a story and never a stone
Tells of the martyrs who die like me,
Just for the pride of the old countree."

And the pink of sunburn gave way to a flood of crimson.

"Yes," murmured Sir Lawrence, watching her, "'the fat is in the fire,' Dinny, as old Forsyte would have said. Still, I was talking to a man last night who thought that nowadays nothing makes an indelible mark. Cheating at cards, boning necklaces—you go abroad for two years and it's all forgotten. As for sex abnormality, according to him it's no longer abnormal. So we must cheer up!"

Dinny said passionately: "What I resent is that any worm will have the power to say what he pleases."

Sir Lawrence nodded: "The greater the worm, the greater the power. But it's not the worms we need bother about; it's the people with 'pride of English race,' and there are still a few about."

"Uncle, is there any way in which Wilfrid can show publicly that he's not a coward?"

"He did well in the war."

"Who remembers the war?"

"Perhaps," muttered Sir Lawrence, "we could throw a bomb at his car in Piccadilly, so that he could look at it over the side and light a cigarette. I can't think of anything more helpful."

"I saw Mr. Muskham yesterday."

"Then you were at the Derby?" He took a very little cigar from his pocket. "Jack takes the view that you are being victimised."

"Oh! Why can't people leave one alone?"

"Attractive nymphs are never left alone. Jack's a misogynist."

Dinny gave a little desperate laugh.

"I suppose one's troubles *are* funny."

She got up and went to the window. It seemed to her that all the world was barking, like dogs at a cornered cat, and yet there was nothing in Mount Street but a van from the Express Dairy.

XXII

Jack Muskham occupied a bedroom at 'Burton's' Club when racing kept him overnight in town. Having read an account of the Derby in 'The Daily Phase,' he turned the paper idly. The other features in 'that rag' were commonly of little interest to him. Its editing shocked his formalism, its news jarred his taste, its politics offended him by being so like his own. But his perusal was not perfunctory enough to prevent him from seeing the headline 'Mr. Desert's Apostasy.' Reading the half column that followed it, he pushed the paper away and said: "That fellow must be stopped."

Glorying in his yellow streak, was he, and taking that nice girl with him to Coventry! Hadn't even the decency to avoid being seen with her in public on the very day when he was confessing himself as yellow as that rag!

In an age when tolerations and condonations seemed almost a disease, Jack Muskham knew and registered his own mind. He had disliked young Desert at first sight. The fellow's name suited him! And to think that this nice girl, who, without any training, had made those shrewd remarks about the racehorse, was to have her life ruined by this yellow-livered young braggart! It was too much! If it hadn't been for Lawrence, indeed, he would have done something about it before now. But there his mind stammered. What? . . . Here was the fellow publicly confessing his disgrace! An old dodge, that—taking the sting out of criticism! Making a virtue of necessity! Parading his desertion! That cock shouldn't fight, if he had his way! But once more his mind stammered . . . No outsider could interfere. And yet, unless there were some outward and visible sign condemning the fellow's conduct, it would look as if nobody cared.

'By George!' he thought, 'I'll raise the matter. This Club, at least, can sit up and take notice. We don't want rats in "Burton's"!'

He brought the matter up in Committee meeting that very afternoon, and was astonished almost to consternation by the apathy with which it was received. Of the seven members present—'the Squire,' Wilfred Bentworth, being in the Chair—four seemed to think it was a matter between young Desert and his conscience, and besides it looked like being a newspaper stunt. Times had changed since Lyall wrote that poem. One went so far as to say he didn't want to be bothered, he hadn't read 'The Leopard,' he didn't know Desert, and he hated 'The Daily Phase.'

"So do I," said Jack Muskham, "but here's the poem." He had sent out for it and spent an hour after lunch reading

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it. "Let me read you a bit. It's poisonous."

"For heaven's sake no, Jack."

The fifth member, who had so far said nothing, supposed that if Muskham pressed it, they must all read the thing.

"I do press it."

'The Squire,' hitherto square and silent, remarked: "The secretary will get copies and send them round to the Committee. Better send them, too, a copy of to-day's 'Daily Phase.' We'll discuss it at the meeting next Friday. Now about this claret?" And they moved to consideration of important matters.

It has been noticed that when a newspaper of a certain type lights on an incident which enables it at once to exhibit virtue, and beat the drum of its policy, it will exploit that incident, within the limits of the law of libel, without regard to the susceptibilities of individuals. Secured by the confession in Compson Grice's letter, 'The Daily Phase' made the most of its opportunity, and in the eight days intervening before the next Committee meeting gave the Committee men little chance of professing ignorance or indifference. Everybody, indeed, was reading and talking about 'The Leopard,' and, on the morning of the adjourned meeting, 'The Daily Phase' had a long allusive column on the extreme importance of British behaviour in the East. It had also a large-type advertisement. " 'The Leopard and other poems' by Wilfrid Desert: published by Compson Grice: 40,000 copies sold: Third Large Impression ready."

A debate on the ostracism of a fellow-being will bring almost any man to a Committee meeting; and the attendance included some never before known to come.

A motion had been framed by Jack Muskham:

"That the Honourable Wilfrid Desert be requested, under Rule 23, to resign his membership of Burton's Club, because of conduct unbecoming to a member."

He opened the discussion in these words:

"You've all had copies of Desert's poem 'The Leopard' and 'The Daily Phase' of yesterday week. There's no doubt about the thing. Desert has publicly owned to having ratted from his religion at the pistol's point, and I say he's no longer fit to be a member of this Club. It was founded in memory of a very great traveller who'd have dared Hell itself. We don't want people here who don't act up to British traditions, and make a song about it into the bargain."

There was a short silence, and then the fifth member of the Committee at the previous meeting remarked:

"It's a deuced fine poem, all the same."

A well-known K.C., who had once travelled in Turkey, added:

"Oughtn't he to have been asked to attend?"

"Why?" asked Jack Muskham. "He can't say more than he has said in that poem, or in that letter of his publisher."

The fourth member of the Committee at the previous meeting muttered: "I don't like paying attention to 'The Daily Phase.' We're not politicians."

"We can't help his having chosen that particular rag," said Jack Muskham.

"Very distasteful," continued the fourth member, "diving into matters of conscience. Are we all prepared to say we wouldn't have done the same?"

There was a sound as of feet shuffling, and a wrinkled expert on the early civilisations of Ceylon, murmured: "To my mind, Desert is on the carpet—not for apostasy, but for the song he's made about it. Decency should have kept him quiet. Advertising his book! It's in a third edition, and everybody reading it. Making money out of it seems to me the limit."

"I don't suppose," said the fourth member, "that he thought of that. It's the accident of the sensation."

"He could have withdrawn the book."

"Depends on his contract. Besides, that would look like running from the storm he's roused. As a matter of fact, I think it's rather fine to have made an open confession."

"Theatrical!" murmured the K.C.

"If this," said Jack Muskham, "were one of the Service Clubs, they wouldn't think twice about it."

An author of 'Mexico Revisited' said drily:

"But it is not."

"I don't know if you can judge poets like other people," mused the fifth member.

"In matters of ordinary conduct," said the expert on the civilisation of Ceylon, "why not?"

A little man at the end of the table opposite the Chairman remarked, "The D-d-daily Ph-Phase!" as if releasing a small spasm of wind.

"Everybody's talking about the thing," said the K.C.

"My young people," put in a man who had not yet spoken, "scoff. They say: 'What does it matter what he did?' They talk about hypocrisy, laugh at Lyall's poem, and say it's good for the Empire to have some wind let out of it."

"Exactly!" said Jack Muskham: "That's the modern jargon. All standards gone by the board. Are we going to stand for that?"

"Anybody here know young Desert?" asked the fifth member.

"To nod to," replied Jack Muskham.

Nobody else acknowledged acquaintanceship.

A very dark man with deep lively eyes, said suddenly:

"All I can say is I trust the story has not got about in Afghanistan; I'm going there next month."

"Why?" said the fourth member.

"Merely because it will add to the contempt with which I shall be regarded anyway."

Coming from a well-known traveller, this remark made more impression than anything said so far. Two members, who, with the Chairman, had not yet spoken, said simultaneously: "Quite!"

"I don't like condemning a man unheard," said the K.C.

"What about that, 'Squire'?" asked the fourth member.

The Chairman, who was smoking a pipe, took it from his mouth.

"Anybody anything more to say?"

"Yes," said the author of 'Mexico Revisited'; "let's put it on his conduct in publishing that poem."

"You can't," growled Jack Muskham; "the whole thing's of a piece. The point is simply: Is he fit to be a member here or not? I ask the Chairman to put that to the meeting."

But the 'Squire' continued to smoke his pipe. His experience of Committees told him that the time was not yet. Separate or 'knot' discussions would

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now set in. They led nowhere, but ministered to a general sense that the subject was having justice done to it.

Jack Muskham sat silent, his long face impassive and his long legs stretched out.

"Well?" said the member who had revisited Mexico, at last.

The 'Squire' tapped out his pipe.

"I think," he said, "that Mr. Desert should be asked to give us his reasons for publishing that poem."

"Hear, hear!" said the K. C.

"Quite!" said the two members who had said it before.

"I agree," said the authority on Ceylon.

"Anybody against that?" said the 'Squire.'

"I don't see the use of it," muttered Jack Muskham. "He ratted, and he's confessed it."

No one else objecting, the 'Squire' continued:

"The Secretary will ask him to see us and explain. There's no other business, gentlemen."

In spite of the general understanding that the matter was 'sub judice,' these proceedings were confided to Sir Lawrence before the day was out by three members of the Committee, including Jack Muskham. He took the knowledge out with him to dinner at South Street.

Since the publication of the poems and Compson Grice's letter, Michael and Fleur had talked of little else, forced to by the comments and questionings of practically every acquaintance. They differed radically. Michael, originally averse from publication of the poem, now that it was out, stoutly defended the honesty and courage of Wilfrid's avowal. Fleur could not forgive what she called the 'stupidity of the whole thing.' If he had only kept quiet and not indulged his conscience or his pride, the matter would have blown over, leaving practically no mark. It was, she said, unfair to Dinny, and unnecessary so far as Wilfrid himself was concerned; but of course he had always been like that. She had not forgotten the uncompromising way in which eight years ago he had asked her to become his mistress, and the still more uncompromising way in which he had fled from her when she had not complied. When Sir Lawrence told them of the meeting at 'Burton's,' she said simply:

"Well, what could he expect?"

Michael muttered:

"Why is Jack Muskham so bitter?"

"Some dogs attack each other at sight. Others come to it more meditatively. This appears to be a case of both. I should say Dinny is the bone."

Fleur laughed.

"Jack Muskham and Dinny!"

"Sub-consciously, my dear. The workings of a misogynist's mind are not for us to pry into, except in Vienna. They can tell you everything there; even to the origin of hiccoughs."

"I doubt if Wilfrid will go before the Committee," said Michael, gloomily.

"Of course he won't, Michael."

"Then what will happen?"

"Almost certainly he'll be expelled under rule whatever it is."

Michael shrugged. "He won't care. What's a Club more or less?"

"No," said Fleur; "but at present the thing is in flux—people just talk about it; but expulsion from his Club will be definite condemnation. It's just what's wanted to make opinion line up against him."

"And *for* him."

"Oh! for him, yes; but we know what that amounts to—the disgruntled."

"That's all beside the point," said Michael, gruffly. "I know what he's feeling. His first instinct was to defy that Arab, and he bitterly regrets that he went back on it."

Sir Lawrence nodded.

"Dinny asked me if there was anything he could do to show publicly that he wasn't a coward. You'd think there might be, but it's not easy. People object to be put into positions of extreme danger in order that their rescuers may get into the papers. Van horses seldom run away in Piccadilly. He might throw some one off Westminster Bridge, and jump in after him; but that would merely be murder and suicide. Curious that, with all the heroism there is about, it should be so difficult to be deliberately heroic."

"He ought to face the Committee," said Michael; "and I hope he will. There's something he told me. It sounds silly; but knowing Wilfrid, one can see it made all the difference."

Fleur had planted her elbows on the polished table and her chin on her hands. So, leaning forward, she looked like the girl contemplating a china image in her father's Alfred Stevens picture.

"Well?" she said. "What is it?"

"He says he was sorry for his executioner."

Neither his wife nor his father moved, except for a slight raising of the eyebrows. He went on, defiantly:

"Of course, it sounds absurd, but he said the fellow begged him not to make him shoot—he was under a vow to convert the infidel."

"To mention that to the Committee," Sir Lawrence said slowly, "would certainly be telling it to the marines."

"He's not likely to," said Fleur, "he'd rather die than be laughed at."

"Exactly! I only mentioned it to show that the whole thing's not so simple as it appears to the pukka sahib."

"When," murmured Sir Lawrence, in a detached voice, "have I heard anything so nicely ironical? But all this is not helping Dinny."

"I think I'll go and see him again," said Michael.

"The simplest thing," said Fleur, "is for him to resign at once."

And with that common-sense conclusion the discussion closed.

XXIII

Those who love, when the object of their love is in trouble, must keep sympathy to themselves and yet show it. Dinny did not find this easy. She watched, lynx-eyed, for any chance to assuage her lover's bitterness of soul. But though they continued to meet daily, he gave her none. Except for the expression of his face when he was off guard, he might have been quite untouched by tragedy. Throughout that fortnight after the Derby she came to his rooms, and they went joy-riding, accompanied by the spaniel 'Foch'; and he never mentioned that of which all more or less literary and official London was talking. Through Sir Lawrence, however, she heard that he had been asked to meet the Committee of Burton's Club, and had answered by resignation. And, through Michael, who had been to see him again, she heard that he knew of Jack Muskham's part in the affair. Since he so rigidly refused to open out to her, she, at great cost, tried to surpass him in obliviousness of purgatory.

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His face often made her ache, but she kept that ache out of her own face. And all the time she was in bitter doubt whether she was right to refrain from trying to break through to him. It was a long and terrible lesson in the truth that not even real love can reach and anoint deep spiritual sores. The other half of her trouble, the unending quiet pressure of her family's sorrowful alarm, caused her an irritation of which she was ashamed.

And then occurred an incident, which, however unpleasant and alarming at the moment, was almost a relief because it broke up that silence.

They had been to the Tate Gallery and, walking home, had just come up the steps leading to Carlton Terrace. Dinny was still talking about the Pre-Raphaelites, and saw nothing till Wilfrid's changed expression made her look for the cause. There was Jack Muskham, with a blank face, formally lifting a tall hat as if to some one who was not there, and a short dark man removing a gray felt covering, in unison. They passed, and she heard Muskham say:

"That I consider the limit."

Instinctively her hand went out to grasp Wilfrid's arm, but too late. He had spun round in his tracks. She saw him, three yards away, tap Muskham on the shoulder, and the two face each other, with the little man looking up at them like a terrier at two large dogs about to fight. She heard Wilfrid say in a low voice:

"What a coward and cad you are!"

There followed an endless silence, while her eyes flitted from Wilfrid's convulsed face to Muskham's, rigid and menacing, and the terrier man's black eyes snapping up at them. She heard him say: "Come on, Jack!" saw a tremor pass through the length of Muskham's figure, his hands clench, his lips move:

"You heard that, Yule?"

The little man's hand, pushed under his arm, pulled at him; the tall figure turned; the two moved away; and Wilfrid was back at her side.

"Coward and cad!" he muttered: "Coward and cad! Thank God I've told him!" He threw up his head, took a gulp of air, and said: "That's better! Sorry, Dinny!"

In Dinny feeling was too churned up for speech. The moment had been so savagely primitive; and she had the horrid fear that it could not end there; an intuition, too, that she was the cause, the hidden reason of Muskham's virulence. She remembered Sir Lawrence's words: "Jack thinks you are being victimised." What if she were! What business was it of that long, lounging man who hated women! Absurd! She heard Wilfrid muttering:

"The limit! He might know what one feels!"

"But, darling, if we all knew what other people felt, we should be angels. He's only a member of the Jockey Club."

"He's done his best to get me outed, and he couldn't even refrain from *that*."

"It's I who ought to be angry, not you. It's I who force you to go about with me. Only you see I like it so. But, darling, I don't shrink in the wash. What *is* the use of my being your love if you won't let yourself go with me?"

"Why should I worry you with what can't be cured?"

"I exist to be worried by you. *Please* worry me!"

"Oh! Dinny, you're an angel!"

"I repeat it is not so. I really have blood in my veins."

"It's like ear-ache; you shake your head, and shake your head, and it's no good. I thought publishing 'The Leopard' would free me, but it hasn't. Am I 'yellow,' Dinny—am I?"

"If you were yellow I should not have loved you."

"Oh! I don't know. Women can love anything."

"Proverbially we admire courage before all. I'm going to be brutal. Has doubt of your courage anything to do with your ache? Isn't it just due to feeling that other people doubt?"

He gave a little unhappy laugh. "I don't know; I only know it's there."

Dinny looked up at him.

"Oh! darling, don't ache! I do so hate it for you."

They stood for a moment looking deeply at each other, and a vendor of matches, without the money to indulge in spiritual trouble, said:

"Box o' lights, Sir?" . . .

Though she had been closer to Wilfrid that afternoon than perhaps ever before, Dinny returned to Mount Street oppressed by fears. She could not get the look on Muskham's face out of her head, nor the sound of his: "You heard that, Yule?"

It was silly! Out of such explosive encounters nothing but legal remedies came nowadays; and of all people she had ever seen, she could least connect Jack Muskham with the Law. She noticed a hat in the hall, and heard voices, as she passed her uncle's study. She had barely taken off her own hat, when he sent for her. He was talking to the little terrier man, perched astride of a chair, as if riding a race.

"Dinny, Mr. Telfourd Yule; my niece Dinny Cherrell."

The little man bowed over her hand.

"Yule has been telling me," said Sir Lawrence, "of that encounter. He's not easy in his mind."

"Neither am I," said Dinny.

"I'm sure Jack didn't mean those words to be heard, Miss Cherrell."

"I don't agree, I think he did."

Yule shrugged. The expression on his face was rueful, and Dinny liked its comical ugliness.

"Well, he certainly didn't mean *you* to hear them."

"He ought to have, then. Mr. Desert would prefer not to be seen with me in public. It's I who make him."

"I came to your uncle because when Jack won't talk about a thing, it's serious. I've known him a long time."

Dinny stood silent. The flush on her cheeks had dwindled to two red spots. And the two men stared at her, thinking, perhaps, that with her cornflower-blue eyes, slenderness, and that hair, she looked unsuited to the matter in hand. She said quietly: "What can I do, Uncle Lawrence?"

"I don't see, my dear, what anyone can do at the moment. Mr. Yule says that he left Jack going back to Royston. I thought possibly I might take you down to see him to-morrow. He's a queer fellow; if he didn't date so, I shouldn't worry. Such things blow over, as a rule."

Dinny controlled a sudden disposition to tremble.

"What do you mean by 'date'?"

Sir Lawrence looked at Yule and said: "We don't want to seem absurd. There's been no duel fought between Englishmen, so far as I know, for seventy or eighty years; but Jack is a survival. We don't quite know what to

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think. Horse-play is not in his line; neither is a law court. And yet we can't see him taking no further notice."

"I suppose," said Dinny with spirit, "he won't see, on reflection, that he's more to blame than Wilfrid?"

"No," said Yule, "he won't. Believe me, Miss Cherrell, I am deeply sorry about the whole business."

Dinny bowed. "I think it was very nice of you to come; thank you!"

"I suppose," said Sir Lawrence, doubtfully, "you couldn't get Desert to send him an apology?"

'So that,' she thought, 'is what they wanted me for.' "No, Uncle, I couldn't —I couldn't even ask him. I'm quite sure he wouldn't."

"I see," said Sir Lawrence, glumly.

Bowing to Yule, Dinny turned towards the door. In the hall she seemed to be seeing through the wall behind her the renewed shrugging of their shoulders, the ruefulness on their glum faces, and she went up to her room. Apology! Thinking of Wilfrid's badgered, tortured face, the very idea of it offended her. Stricken to the quick already on the score of personal courage, it was the last thing he would dream of. She wandered unhappily in her room, then took out his photograph. The face she loved looked back at her with the sceptical indifference of an effigy. Wilful, sudden, proud, self-centred, deeply dual; but cruel, no, and cowardly—*no!*

'Oh! my darling!' she thought, and put it away.

She went to her window and leaned out. A beautiful evening—the Friday of Ascot week, the first of those two weeks when in England fine weather is almost certain! On Wednesday there had been a deluge, but to-day had the feel of real high summer. Down below a taxi drew up—her uncle and aunt were going out to dinner. There they came, with Blore putting them in and standing to look after them. Now the "staff" would turn on the wireless. Yes! Here it came! She opened her door. Grand opera! Rigoletto! The twittering of those tarnished melodies came up to her, in all the bravura of an age which knew better than this, it seemed, how to express the emotions of wayward hearts.

The gong! She did not want to go down and eat, but she must, or Blore and Augustine would be upset. She washed hastily, compromised with her dress, and went down.

But while she ate she grew more restless, as if sitting still and attending to a single function were sharpening the edge of her anxiety. A duel! Fantastic, in these days! And yet—Uncle Lawrence was uncanny, and Wilfrid in just the mood to do anything to show himself unafraid. Were duels illegal in France? Thank heaven she had all that money. No! It was absurd! People had called each other names with impunity for nearly a century. No good to fuss; tomorrow she would go with Uncle Lawrence and see that man. It was all, in some strange way, on her account. What would one of her own people do if called a coward and a cad—her father, her brother, Uncle Adrian? What *could* they do? Horsewhips, fists, law courts—all such hopeless, coarse, ugly remedies! And she felt for the first time that Wilfrid had been wrong to use such words. Ah! But was he not entitled to hit back? Yes, indeed! She could see again his head thrown back and hear his: 'Ah! That's better!'

Swallowing down her coffee, she got up and sought the drawing room. On the sofa was her aunt's embroidery thrown down, and she gazed at it with a feeble interest. An intricate old French design needing many coloured wools—grey rabbits looking archly over their shoulders at long, curious, yellow dogs seated on yellower haunches, with red eyes, and tongues hanging out; leaves and flowers, too, and here and there a bird, all set in a background of brown wool. Tens of thousands of stitches, which, when finished, would lie under glass on a little table, and last till they were all dead and no one knew who had worked it. *Tout lasse, tout passe!* The strains of Rigoletto still came floating from the basement. Really Augustine must have drama in her soul, to be listening to a whole opera.

"Donna e mobile!"

Dinny took up her book, the 'Memoirs of Harriette Wilson'; a tome in which no one kept any faith to speak of except the authoress, and she only in her own estimation; a loose, bright, engaging, conceited minx, with a good heart and one real romance among a peck of love affairs.

"Donna e mobile!" It came mocking up the stairs, fine and free, as if the tenor had reached his Mecca. *Mobile!* No! That was more true of men than of women! Women did not change, except in America, where nothing had roots, they said. One loved—one lost, perhaps! She sat with closed eyes till the last notes of that last act had died away, then went up to bed. She passed a night broken by dreams, and was awakened by a voice saying:

"Someone on the telephone for you, Miss Dinny."

"For me? Why! What time is it?"

"Half-past seven, Miss."

She sat up startled.

"Who is it?"

"No name, Miss; but he wants to speak to you special."

With the thought 'Wilfrid!' she jumped up, put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and ran down.

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Stack, Miss. I'm sorry to disturb you so early, but I thought it best. Mr. Desert, Miss, went to bed as usual last night, but this morning the dog was whining in his room, and I went in, and I see he's not been in bed at all. He must have gone out very early, because I've been about since half-past six. I shouldn't have disturbed you, Miss, only I didn't like the look of him last night. . . . Can you hear me, Miss?"

"Yes. Has he taken any clothes or anything?"

"No, Miss."

"Did anybody come to see him last night?"

"No, Miss. But a letter came by hand about half-past nine. I noticed him distraight, Miss, when I brought the whisky in. Perhaps it's nothing, but being so sudden, I . . . Can you hear me, Miss?"

"Yes. I'll dress at once and come round. Stack, can you get me a taxi, or, better, a car, by the time I'm there?"

"I'll get a car, Miss."

"Is there any service to the Continent he could have caught?"

"Nothing before nine o'clock."

"I'll be round as quick as I can."

"Yes, Miss. Don't you worry, Miss; he might be wanting exercise or something."

Dinny replaced the receiver and flew upstairs.

To be concluded in November.

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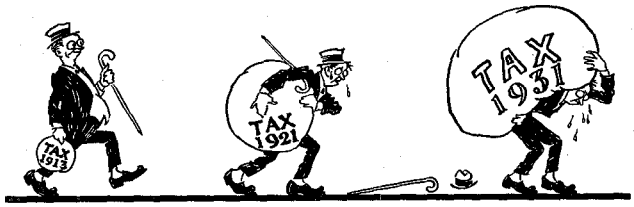
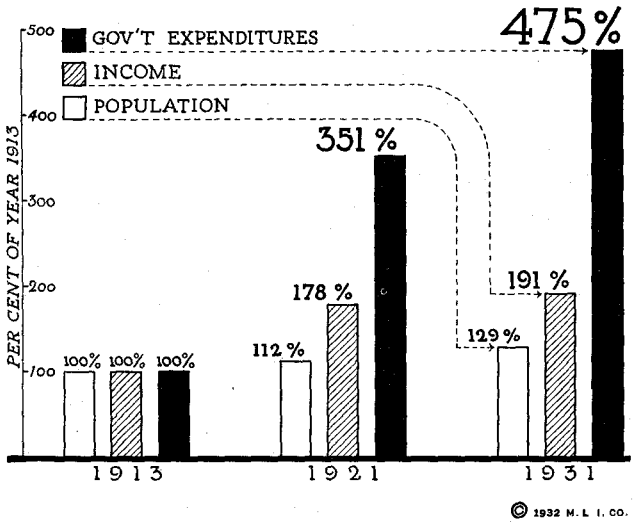
Twenty Cents out of every Dollar of the income of the people is the cost of government in the United States



THE United States, your State, your City or your County must depend on taxation to pay its current expenses, to carry on its undertakings, to pay off its bonds.

Every one—rich or poor—bears a share in the tax burden.

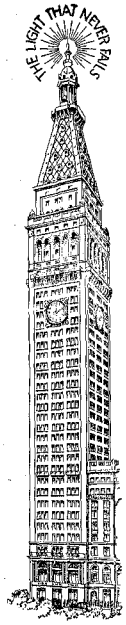


Governmental expenditures constituted 8 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 20 per cent of the national income in 1931.

Expenditures by Federal, State and Municipal Governments equal 1/5 of the income of the American people—one day's income out of five.

Some pay income taxes, estate or inheritance taxes, specific duties or excise taxes. But all are taxed indirectly by the necessary inclusion of taxes in the cost of food, clothing, rent, merchandise, transportation and other necessities obtained through the merchant, the landlord, the transportation companies and others who, themselves, are taxed.

While the population of the United States increased by 29 per cent between 1913 and 1931, the expenditures of Federal, State and Municipal Governments increased by 375 per cent.



The only sources from which money can be obtained for the payment of such expenditures are the men, women and children of the country—by taxation, direct or indirect. Bond issues merely postpone the day when the expenditure must be paid for—by taxes, for there is no other method.

The only control over such expenditures rests with representatives of the people chosen for executive or legislative positions by the voters in their own communities.

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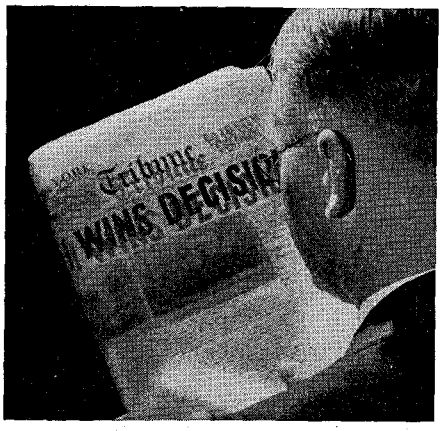
DO THINGS SEEM TO "JUMP" ?



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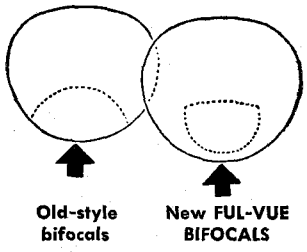

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Dept. B-7, Southbridge, Mass.
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The name of the man who fits my glasses is
_____

Behind the Scenes

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY'S economic pronouncements are weighted with influence as a result of his extensive work with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the U. S. Shipping Board, and various railroads. He is author of the important "Main Street and Wall Street" and is professor of political economy at Harvard University.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT of the writing Benét family is the author of numerous novels and books of poems.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS has just published another book of history, "The March of Democracy. Volume I, The Rise of the Union." He resides part of each year in London, where he is able to view America's part in world affairs in detached manner.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S fourth novel, "A Broken Journey," was published last month.

CLARENCE DARROW, with his personal version of the cause celebre which brought him upon the field of legal battle again, adds an important chapter to his "Story of My Life," published early this year.

McCREADY HUSTON has done a great deal of newspaper work in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and New York, where he lives now. He has published short stories in SCRIBNER'S and other magazines and is the author of several novels.

ALBERT JAY NOCK is an American scholar residing for some years past in Europe.

NORMA KEATING is a poet of New York birth, education and residence, and her first published poetry appeared in the *Greenwich Village Quill* and New York newspapers.

LOTHROP STODDARD is the author of several books on problems of social and political science, including "The Revolt Against Civilization."

In addition to those whose responses to William Harlan Hale's "Address to the Young Men" (August) are quoted in this number, the following persons submitted articles or short comments:

Edgar Lawrence Acken, Maplewood, N. J. Frank D. Allen, Helena, Ark. F. P. Andersen, Jersey City, N. J. H. T. Anderson, Berkeley, Cal. John Baer, Harrisburg, Pa. Caddelle Bibolet, San Angelo, Texas. Brook Branwade, St. Louis, Mo. Lewis C. Carey, Lawrence, Mass. Allen Chase, New York City. Earl Cohen, Auburn, N. Y. Alvin Coons, Ames, Iowa. Peter J. Detroy, Haworth, N. J. Rev. Dale Dewitt, Hollis, N. Y. C. Telford Erickson, Boston, Mass. Edward Everett, Washington, D. C. Edith Fox, Brooklyn, N. Y. H. B. Fox, New York City. Lee Gaither, Joplin, Mo. J. B. Gibbs, Sharon, Pa. John Gross, Corvallis, Ore. Aubrey Guerin, Olympia, Wash. Creighton E. Hays, Frederick, Okla. Frederic Heimberger, Williamstown, Mass. David A. Hemphill, Nicholasville, Ky. Stanley Heggen, Northfield, Minn. H. Elvyn Hurst, Cohay, Miss. Mrs. Frank Hutton, Greensboro, N. C. D. H. Kennedy, Urbana, Ill. Richard R. Koch, Kansas City, Mo. Lawrence E. Laybourne, Springfield, Ohio. James F. McElligott, Minneapolis, Minn. M. Mard McPherson, Atlanta, Ga. Joseph Rodman Manch, Buffalo, N. Y. Morgan Mayo, New York City. P. W. Minton, Lodi, Cal. Joyce Morgan, Los Angeles, Cal. Elizabeth Ogg, Norfolk, Conn. Donald Partridge, Malta, Mont. Jesse Bay Robinson, New York City. W. A. Robinson, Topeka, Kan. H. Rogosin, New York City. Donald M. Smith, Lewiston, Me. James Steele Smith, Richmond, Cal. Herbert Solomon, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. S. C. Spitzer, North Adams, Mass. M. Stonehill, Scarsdale, N. Y. R. Swimmer, Bridgeport, Conn. W. R. Tingle, Morgantown, N. C. Ira Jan Wallach, New Rochelle, N. Y. Charles Waterman, Mechanics Falls, Me. F. S. Wickware, New York City. Eloise Yett, Austin, Texas. Arthur Younger, Brooklyn, N. Y. Lewis R. Zeyher, Collingwood, N. J.

A number of others were received too late for acknowledgment in this number.

A majority of these responses were quotable, but limitations of space made a selection imperative.

What You Think About It

BEER AND THE CONFEDERACY

"Confederate Daughters Stand Guard" by Raymond Tompkins (July) stirred much comment, of which this is one:

Sirs:

Mr. Tompkins informs us that the orders of the President General are that everyone outside the Mason and Dixon Line is, as he modestly puts it, to be "thrown into a lather of confusion" by the following, succinct statement: "They did not *think* they were right, they knew it."

The sacred privilege of the Southern States to govern their own affairs was, we have understood, the corner-stone of the Confederate cause. It was an idea worth dying for. May we respectfully request this same omnipotent lady to call the attention of those same states to a curious fact? They have voted almost as a solid unit to force the retention of the eighteenth amendment in the National Constitution; the *National Constitution*. I underscore these displeasing words with the hope they will accelerate her action. Does this frank desertion of a great principle, when it comes to the test of practical politics, help the Daughters to carry out their slogan as Mr. Tompkins quotes it, namely, "to continue to dare, love, live, pray, *and think*"? If not, will they kindly allow Wisconsin to drink its beer.

THOMAS T. JEFFERSON.

New York.

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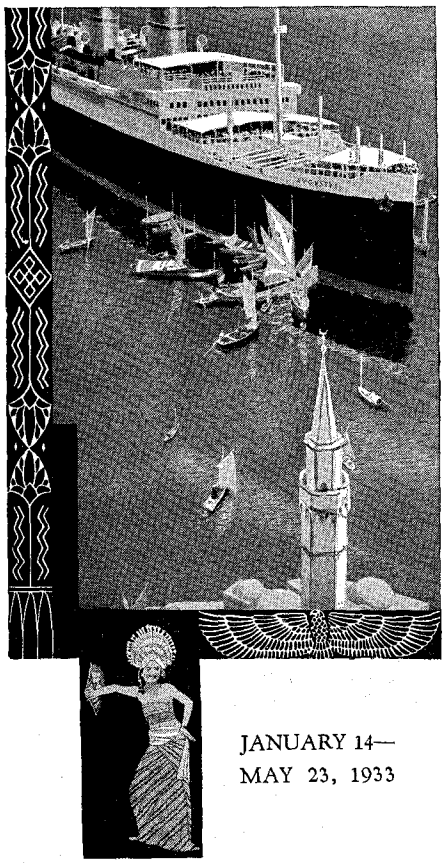

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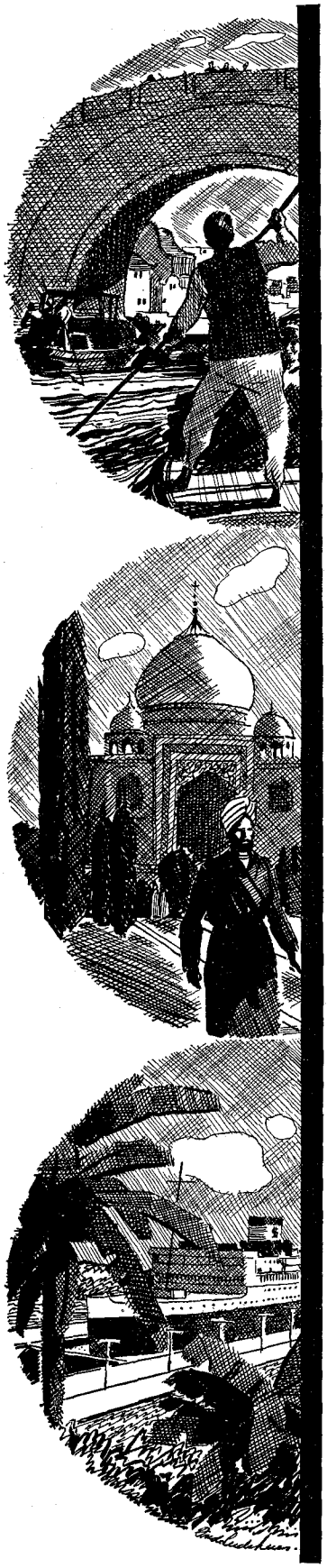

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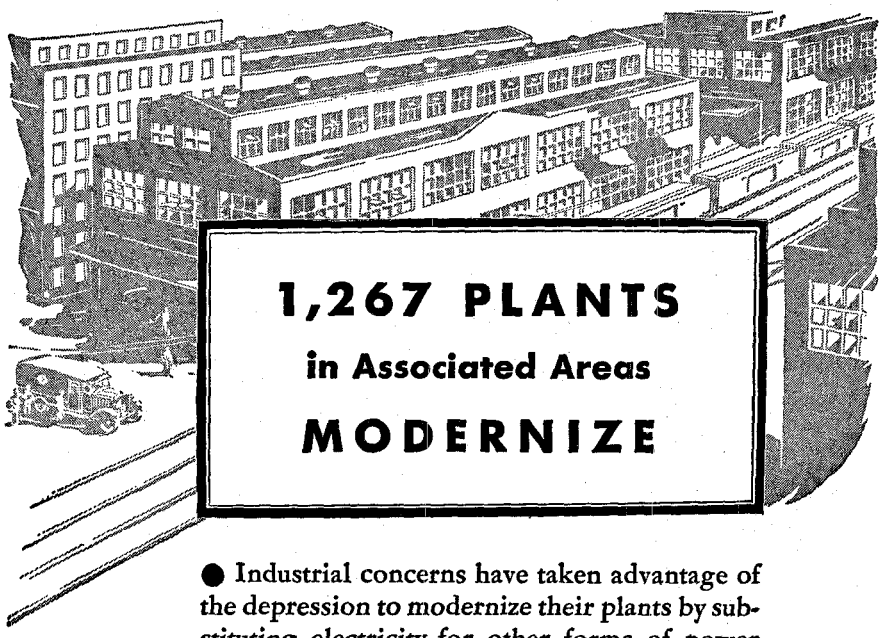
DID MAN OR NATURE COME FIRST?

Sirs:

With the main contention of Robert Briffault's article "You Can't Change Human Nature," I am in hearty agreement. I have long been unable to believe that the wickednesses of men were the inevitable consequences of their nature. I have to confess that during the nearly forty years in which I was in the active pastorate, I was trying to do that which Mr. Briffault counts as futile or worse. I was trying to make the world a little better by helping men to become better men, and even his eloquence has not quite convinced me that my life has been wholly wasted. I have been a lifelong student of history. I have seen that during the six thousand years of recorded history the world of mankind has taken many a forward and upward step. But I have never seen one such step taken save by the efforts of men who refused to be "conformed to this world" in which they lived. They opened their minds to new and better ideals and they became better men and proved it in that they wrought valiantly for a better world.

Mr. Briffault's closing sentence is: "We know that the way to amend human nature is not to profess high sentiments, but to amend the social and cultural factors that mould and fashion it."

This is partly true and partly mistaken. By professing, proclaiming and living "high sentiments" much can be done to amend the human nature of many individuals. But to amend the social and cultural factors of Men's environment is another method of great effectiveness and one that is appreciated and employed as never before in human history, as one who is at all familiar with the leading Christian thinkers of our time must know. The question arises: who is to do this amending of the social and cultural factors? If it is ever done, it will be done by men who have



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Nationalism Gets a Trial

By S. Palmer Harman

Two grand experiments in promoting business recovery, based on opposite theories of how the problem should be approached, are now under way. One was launched by the British Empire economic conference at Ottawa in August and consisted of a series of trade agreements between Great Britain and the Dominions, and between the Dominions themselves. Every such experiment must have a formula, usually expressible in a single word, and the British formula is Tariffs: embodying the idea that by directing commerce within certain restricted channels, the benefits of that commerce can be largely monopolized by the parties who control the flow. The other, or American experiment, has for its formula the word Credit. This apparently means, at bottom, that business is to be revived by monetary means; loans are being provided by government agencies to producers, to enable them to produce and to employ labor which thereupon will have, in its pay envelope, the means to consume. It is agreed that prosperity consists in producing and consuming.

These two plans represent startling, not to say amazing, departures both from established practice and from those principles on which, for a century or more, a great part of the world's business has been at least nominally carried on. It can fairly be said of the Ottawa conference that it marks the end, certainly for the present, of that ninety-year era of free trade which has coincided with the enormous expansion of British prosperity and power. In our own case the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, in helping banks and railroads out of financial difficulties and in granting loans to finance new enterprises, are clearly a radical departure from those principles of private enterprise, laissez-faire, and "rugged individualism" which we fondly believed were the foundation stones of American business.

For generations it had been held that a group of free enterprisers, each ardently pursuing his own interests, would automatically further the best interests of society. It is the fashion nowadays to ridicule that idea and pronounce it utterly false, but before agreeing entirely with that indictment it is well to recall that other factors, of a non-business nature, may have intervened to upset the theory. War, for instance. War is a mass movement, and could not in the nature of the case result immediately from the free, competitive operations of individual business men, however much those operations may prepare the ground for war. As long as these great social movements cannot be controlled it may be that the free-enterprise theory of business will prove less and less workable, but that does not mean that it is an impossible theory under favoring conditions.

At any rate, there is no doubt that this individualistic principle has broken down lamentably in this country for the present, and, with its familiar mechanism gone overboard, we are looking for something to take its place. The device we have hit upon is the use of government credit, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Home Loan Banks, the Farm Board, and other agencies operating with the aid of the Federal Reserve Banks. Credit is being "pumped" into business, like water through a clogged pipe. Almost we have arrived at the point where, if private enterprise will not make use of the credit thus furnished, the government itself, directly or indirectly, proposes to do the spending, thereby forcing a certain amount of industrial activity and labor employment.

It should be carefully noted that the free-enterprise idea has not been abandoned, but merely suspended. After being boosted along a certain distance with government money, it

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is hoped that business will gather enough momentum to move under its own power and that thereafter government aid can be withdrawn and the debts accumulated in the revival campaign can be gradually liquidated out of the profits of business and the wages of labor. No such experiment, on such a scale and contemplating such a period of time, has ever been tried before. Bankers and investors have been unwilling to lend because they have seen no sure prospect of reviving profits out of which the loans could be repaid; but the government, which is no better judge, surely, than the bankers, has felt constrained to take the risk.

It is a grave risk, for several reasons. For one thing, if the attempt should fail, and if business does not pick up as expected or hoped for, the cost of the experiment will rest squarely on the shoulders of the taxpayers, who then will have smaller resources than ever to meet the cost. For another thing, no carefully thought out programme has been arrived at expressing what the government intends to do if it cannot collect the money it has loaned. Will it take over the railroads (the weakest railroads, mostly) to which it has made advances and try to operate them alongside of the stronger systems? Or will it take over all the railroads in the country? So with the banks, with a large section of agriculture, with Federal loans to States. No clear indication has been given that we are ready for "socialization" on any such scale, yet here we are, face to face with its possibility, through the simple process of mortgage foreclosure and sheriff's seizure, with which free-enterprise is well acquainted.

It is significant that the country has assented emphatically to this revival effort, but thus far has turned a deaf ear to the arguments that business revival could best be stimulated through a lowering of our tariffs and a final compromise and settlement of the debts which some fifteen nations owe to our Treasury. And here, too, is the British Empire raising tariffs instead of lowering them and granting preferentials which will confine trade within narrower bounds. Thus, the British and American programmes for economic recovery, different as they are in method, seem to rest alike on a conviction that in the future, as far ahead as can be seen, commerce between nations must play a smaller part in the economy of each country, and that each country or group of related countries had best cultivate its own resources and capabilities.

Perhaps this conviction rests on something deeper than the arguments which can readily be adduced to prove the contrary. Perhaps it rests on the feeling that as long as war is possible (most of our present troubles being directly ascribable to the great war), a full development of international commercial intercourse is impossible. That view does not harmonize well with a liberal outlook on the world's affairs, but it implies, as a corollary, the necessity of discovering ways of promoting a free flow of goods and an optimum division of the national income within each country's boundaries. After all, there is this much logic in such a view: How can we hope to do business efficiently and with mutual profit on an international scale, when we have not yet fully learned so to manage it among our forty-eight States?

What Do You Make of It?

In the month of June we received *many more* new architect subscriptions to ARCHITECTURE than in any previous month in two years . . . over 300 new subscribers. We think it is a good sign for our manufacturing friends. Maybe these 342 offices are beginning to plan and to specify. Will they specify your building materials?

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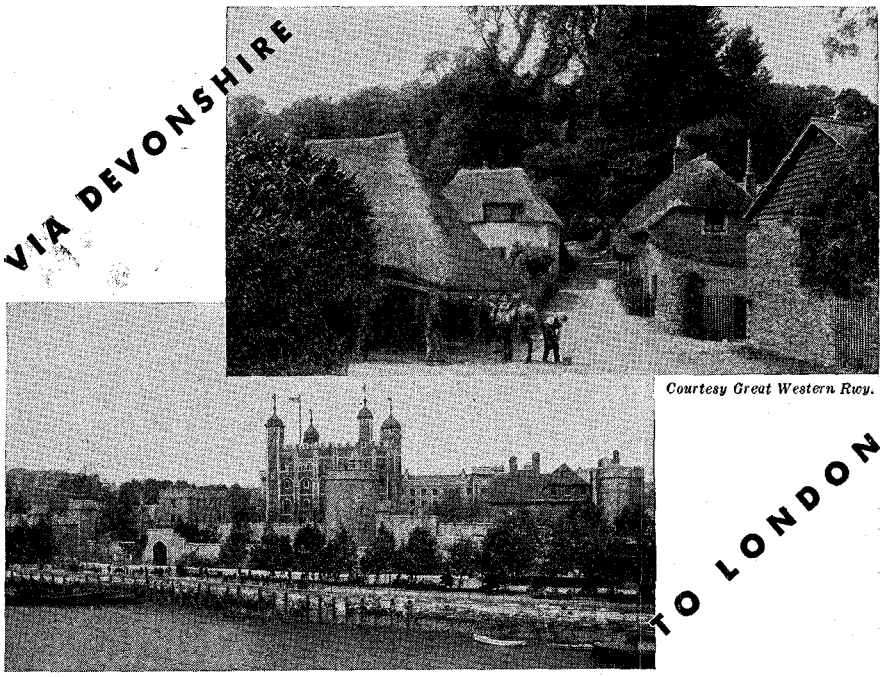

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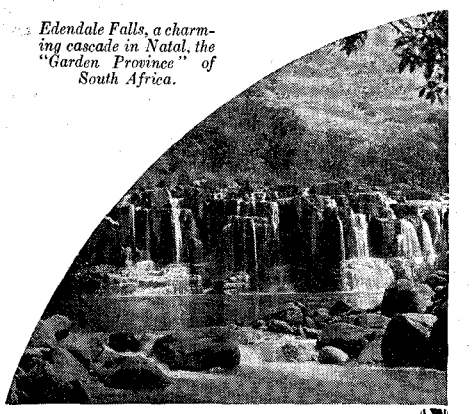

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For those who are sick with "the stress and strain of civilization," with frayed nerves and tired bodies, scanning the map for a place to "get away from it all," Africa is the satisfying answer. Here—off the beaten paths of hectic travel, with a bracing sunshiny climate, lies a world of romance and mystery. The soothing fair-weather voyage is a marvelous preparation for a new life, a fresh vision, in the fascinating land of

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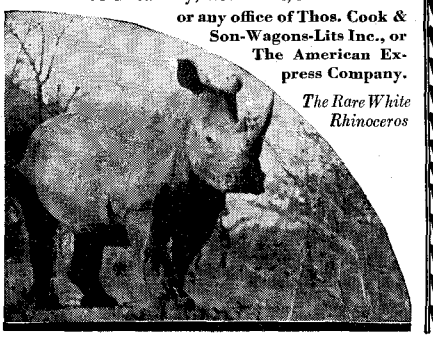

The Rare White Rhinoceros

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not waited for that amending, but have found ways of conditioning their own reflexes so that they are filled with zeal for just that task. I wish that Mr. Briffault might realize that in his article he has joined the ranks of the preachers and has done some fine preaching. The goal of his dreams may be a transformed world but the first impact of his preaching is not upon the world but upon men.

Only by kindling within men a zeal like his own can he hope to amend the social and cultural forces that surround us. Whatever his theory, his effort is along the right line. The only way to make a good world is to make men so good that they will be in perpetual revolt against an evil world. Good men are the antecedents and not the consequences of a good world.

M. S. FREEMAN.

204 Island Avenue, N. Chattanooga, Tenn.

NO ESCAPE NORTH

(From *The New York Times*)

From Labrador comes a mocking inquiry to us who dwell in cities, and attempt to meet the obligations which we have undertaken from a sense of duty to those who are "in the same boat" with us:

"Why should one bend one's whole life to a system of law, convention, taboo, evolved solely to enable millions of people to live packed together like sardines in a can?"

The source of this is a young couple living in a snug, gray weather-beaten house at the head of a long Labrador bay. As if to make urbanites more uncomfortable, we are told that there is green grass about, that there is a potato patch, that raspberry bushes flourish and that there is firewood stacked for the Winter. At night the stars come out and the northern lights "creep up from the edges of the world to mirror themselves in the bay." For other details one should consult an article by Elliott Merrick in the current SCRIBNER'S.

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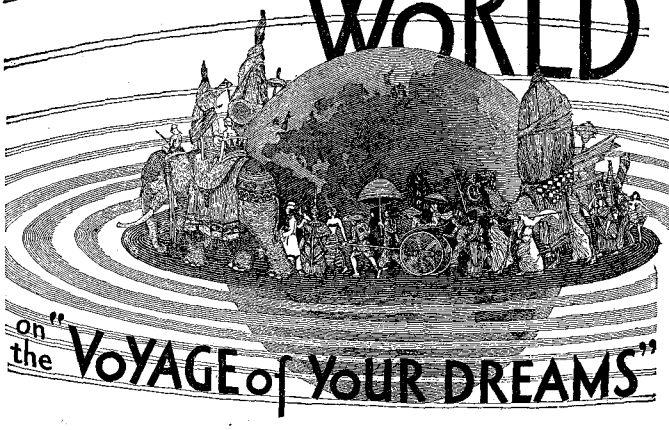

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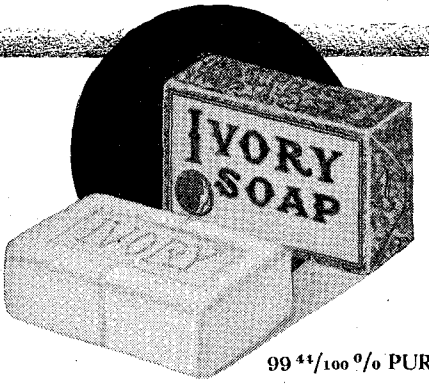

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